

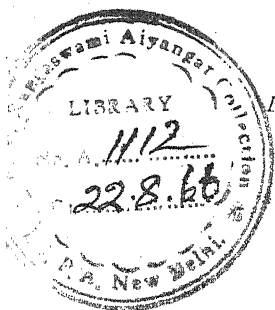
THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

BY  
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# HOMER'S ILIAD.

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## BOOK XIII.

WHEN Jove had Hector and the Trojans brought  
Close to the ships, he left them there to toil  
And strife continuous; turning his keen glance  
To view far off th' equestrian tribes of Thrace,  
The warlike Mysians, and the men who feed 5  
On milk of mares, thence Hippemolgi term'd;  
A peaceful race, the justest of mankind.  
On Troy he turn'd not once his piercing glance;  
Nor deem'd he any God would dare to give  
To Trojans or to Greeks his active aid. 10

No careless watch the monarch Neptune kept:  
Wond'ring, he view'd the battle, where he sat  
Aloft on wooded Samos' topmost peak,  
Samos of Thrace; whence Ida's heights he saw,  
And Priam's city, and the ships of Greece. 15

Thither ascended from the sea, he sat;  
And thence the Greeks, by Trojans overborne,  
Pitying he saw, and deeply wroth with Jove.  
Then down the mountain's craggy side he pass'd  
With rapid step; and as he mov'd along, 20  
Beneath th' immortal feet of Ocean's Lord  
Quak'd the huge mountain and the shadowy wood.  
Three strides he took; the fourth, he reach'd his goal,  
Ægæ; where on the margin of the bay  
His temple stood, all glitt'ring, all of gold, 25  
Imperishable; there arriv'd, he yok'd  
Beneath his car the brazen-footed steeds,  
Of swiftest flight, with manes of flowing gold.  
All clad in gold, the golden lash he grasp'd  
Of curious work, and mounting on his car, 30  
Skimm'd o'er the waves; from all the depths below  
Gamboll'd around the monsters of the deep,  
Acknowledging their King; the joyous sea  
Parted her waves; swift flew the bounding steeds,  
Nor was the brazen axle wet with spray, 35  
When to the ships of Greece their Lord they bore.  
Down in the deep recesses of the sea

A spacious cave there is, which lies midway  
'Twixt Tenedos and Imbros' rocky isle:  
Th' Earth-shaking Neptune there his coursers stay'd, 40  
Loos'd from the chariot, and before them plac'd  
Ambrosial provender; and round their feet  
Shackles of gold, which none might break nor loose,  
That there they might await their Lord's return;  
Then to the Grecian army took his way. 45

Meantime, by Hector, son of Priam, led,  
Like fire, or whirlwind, press'd the Trojans on,  
With furious zeal, and shouts and clamour hoarse;  
In hopes to take the ships, and ev'ry Greek  
To give to slaughter; but from Ocean's depths 50  
Uprose th' Earth-shaker, Circler of the Earth,  
To Calchas' likeness and deep voice conform'd,  
And rous'd the fainting Greeks; th' Ajaces first,  
Themselves with ardour fill'd, he thus address'd:  
" 'Tis yours, Ajaces, fill'd with courage high, 55  
Discarding chilly fear, to save the Greeks:  
Elsewhere I dread not much the Trojan force,  
Though they in crowds have scal'd the lofty wall;  
The well-greav'd Greeks their onset may defy.

Yet greatly fear I lest we suffer loss, 60  
Where that fierce, fiery madman, Hector, leads,  
Who boasts himself the son of Jove most high.  
But may some God your hearts inspire, yourselves  
Firmly to stand, and cheer your comrades on;  
So from your swiftly-sailing ships ye yet 65  
May drive the foe, how bold so'er he be,  
Though by Olympian Jove himself upheld."

So spake th' Earth-shaker, Circler of the Earth,  
And with his sceptre touching both the chiefs,  
Fill'd them with strength and courage, and their limbs, 70  
Their feet and hands, with active vigour strung;  
Then like a swift-wing'd falcon sprang to flight,  
Which down the sheer face of some lofty rock  
Swoops on the plain to seize his feather'd prey:  
So swiftly Neptune left the chiefs; him first 75  
Departing, knew Oileus' active son,  
And thus the son of Telamon address'd:  
"Ajax, since some one of th' Olympian Gods,  
In likeness of a seer, hath hither come  
To urge us to the war (no Calchas he, 80  
Our augur Heav'n-inspir'd; for well I mark'd

His movements, as he went; and of a God  
'Tis easy to discern the outward signs),  
I feel fresh spirit kindled in my breast,  
And new-born vigour in my feet and hands." 85

Whom answer'd thus the son of Telamon:  
"My hands too grasp with firmer hold the spear,  
My spirit like thine is stirr'd; I feel my feet  
Instinct with fiery life; nor should I fear  
With Hector, son of Priam, in his might 90  
Alone to meet, and grapple to the death."

Such was their mutual converse, as they joy'd  
In the fierce transport by the God inspir'd.  
Neptune, meanwhile, the other Greeks arous'd,  
Who, to the ships withdrawn, their wasted strength 95  
Recruited; for their limbs were faint with toil,  
And grief was in their hearts, as they beheld  
The Trojan hosts that scal'd the lofty wall;  
They saw, and from their eyes the teardrops fell,  
Of safety desp'rate; but th' Earth-shaking God 100  
Amid their ranks appearing, soon restor'd  
Their firm array; to Teucer first he came,  
To Leïtus, and valiant Peneleus,

Thoas, Deipyrus, Meriones,

And young Antilochus, brave warriors all, 105

And to the chiefs his wingèd words address'd:

“Shame on ye, Grecian youths! to you I look'd

As to our ships' defenders; but if ye

Shrink from the perilous battle, then indeed

Our day is come, to be by Troy subdu'd. 110

O Heav'n! a sad and wondrous sight is this,

A sight I never deem'd my eyes should see,

Our ships assail'd by Trojan troops; by those

Who heretofore have been as tim'rous hinds

Amid the forest depths, the helpless prey 115

Of jackals, pards, and wolves; they here and there,

Uncertain, heartless, unresisting, fly:

Such were the Trojans once; nor dar'd abide,

No, not an hour, the strength and arms of Greece;

And these are they, who now beside our ships, 120

Far from their city walls, maintain the fight,

Embolden'd by our great commander's fault,

And slackness of the people, who, with him

Offended, scarce are brought to guard our ships,

And, feebly fighting, are beside them slain. 125



Ev'n though the mighty monarch, Atreus' son,  
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, be in truth  
Wholly to blame in this, that he hath wrong'd  
The son of Peleus, yet 'tis not for us  
Our courage to relax. Arouse ye then! 130  
A brave man's spirit its vigour soon regains.  
That ye, the best and bravest of the host,  
Should stand aloof thus idly, 'tis not well;  
If meaner men should from the battle shrink,  
I might not blame them; but that such as ye 135  
Should falter, indignation fills my soul.  
Dear friends, from this remissness must accrue  
Yet greater evils; but with gen'rous shame  
And keen remorse let each man's breast be fill'd;  
Fierce is the struggle; in his pride of strength 140  
Hector has forc'd the gates and massive bars,  
And raging, 'mid the ships maintains the war."

Thus Neptune on the Greeks, reproving, call'd:  
Then round th' Ajaces twain were cluster'd thick  
The serried files, whose firm array nor Mars, 145  
Nor spirit-stirring Pallas might reprove:  
For there, the bravest all, in order due,

Waited the Trojan charge by Hector led:

Spear close by spear, and shield by shield o'erlaid,

Buckler to buckler press'd, and helm to helm, 150

And man to man; the horsehair plumes above,

That nodded on the warriors' glittering crests,

Each other touch'd; so closely mass'd they stood.

Backward, by many a stalwart hand, were drawn

The spears, in act to hurl; their eyes and minds 155

Turn'd to the front, and eager for the fray.

On pour'd the Trojan masses; in the van

Hector straight forward urg'd his furious course.

As some huge boulder, from its rocky bed

Detach'd, and by the wintry torrent's force 160

Hurl'd down the cliff's steep face, when constant rains

The massive rock's firm hold have undermin'd;

With giant bounds it flies; the crashing wood

Resounds beneath it; still it hurries on,

Until, arriving at the level plain, 165

Its headlong impulse check'd, it rolls no more;

So Hector, threat'ning now through ships and tents,

Ev'n to the sea, to force his murd'rous way,

Anon, confronted by that phalanx firm,

Halts close before it; while the sons of Greece, 170  
With thrust of sword and double-pointed spears,  
Stave off his onset; he a little space  
Withdrew, and loudly on the Trojans call'd:

“Trojans, and Lycians, and ye Dardans fam'd  
In close encounter, stand ye firm! not long 175  
The Greeks, though densely mass'd, shall bar my way,  
But soon, methinks, before my spear shall quail,  
If from the chief of Gods my mission be,  
From Jove the Thund'rer, royal Juno's Lord.”

His words fresh courage rais'd in ev'ry breast: 180  
On loftiest deeds intent, Deiphobus,  
The son of Priam, from the foremost ranks,  
His shield's broad orb before him borne, advanc'd  
With airy step, protected by the shield:  
At him Meriones with glitt'ring spear 185  
Took aim, nor miss'd his mark; the shield's broad orb  
Of tough bull's-hide it struck; but pass'd not through,  
For near the head the sturdy shaft was snapp'd.  
Yet from before his breast Deiphobus  
Held at arm's length his shield; for much he fear'd 190  
The weapon of Meriones; but he

Back to his comrades' sheltring ranks withdrew,  
Griev'd at his baffled hopes and broken spear.  
Then tow'rd the ships he bent his steps, to seek  
Another spear, which in his tent remain'd. 195  
The rest, 'mid wild uproar, maintain'd the fight.

There Teucer first, the son of Telamon,  
A warrior slew, the son of Mentor, Lord  
Of num'rous horses, Imbrius, spearman skill'd.  
In former days, ere came the sons of Greece, 200  
He in Pedæus dwelt, and had to wife  
Medesicaste, Priam's bastard child:  
But when the well-trimm'd ships of Greece appear'd,  
Return'd to Troy; and there, rever'd by all,  
With Priam dwelt, who lov'd him as a son. 205  
Him Teucer with his lance below the ear  
Stabb'd, and drew back the weapon; down he fell,  
As by the woodman's axe, on some high peak,  
Falls a proud ash, conspicuous from afar,  
Scatt'ring its tender foliage on the ground; 210  
He fell; and loud his burnish'd armour rang.  
Forth Teucer sprang to seize the spoil; at whom,  
Advancing, Hector aim'd his glittering spear;

He saw, and, stooping, shunn'd the brazen death  
A little space; but through the breast it struck 215  
Amphimachus, the son of Cteatus,  
The son of Actor, hastening to the fight:  
Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang.  
Then forward Hector sprang, in hopes to seize  
The brazen helm, that fitted well the brow 220  
Of brave Amphimachus; but Ajax met  
Th' advance of Hector with his glitt'ring spear;  
Himself he reach'd not, all in dazzling brass  
Encas'd; but pressing on his bossy shield  
Drove by main force beyond where lay the dead: 225  
Them both the Greeks withdrew; th' Athenian chiefs  
Sty chius and brave Menestheus, bore away  
Amid the ranks of Greece Amphimachus;  
While, as two lions high above the ground  
Bear through the brushwood in their jaws a goat, 230  
Snatch'd from the sharp-fang'd dogs' protecting care;  
So, fill'd with warlike rage, th' Ajaces twain  
Lifted on high, and of its armour stripp'd  
The corpse of Imbrius; and Oileus' son,  
Griev'd at Amphimachus, his comrade's death, 235

Out from the tender neck, and like a ball  
Sent whirling through the crowd the sever'd head;  
And in the dust at Hector's feet it fell.  
Then, for his grandson slain, fierce anger fill'd  
The breast of Neptune; through the tents of Greece 240  
And ships he pass'd, the Greeks encouraging,  
And ills preparing for the sons of Troy.  
Him met Idomeneus, the warrior King,  
Leaving a comrade, from the battle field,  
Wounded behind the knee, but newly brought; 245  
Borne by his comrades, to the leech's care  
He left him, eager to rejoin the fray;  
Whom by his tent th' Earth-shaking God address'd,  
The voice assuming of Andraemon's son,  
Who o'er th' Ætolians, as a God rever'd, 250  
In Pleuron reign'd, and lofty Calydon:  
"Where now, Idomeneus, sage Cretan chief,  
Are all the vaunting threats, so freely pour'd  
Against the Trojans by the sons of Greece?"  
To whom the Cretan King, Idomeneus: 255  
"Thoas, on none, so far as I may judge,  
May blame be cast; we all our duties know;

Nor see I one by heartless fear restrain'd,  
Nor hanging back, and flinching from the war:  
Yet by th' o'erruling will of Saturn's son 260  
It seems decreed that here the Greeks should fall,  
And far from Argos lie in nameless graves.  
But, Thoas, as thyself art ever staunch,  
Nor slow the laggards to reprove, thy work  
Remit not now; but rouse each sev'ral man." 265

To whom Earth-shaking Neptune thus replied:  
"Idomeneus, may he from Troy return  
No more, but here remain to glut the dogs,  
If such there be, from this day's fight who shrinks.  
But haste thee, don thine arms; great need is now 270  
To hasten, if in aught we two may serve:  
Ev'n meaner men, united, courage gain;  
But we the bravest need not fear to meet."

He said, and to the strife of men return'd.  
Within his well-constructed tent arriv'd, 275  
Straight donn'd Idomeneus his armour bright:  
Two spears he took; and, like the lightning's flash,  
Which, as a sign to men, the hand of Jove  
Hurls downwards from Olympus' glittering heights;

Whose dazzling radiance far around is thrown ; 280

Flash'd, as the warrior ran, his armour bright.

Him met Meriones, his follower brave,

Close to the tent ; to seek a spear he came ;

To whom Idomeneus : " Meriones,

Swift-footed son of Molus, comrade dear, 285

Why com'st thou here, and leav'st the battle field ?

Hast thou some wound receiv'd, whereof the pain

Subdues thy spirit ? or com'st thou, to the field

To summon me ? unsummon'd, well thou know'st

I better love the battle than the tent." 290

Whom answer'd thus the sage Meriones :

" Idomeneus, the brass-clad Cretans' King,

I come to seek a spear, if haply such

Within thy tent be found ; for, in the fight,

That which I lately bore, e'en now I broke 295

Against the shield of brave Deiphobus."

To whom Idomeneus, the Cretan King :

" Of spears, or one, or twenty, if thou list,

Thou there mayst find against the polish'd wall,

The spoil of Trojans slain ; for with my foes 300

'Tis not my wont to wage a distant war.



Thence have I store of spears, and bossy shields,  
And crested helms, and breastplates polish'd bright."

Whom answer'd thus the sage Meriones:

"Nor are my tent and dark-ribb'd ship devoid 305

Of Trojan spoils; but they are far to seek;

Nor deem I that my hand is slack in fight;

For 'mid the foremost in the glorious strife

I stand, whene'er is heard the battle cry.

My deeds by others of the brass-clad Greeks 310

May not be noted; but thou know'st them well."

To whom Idomeneus, the Cretan King:

"What need of this? thy prowess well I know:

For should we choose our bravest through the fleet

To man the secret ambush, surest test 315

Of warriors' courage, where is manifest

The diff'rence 'twixt the coward and the brave;

(The coward's colour changes, nor his soul

Within his breast its even balance keeps,

But changing still, from foot to foot he shifts, 320

And in his bosom loudly beats his heart,

Expecting death; and chatter all his teeth:

The brave man's colour changes not; no fear

He knows, the ambush ent'ring; all his pray'r  
Is that the hour of battle soon may come) 325  
Ev'n there, thy courage none might call in doubt.  
Shouldst thou from spear or sword receive a wound,  
Not on thy neck behind, nor on thy back  
Would fall the blow, but on thy breast, in front,  
Still pressing onward 'mid the foremost ranks. 330  
But come, prolong we not this idle talk,  
Like babblers vain, who scorn might justly move:  
Haste to my tent, and there select thy spear."

He said: and from the tent Meriones,  
Valiant as Mars, his spear selected straight, 335  
And, eager for the fray, his chief rejoin'd.  
As Mars, the bane of men, goes forth to war,  
Attended by his strong, unfearing son,  
Terror, who shakes the bravest warrior's soul;  
They two, from Thrace, against the Ephyri, 340  
Or haughty Phlegians arm; nor hear alike  
The pray'rs of both the combatants, one side  
With vict'ry crowning: so to battle went  
Those leaders twain, in dazzling arms array'd:  
Then thus Meriones his chief address'd: 345

“ Son of Deucalion, say if on the right,  
Or on the centre of the gen’ral host,  
Our onset should be made, or on the left;  
For there, methinks, most succour need the Greeks.”

To whom Idomeneus, the Cretan chief: 350

“ Others there are the centre to defend,  
Th’ Ajaces both, and Teucer, of the Greeks  
Best archer, good too in the standing fight;  
These may for Hector full employment find,  
Brave as he is, and eager for the fray; 355

Ev’n for his courage ’twere a task too hard,  
Their might to conquer, and resistless hands,  
And burn the ships, if Saturn’s son himself  
Fire not, and ’mid the shipping throw the torch.

Great Ajax Telamon to none would yield, 360

Of mortal birth, by earthly food sustain’d,  
By spear or pond’rous stone assailable;

In hand to hand encounter, scarce surpass’d

By Peleus’ son Achilles; though with him

In speed of foot he might not hope to vie. 365

Then on the left let us our onset make;

And quickly learn if we on others’ heads

Are doom'd to win renown, or they on ours."

He said: and, brave as Mars, Meriones,

Thither where he directed, led the way. 370

Now when, attended thus, Idomeneus,

Like blazing fire, in dazzling arms appear'd,

Around him throng'd, with rallying cries, the Greeks,

And rag'd beside the ships the balanc'd fight.

As, when the dust lies deepest on the roads, 375

Before the boist'rous winds the storm drives fast,

And high at once the whirling clouds are toss'd;

So was the fight confus'd; and in the throng

Each man with keen desire of slaughter burn'd.

Bristled the deadly strife with pond'rous spears, 380

Wielded with dire intent; the brazen gleam

Dazzled the sight, by flashing helmets cast,

And breastplates polish'd bright, and glitt'ring shields

Commingle; stern of heart indeed were he,

Who on that sight with joy, not pain, could gaze. 385

Dire evil then on mortal warriors brought

The diverse minds of Saturn's mighty sons:

To Hector and the Trojans Jove design'd,

In honour of Achilles, swift of foot,

To give the vict'ry; yet not utterly 390  
He will'd to slay before the walls of Troy  
The Grecian host; but glory to confer  
On Thetis and her noble-minded son.  
Neptune, on th' other side, the Greeks inspir'd,  
Clandestine rising from the hoary sea; 395  
For them before the Trojan host o'erborne  
He saw with grief, and deeply wroth with Jove.  
Equal the rank of both, their birth the same,  
But Jove in wisdom, as in years, the first.  
Nor ventur'd Neptune openly to aid 400  
The cause of Greece; but cloth'd in mortal form,  
In secret still the army's courage rous'd.  
This way and that they tugg'd of furious war  
And balanc'd strife, where many a warrior fell,  
The straining rope, which none might break or loose. 405  
Then, though his hair was grizzled o'er with age,  
Calling the Greeks to aid, Idomeneus.  
Inspiring terror, on the Trojans sprang,  
And slew Othryoneus, who had his home  
In far Cabesus; whence but late he came 410  
In hope to share the glory of the war.

He Priam's fairest daughter sought to wed,  
Cassandra, portionless; and mighty deeds  
He promis'd, from before the walls of Troy  
In their despite to drive the sons of Greece. 415  
The aged Priam listen'd to his suit;  
And he, his promise trusting, fought for Troy.  
Him, marching with proud step, Idomeneus  
Struck with his glitt'ring spear, nor aught avail'd  
His brazen breastplate; through the middle thrust, 420  
Thund'ring he fell: the victor vaunting cried:

“Othryoneus, above all mortal men  
I hold thee in respect, if thou indeed  
Wilt make thy words to aged Priam good,  
Who promis'd thee his daughter in return: 425  
We too would offer thee a like reward;  
And give thee here to wed, from Argos brought,  
Atrides' fairest daughter, if with us  
Thou wilt o'erthrow the well-built walls of Troy.  
Come then, on board our ocean-going ships 430  
Discuss the marriage contract; nor shall we  
Be found illib'ral of our bridal gifts.”

He said, and seizing by the foot the slain,

Dragg'd from the press; but to the rescue came  
Asius, himself on foot before his car: 435  
So close his charioteer the horses held,  
They breath'd upon his shoulders; eagerly  
He sought to reach Idomeneus; but he,  
Preventing, through his gullet drove the spear,  
Beneath his chin; right through the weapon pass'd; 440  
He fell; as falls an oak, or poplar tall,  
Or lofty pine, which on the mountain top,  
For some proud ship, the woodman's axe hath hewn:  
So he, before the car and horses stretch'd,  
His death-cry utt'ring, clutch'd the blood-stain'd soil; 445  
Bewilder'd, helpless, stood his charioteer;  
Nor dar'd, escaping from the foemen's hands,  
To turn his horses: him, Antilochus  
Beneath the waistband struck; nor aught avail'd  
His brazen breastplate; through the middle thrust, 450  
He, from the well-wrought chariot, gasping, fell.  
Antilochus, the noble Nestor's son,  
The horses seiz'd, and from the Trojan ranks  
Drove to the Grecian camp. For Asius' death  
Deep griev'd, Deiphobus, approaching, hurl'd 455

Against Idomeneus his glitt'ring spear:  
The coming weapon he beheld, and shunn'd:  
Beneath the ample circle of his shield,  
With hides and brazen plates encircled round,  
And by two rods sustain'd, conceal'd he stood: 460  
Beneath he crouch'd, and o'er him flew the spear:  
Yet harsh it grated, glancing from the shield;  
Nor bootless from that stalwart hand it flew,  
But through the midriff, close below the heart,  
Hypsenor, son of Hippasus, it struck, 465  
And straight relax'd his limbs; then shouting loud,  
In boastful tone, Deiphobus exclaim'd:  
    "Not unaveng'd lies Asius; he, methinks,  
As I have found him fellowship, with joy  
Through Hades' strongly-guarded gates may pass." 470  
He said; the Greeks, indignant, heard his boast:  
Chief, of Antilochus the manly soul  
Was stirr'd within him; yet amid his grief  
His comrade not forgetting, up he ran,  
And o'er him spread the cover of his shield. 475  
Meanwhile, two trusty friends, Mecistheus, son  
Of Echius, and Alastor, rais'd the slain,



And deeply groaning bore him to the ships.  
Nor did Idomeneus his noble rage  
Abate; still burning o'er some Trojan soul 480  
To draw the gloomy veil of night and death;  
Or, having sav'd the Greeks, himself to fall.  
Then high-born Æsuetes' son he slew,  
Alcathöus; he, Anchises' son-in-law,  
The eldest of his daughters had to wife, 485  
Hippodamia; by her parents both,  
O'er all, belov'd; in beauty, skill, and mind,  
All her compeers surpassing; wife of one,  
The noblest man through all the breadth of Troy.  
Him Neptune by Idomeneus subdued; 490  
Seal'd his quick eyes, his active limbs restrain'd,  
Without the pow'r to fly, or shun the spear;  
Fix'd as a pillar, or a lofty tree,  
He stood, while through his breast Idomeneus  
His weapon drove; the brazen mail it broke, 495  
Which oft had turn'd aside the stroke of death;  
Harshly it grated, sever'd by the spear:  
He fell; the spear-point quiv'ring in his heart,  
Which with convulsive throbblings shook the shaft.

There Mars its course arrested. Then with shouts 500  
Of triumph, vaunting, thus Idomeneus:

“How now, Deiphobus? are three for one  
An equal balance? where are now thy boasts?  
Come forth, my friend, thyself to me oppos'd;  
And learn, if here, unworthy my descent 505  
From Jove, my great progenitor, I stand.  
He Minos, guardian chief of Crete, begot;  
Noble Deucalion was to Minos born,  
I to Deucalion; far extends my rule  
In wide-spread Crete; whom now our ships have brought, 510  
A bane to thee, thy sire, and Trojans all.”

He said; and doubtful stood Deiphobus,  
Or to retreat, and summon to his aid  
The Trojans, or alone the venture try.  
Thus as he mus'd, the wiser course appear'd 515  
To seek Æneas; him he found apart,  
Behind the crowd; for he was still at feud  
With godlike Priam, who, he thought, withheld  
The public honour to his valour due.  
To whom Deiphobus, approaching, thus: 520

“Æneas, sagest councillor of Troy,

Behoves thee now, if rev'rence for the dead  
Can move thy soul, thy sister's husband aid:  
Haste we to save Alcathöus; who of old,  
When thou wast little, in thy father's house, 525  
Nurs'd thee with tender care; for him, but now,  
The spear-renown'd Idomeneus hath slain."

He said; Æneas' spirit was rous'd, and fill'd  
With martial rage he sought Idomeneus.  
Nor, cowardlike, did he th' encounter shun; 530  
But firmly stood, as stands a mountain-boar,  
Self-confident, that in some lonely spot  
Awaits the clam'rous chase; bristles his back;  
His eyes with fire are flashing; and his tusks  
He whets, on men and dogs prepar'd to rush: 535  
So stood the spear-renown'd Idomeneus,  
The onset of Æneas, swift in fight,  
Awaiting; and the friends he saw around  
He summon'd to his aid; Ascalaphus,  
Deipyrus, and brave Meriones, 540  
Antilochus and Aphareus; to these,  
Tried warriors all, he thus address'd his speech:

"Aid me, my friends! alone I stand, and dread

The onset of Æneas, swift of foot,  
Mighty to slay in battle; and the bloom 545  
Of youth is his, the crown of human strength;  
If, as our spirit, our years were but the same,  
Great glory now should he, or I, obtain."  
He said; and, one in heart, their bucklers slop'd  
Upon their shoulders, all beside him stood. 550  
On th' other side, Æneas to his aid  
Summon'd his brother chiefs, Deiphobus,  
And Paris, and Agenor; following whom  
Came on the gen'ral crowd; as flocks of sheep  
From pasture follow to their drinking-place 555  
The lordly ram; well pleas'd the shepherd sees;  
So pleas'd, Æneas saw the gath'ring crowd.  
Then o'er Alcathōus hand to hand was wag'd  
The war of spears; dire was the clash of brass  
Upon the heroes' breasts, as 'mid the press 560  
Each aim'd at other; proudly eminent  
Stood forth two mighty warriors, terrible  
As Mars, Æneas and Idomeneus,  
Their sharp spears wielding each at other's life.  
First at Idomeneus Æneas threw 565

His spear; he saw, and shunn'd the brazen point;  
And vainly from his stalwart hand dismiss'd,  
Æneas' spear stood quiv'ring in the ground.  
Idomeneus in front, below the waist,  
CEnomäus struck; the weighty spear broke through 570  
The hollow breastplate, and th' intestines tore;  
Prone in the dust he fell, and clutch'd the ground.  
Forthwith Idomeneus from out the corpse  
The pond'rous spear withdrew; yet could not strip  
His armour off; so thickly flew the spears. 575  
Nor did his feet retain their youthful force,  
His weapon to regain, or back to spring.  
Skill'd in the standing fight his life to guard,  
He lack'd the active pow'r of swift retreat.  
At him, retiring slow, Deiphobus, 580  
Still fill'd with anger, threw his glitt'ring spear:  
His aim he miss'd; but through the shoulder pierc'd  
Ascalaphus, a valiant son of Mars;  
Prone in the dust he fell, and clutch'd the ground.  
Nor knew the loud-voic'd, mighty God of War 585  
That in the stubborn fight his son had fall'n;  
On high Olympus, girt with golden clouds,

He sat, amid th' Immortals all, restrain'd,  
By Jove's commands, from mingling in the war.  
Now hand to hand around Ascalaphus 590  
Rag'd the fierce conflict: first Deiphobus  
From off his head the glitt'ring helmet tore;  
But, terrible as Mars, Meriones  
Sprang forth, and pierc'd his arm; and from his hand  
With hollow sound the crested helmet fell. 595  
On, like a vulture, sprang Meriones,  
And from his arm the sturdy spear withdrew;  
Then backward leap'd amid his comrades' ranks;  
While round his brother's waist Polites threw  
His arms, and led him from the battle-field 600  
To where, with charioteer and rich-wrought car,  
Beyond the fight, his flying coursers stood.  
Him, rack'd with pain, and groaning, while the blood  
Stream'd down his wounded arm, to Troy they bore.  
The rest fought on, and loud the tumult rose. 605  
Æneas through the throat of Aphareus,  
Caletor's son, turn'd sideways tow'ards him, drove  
His glitt'ring spear; and down on th' other side,  
His shield and helmet following, sank his head;

And o'er his eyes were cast the shades of death. 610  
As Thöon turn'd, Antilochus, who watch'd  
Th' occasion, forward sprang, and with his spear  
Ripp'd all the flesh that lay along the spine  
Up to the neck; he backward fell, with hands  
Uplifted calling for his comrades' aid: 615  
But forward sprang Antilochus, and tore  
His armour from his breast, while round he cast  
His watchful glances; for on ev'ry side  
On his broad shield the Trojans show'r'd their blows,  
But touch'd him not; for Neptune, 'mid the throng 620  
Of weapons, threw his guard o'er Nestor's son.  
Yet not aloof he stood, but in their midst,  
Commingled; nor held motionless his spear;  
But ever threat'ning, turn'd from side to side,  
Prepar'd to hurl, or hand to hand engage. 625  
Him Adamas, the son of Asius, mark'd,  
As o'er the crowd he glanc'd; and springing forth,  
Struck with his spear the centre of the shield;  
But dark-hair'd Neptune grudg'd the hero's life,  
And stay'd the brazen point; half in the shield, 630  
Like a fire-harden'd stake, remain'd infix'd,

The other half lay broken on the ground.  
Back to his comrades' shelt'ring ranks he sprang,  
In hope of safety; but Meriones,  
Quick-following, plung'd his weapon through his groin, 635  
Where sharpest agony to wretched men  
Attends on death; there planted he his spear:  
Around the shaft he writh'd, and gasping groan'd,  
Like to a mountain-bull, which, bound with cords,  
The herdsmen drag along, with struggles vain, 640  
Resisting; so the wounded warrior groan'd:  
But not for long; for fierce Meriones,  
Approaching, from his body tore the spear,  
And the dark shades of death his eyes o'erspread.  
Then Helenus, a weighty Thracian sword 645  
Wielding aloft, across the temples smote  
Deipyrus, and all his helmet crash'd;  
Which, as it roll'd beneath their feet, some Greek  
Seiz'd 'mid the press; his eyes were clos'd in death.  
The valiant Meneläus, Atreus' son, 650  
With grief beheld; and royal Helenus  
With threat'ning mien approaching, pois'd on high  
His glitt'ring spear, while he the bowstring drew.



Then simultaneous flew from either side  
The gleaming spear, and arrow from the string. 655  
The shaft of Priam's son below the breast  
The hollow cuirass struck, and bounded off;  
As bound the dark-skin'd beans, or clatt'ring peas,  
From the broad fan upon the threshing-floor,  
By the brisk breeze impell'd, and winnower's force; 660  
From noble Meneläus' cuirass so  
The stinging arrow bounding, glanc'd afar.  
But valiant Meneläus, Atreus' son,  
Transfix'd the hand that held the polish'd bow:  
The brazen point pass'd through, and to the bow 665  
The hand was pinn'd; back to his comrades' ranks  
He sprang, in hope of safety, hanging down  
The wounded limb, that trail'd the ashen spear.  
Agenor from the wound the spear withdrew,  
And with a twisted sling of woollen cloth, 670  
By an attendant brought, bound up the hand.  
To noble Meneläus stood oppos'd.  
Peisander, to the confines dark of death  
Led by his evil fate, by thee to fall,  
Great son of Atreus, in the deadly strife. 675

When near they drew, Atrides miss'd his aim,  
With erring spear divergent; next his shield  
Peisander struck, but drove not through the spear;  
For the broad shield resisted, and the shaft  
Was snapp'd in sunder; Meneläus saw 680  
Rejoicing, and with hope of triumph flush'd;  
Unsheathing then his silver-studded sword  
Rush'd on Peisander; he beneath his shield  
Drew forth a pond'rous brazen battle-axe,  
With handle long, of polish'd olive-wood; 685  
And both at once in deadly combat join'd.  
Then, just below the plume, Peisander struck  
The crested helmet's peak; but Atreus' son  
Met him advancing, and across the brow  
Smote him, above the nose; loud crash'd the bone, 690  
And in the dust the gory eyeballs dropp'd  
Before him; doubled with the pain, he fell:  
The victor, planting on his chest his foot,  
Stripp'd off his arms, and thus exulting cried:  
"Thus shall ye all, insatiate of the fight, 695  
Proud Trojans, from before our ships depart;  
Nor lack your share of insult and of wrong,

Such as on me, vile hounds, ye cast erewhile,  
Nor fear'd th' avenger of the slighted laws  
Of hospitality, high thund'ring Jove, 700  
Who soon your lofty city shall o'erthrow.  
Kindly receiv'd, my virgin-wedded wife,  
With store of goods, ye basely bore away;  
And now ye rage, infuriate, to destroy  
With fire our ocean-going ships, and slay 705  
Our Grecian heroes; but the time shall come  
When ye too fain would from the war escape.  
O Father Jove, 'tis said that thou excell'st,  
In wisdom, Gods and men; all human things  
From thee proceed; and can it be, that thou 710  
With favour seest these men of violence,  
These Trojans, with presumptuous courage fill'd,  
Whose rage for battle knows nor stint nor bound?  
Men are with all things sated; sleep, and love;  
Sweet sounds of music, and the joyous dance. 715  
Of these may some more gladly take their fill;  
But Trojans still for war, insatiate, thirst."  
Thus Meneläus; and the blood-stain'd arms

Stripp'd from the corpse, and to his comrades gave ;  
Then join'd again the foremost in the fray. 720  
There to th' encounter forth Harpalion sprang,  
Son of the King Pylæmenes, who came,  
His father following, to the war of Troy,  
But back return'd not to his native land.  
He standing near, full in the centre struck 725  
Atrides' shield, but drove not through the spear ;  
Back to his comrades' shelt'ring ranks he sprang  
In hopes of safety, glancing all around,  
His body to defend ; but as he turn'd,  
In his right flank a brazen-pointed shaft, 730  
Shot by Meriones, was buried deep :  
Beneath the bone it pass'd, and pierc'd him through.  
At once he fell ; and gasping out his life,  
Amid his comrades, writhing on the ground  
Like a crush'd worm he lay ; and from the wound 735  
The dark blood pouring, drench'd the thirsty soil.

The valiant troops of Paphlagonia clos'd  
Around him ; on his car they plac'd the slain,  
And deeply sorrowing, to the city bore ;

His father, weeping, walk'd beside the car,\* 740

Nor vengeance for his slaughter'd son obtain'd.

Paris with grief and anger saw him fall:

For he in former days his guest had been

In Paphlagonia; then, with anger fill'd,

A brass-tipp'd arrow from his bow he sent. 745

A certain man there was, Euchenor nam'd,

Who dwelt in Corinth; rich, of blameless life,

The son of Polyeidus, skilful seer:

His fate well knowing, he embark'd; for oft

The good old man had told him that his doom 750

Was, or at home by sharp disease to die,

Or with the Greeks by Trojan hands to fall.

Embarking, he escap'd alike the fine

By Greeks impos'd, and pangs of sharp disease.

Him Paris smote between the ear and jaw; 755

Swift fled his spirit, and darkness clos'd his eyes.

Thus rag'd, like blazing fire, the furious fight.

But nought as yet had Hector heard, nor knew

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\* This passage would seem to be the result of an oversight on the part of the Poet; who, apparently, had forgotten that Pykemenes, "the Paphlagonian Chief," had himself been killed by Menelaüs, some time before the death of his son. See Book V., l. 656.

How sorely, leftward of the ships, were press'd  
The Trojans by the Greeks; and now appear'd 760  
Their triumph sure; such succour Neptune gave,  
Their courage rousing, and imparting strength.  
But there he kept, where first the serried ranks  
Of Greeks he broke, and storm'd the wall and gates;  
There lay, drawn up beside the hoary sea, 765  
The ships of Ajax and Protesilas;  
There had the wall been lowest built; and there  
Were gather'd in defence the chiefest all,  
Horses and men: the stout Bœotians there,  
Join'd to th' Ionians with their flowing robes, 770  
Locrians, and Phthians, and Epeians proud,  
Could scarce protect their ships; nor could repel  
Th' impetuous fire of godlike Hector's charge.  
There too the choicest troops of Athens fought;  
Their chief, Menestheus, Petëus' son; with whom 775  
Were Pheidias, Stichius, Bias in command;  
Th' Epeians Meges, Phyleus' son, obey'd,  
And Dracius and Amphion; Medon next,  
With brave Podarces led the Phthian host:  
Medon, the great Oileus' bastard son, 780

Brother of Ajax; he in Phylace,  
Far from his native land, was driv'n to dwell,  
Since one to Eriopis near akin,  
His sire Oileus' wife, his hand had slain.  
Podarces from Iphiclus claim'd his birth, 785  
The son of Phylacus; these two in arms  
The valiant Phthians leading to the fight,  
Join'd the Boeotian troops to guard the ships.  
But from the side of Ajax Telamon  
Stirr'd not a whit Oileus' active son; 790  
But as on fallow-land, with one accord,  
Two dark-red oxen drag the well-wrought plough,  
Streaming with sweat that gathers round their horns;  
They by the polish'd yoke together held,  
The stiff soil cleaving, down the furrow strain; 795  
So closely, side by side, those two advanc'd.  
But comrades, many and brave, on Telamon  
Attended, who, whene'er with toil and sweat  
His limbs grew faint, upheld his weighty shield;  
While in the fray, Oileus' noble son 800  
No Locrians follow'd; theirs were not the hearts  
To brook th' endurance of the standing fight;

Nor had they brass-bound helmets, with horsehair plume,  
Nor ample shields they bore, nor ashen spear;  
But came to Troy, in bows and twisted slings 805  
Of woollen cloth confiding; and from these  
Their bolts quick-show'ring, broke the Trojan ranks.  
While those, in front, in glittering arms oppos'd  
The men of Troy, by noble Hector led;  
These, in the rear, unseen, their arrows shot. 810  
Nor stood the Trojans; for amid their ranks  
The galling arrows dire confusion spread.  
Then had the Trojans from the ships and tents  
Back to the breezy heights of Troy been driv'n  
In flight disastrous; but Polydamas 815  
Drew near to Hector, and address'd him thus:

“Hector, I know thee, how unapt thou art  
To hearken to advice; yet ev'n if Jove  
Hath giv'n thee to excel in warlike might,  
Must needs thy wisdom all men's else surpass? 820  
All gifts thou canst not in thyself combine:  
To one the Gods have granted warlike might,  
To one the dance, to one the lyre and song;  
While in another's breast all-seeing Jove



Hath plac'd the spirit of wisdom, and a mind 825  
Discerning, for the common good of all:  
By him are states preserv'd; and he himself  
Best knows the value of the precious gift.  
Then hear what seems to me the wisest course.  
On ev'ry side the circling ring of war 830  
Is blazing all around thee; and, thou seest,  
Our valiant Trojans, since the wall they scal'd,  
Or stand aloof, or scatter'd 'mid the ships  
Outnumber'd, with superior forces strive.  
Then thou, retiring, hither call the chiefs; 835  
Here take we counsel fully, if again  
Upon their well-mann'd vessels we shall fall,  
Should Heav'n vouchsafe to grant the needful strength,  
Or from the ships, while yet unharm'd, withdraw;  
For much I fear they soon will pay us back 840  
Their debt of yesterday; since in their ranks  
One yet remains insatiate of the fight,  
And he, methinks, not long will stand aloof."  
Thus he: the prudent counsel Hector pleas'd;  
Down from his chariot with his arms he leap'd, 845  
And to Polydamas his speech address'd:

“Polydamas, detain thou here the chiefs;  
Thither will I, and meet the front of war,  
And, giv’n my orders, quickly here return.”

He said; and, like a snow-clad mountain high, 850  
Uprose; and loudly shouting, in hot haste  
Flew through the Trojan and Confed’rate host.  
At sound of Hector’s voice, round Panthöus’ son,  
Polydamas, were gather’d all the chiefs.

But ’mid the foremost combatants he sought 855  
If haply he might find Deiphobus,

And royal Helenus, and Adamas,  
And gallant Asius, son of Hyrtacus.

These found he not unscath’d by wounds or death;  
For some beside the ships of Greece had paid, 860  
By Grecian hands, the forfeit of their lives,  
While others wounded lay within the wall.

But, to the leftward of the bloody fray,  
The godlike Paris, fair-hair’d Helen’s Lord,  
Cheering his comrades to the fight, he found, 865  
And with reproachful words address’d him thus:

“Thou wretched Paris, fair in outward form,  
Thou slave of woman, manhood’s counterfeit,

Where is Deiphobus, and where the might  
Of royal Helenus? where Adamas, 870  
The son of Asius? where too Asius, son  
Of Hyrtacus? and where Othryoneus?  
Now from its summit totters to the fall  
Our lofty Ilium; now thy doom is seal'd."

To whom the godlike Paris thus replied: 875  
"Hector, since blameless I incur thy blame,  
Ne'er have I less withdrawn me from the fight,  
And me not wholly vile my mother bore;  
For since thou gav'st command to attack the ships,  
We here against the Greeks unflinching war 880  
Have wag'd; our comrades, whom thou seek'st, are slain:  
Only Deiphobus hath left the field,  
And Helenus; both wounded by the spear,  
Both through the hand; but Jove their life hath spar'd.  
But thou, where'er thy courage bids, lead on: 885  
We shall be prompt to follow; to our pow'r  
Thou shalt in us no lack of valour find;  
Beyond his pow'r the bravest cannot fight."

Wrought on his brother's mind the hero's words:  
Together both they bent their steps, where rag'd 890

The fiercest conflict; there Cebriones,  
Phalces, Orthæus, brave Polydamas,  
Palmys, and godlike Polyphetes' might,  
And Morys, and Ascanius fought; these two  
Hippotion's sons; from rich Ascania's plains 895  
They, as reliefs, but yesternorn had come:  
Impell'd by Jove, they sought the battle field.  
Onward they dash'd, impetuous as the rush  
Of the fierce whirlwind, which with lightning charg'd,  
From Father Jove sweeps downward o'er the plain: 900  
As with loud roar it mingles with the sea,  
The many-dashing ocean's billows boil,  
Upheaving, foam-white-crested, wave on wave;  
So, rank on rank, the Trojans, closely mass'd,  
In arms all glitt'ring, with their chiefs advanc'd; 905  
Hector, the son of Priam, led them on,  
In combat terrible as blood-stain'd Mars:  
Before his breast his shield's broad orb he bore,  
Of hides close join'd, with brazen plates o'erlaid;  
The gleaming helmet nodded o'er his brow. 910  
He, with proud step, protected by his shield,  
On ev'ry side the hostile ranks survey'd,

If signs of yielding he might trace; but they  
Unshaken stood; and with like haughty mien,  
Ajax at Hector thus defiance hurl'd: 915

“Draw nearer, mighty chief; why seek to scare  
Our valiant Greeks? we boast ourselves of war  
Not wholly unskill'd, though now the hand of Jove  
Lies heavy on us with the scourge of Heav'n.  
Thou hop'st, forsooth, our vessels to destroy; 920  
But stalwart arms for their defence we boast.  
Long ere that day shall your proud city fall,  
Tak'n and destroy'd by our victorious hands.  
Not far the hour, when thou thyself in flight  
To Jove and all the Gods shalt make thy pray'r, 925  
That swifter than the falcon's wing thy steeds  
May bear thee o'er the dusty plain to Troy.”

Thus as he spoke, upon his right appear'd  
An eagle, soaring high; the crowd of Greeks  
The fav'ring omen saw, and shouted loud: 930  
Then noble Hector thus: “What words are these,  
Ajax, thou babbling braggart, vain of speech!  
For would to Heav'n I were as well assur'd  
I were the son of ægis-bearing Jove,

Born of imperial Juno, and myself 935

In equal honour with Apollo held

Or blue-ey'd Pallas, as I am assur'd

This day is fraught with ill to all the Greeks :

Thou 'mid the rest shalt perish, if thou dare

My spear encounter, which thy dainty skin 940

Shall rend ; and slain beside the ships, thy flesh

Shall glut the dogs and carrion birds of Troy."

He said, and led them on ; with eager cheers

They follow'd ; shouted loud the hindmost throng.

On th' other side the Greeks return'd the shout : 945

Of all the Trojans' bravest they, unmov'd,

The onset bore ; their mingled clamours rose

To Heav'n, and reach'd the glorious light of Jove. 948

## BOOK XIV.

NOR did the battle-din not reach the ears  
Of Nestor, o'er the wine-cup; and his speech  
He thus address'd to Æsculapius' son:

"Say, good Machaon, what these sounds may mean;  
For louder swells the tumult round the ships. 5  
But sit thou here, and drink the ruddy wine,  
Till fair-hair'd Hecamede shall prepare  
The gentle bath, and wash thy gory wounds;  
While I go forth, and all around survey."

He said, and from the wall a buckler took, 10  
Well-wrought, with brass resplendent, which his son,  
Brave Thrasymedes, in the tent had left,  
While with his father's shield himself was girt;  
A sturdy spear too, tipp'd with brass, he took:  
Without the tent he stood; and there his eyes 15  
A woful sight beheld; the Greeks in flight,  
The haughty Trojans pressing on their rout

Confus'd; the Greeks' protecting wall o'erthrown.  
As heaves the darkling sea with silent swell,  
Expectant of the boist'rous gale's approach; 20  
Nor onward either way is pour'd its flood,  
Until it feel th' impelling blast from Heav'n;  
So stood th' old man, his mind perplex'd with doubt,  
To mingle in the throng, or counsel seek  
Of mighty Agamemnon, Atreus' son. 25  
Thus as he mus'd, the better course appear'd,  
To seek Atrides; fiercely fought the rest  
With mutual slaughter; loud their armour rang  
With thrusts of swords and double-pointed spears.  
There, from the ships advancing, Nestor met 30  
The Heav'n-born Kings, Ulysses, Diomed,  
And Agamemnon, son of Atreus, all  
By wounds disabled; for the ships were beach'd  
Upon the shore, beside the hoary sea,  
Far from the battle; higher, tow'rd the plain 35  
The foremost had been drawn, and with a wall  
Their sterns surrounded; for the spacious beach  
Could not contain them, and in narrow bounds  
Were pent their multitudes; so high on land



They drew, and rang'd them side by side, and fill'd, 40  
Within the headlands, all the wide-mouth'd bay.

Thus they, their steps supporting on their spears,  
Together came, spectators of the fight;  
Deep sorrow fill'd their breasts; them Nestor met,  
The fear increasing, which their souls possess'd. 45  
To whom the monarch Agamemnon thus :

“O Nestor, son of Neleus, pride of Greece,  
Why com'st thou here, and leav'st the battle-field?  
Greatly I fear that noble Hector now  
His menace will fulfil, who made his boast 50  
Before th' assembled Trojans, that to Troy  
He never would return, until our ships  
The flames had master'd, and ourselves the sword.  
Such was his threat, and now he makes it good.  
Heav'n! can it be that I of other Greeks, 55  
As of Achilles, have incurr'd the wrath,  
Who thence refuse to battle for the ships?”

To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied :  
“Such are indeed our prospects; Jove on high  
Could to our fortunes give no diff'rent turn. 60  
The wall is raz'd, wherein our trust we plac'd

To guard, impregnable, ourselves and ships;  
And now around the ships their war they wage,  
Unceasing, unabated; none might tell  
By closest scrutiny, which way are driv'n 65  
The routed Greeks, so intermix'd they fall  
Promiscuous; and the cry ascends to Heav'n.  
But come, discuss we what may best be done,  
If judgment aught may profit us; ourselves  
To mingle in the fray I counsel not; 70  
It were not well for wounded men to fight."

Whom answer'd Agamemnon, King of men:  
"Nestor, since to the ships the war is brought,  
Nor hath the wall avail'd to stay their course,  
Nor yet the deep-dug trench, on which we Greeks 75  
Much toil bestow'd, and which we vainly hop'd  
Might guard, impregnable, ourselves and ships;  
Seems it the will of Saturn's mighty son  
That, far from Argos, from our native land,  
We all should here in nameless graves be laid. 80  
I knew when once he lov'd to aid the Greeks;  
But now I see that to the blessed Gods  
Our foes he equals, and our strength confounds.

Hear then my counsel; let us all agree  
The ships that nearest to the sea are beach'd 85  
To launch upon the main, till nightfall there  
To ride at anchor; if that ev'n by night  
The Trojans may suspend their fierce assault;  
Then may we launch in safety all the fleet.  
No shame it is to fly, although by night, 90  
Impending evil; better so to fly  
Than by the threaten'd danger be o'erta'en."

To whom, with scornful glance, Ulysses sage:  
"What words have pass'd the barrier of thy lips,  
Thou son of Atreus? counsellor of ill! 95  
Would thou hadst been of some ignoble band  
The leader, not the chief of such a host  
As ours, on whom, from youth to latest age,  
Jove hath the gift bestow'd, to bear the brunt  
Of hardy war, till ev'ry man be slain. 100  
And think'st thou so to leave the lofty walls  
Of Troy, the object of our painful toil?  
Be silent, that no other Greek may hear  
Words, which no man might trust his tongue to speak,  
Who nobler counsels understands, and wields 105

A royal sceptre, and th' allegiance claims  
Of numbers, such as those that own thy sway.  
Thy counsels all I utterly condemn;  
Who, 'mid the close and clamour of the fight,  
Wouldst have us launch our ships, and give the foe, 110  
Already too triumphant, cause renew'd  
For boasting; then were death our certain lot;  
For, if the ships be launch'd, not long will Greeks  
Sustain the war, but with reverted eyes  
Shrink from the fight; to such pernicious end 115  
Would lead thy baneful counsels, mighty chief."

Whom answer'd Agamemnon, King of men:  
"Ulysses, thy rebuke hath wrung my soul;  
Yet never meant I, that against their will  
The sons of Greece should launch their well-found ships: 120  
But if there be who better counsel knows,  
Or young or old, his words would please me well."

Then rose the valiant Diomed, and said:  
"The man is near at hand, nor far to seek,  
If ye will hear, nor take offence, that I, 125  
The youngest of you all, presume to speak.  
Yet of a noble sire I boast me sprung,

Tydeus, who sleeps beneath the Theban soil:  
To Porthus three brave sons were born, who dwelt  
In Pleuron and in lofty Calydon, 130  
Agrius, and Melas; bravest of them all,  
My father's father, Ceneus, was the third.  
He there remain'd; my father, wand'ring long,  
To Argos came; such was the will of Jove  
And of th' Immortals all; he there espous'd 135  
Adrastus' daughter; own'd a wealthy house,  
With fertile corn-lands round, and orchards stor'd  
With goodly fruit-trees; num'rous flocks he had,  
And all the Greeks in feats of arms excell'd.  
Hear ye the words I speak, for they are true: 140  
And if my speech be wise, despise it not,  
As of one worthless, or ignobly born.  
Though wounded, to the battle I advise  
That we perforce repair; yet not ourselves  
To join the combat, or confront the spears, 145  
Lest wounds to wounds be added; but to rouse  
The spirits of some, who, zealous heretofore,  
Now stand aloof, nor mingle in the fray."

He said, and they, his words approving, went,

By Agamemnon led, the King of men. 150

Nor careless was the watch by Neptune kept:

With them, in likeness of an aged man,

He went, and Agamemnon, Atreus' son,

By the right hand he took, and thus address'd:

“O son of Atreus, great is now the joy 155

With which Achilles' savage breast is fill'd,

Who sees the slaughter and the rout of Greeks:

For nought he has of heart, no, not a whit:

But perish he, accursed of the Gods!

Nor deem thou that to thee the blessed Gods 160

Are wholly hostile; yet again the chiefs

And councillors of Troy shall scour in flight

The dusty plain; and from the ships and tents

Thine eyes shall see them to the city fly.”

He said; and loudly shouting, onward rush'd. 165

As of nine thousand or ten thousand men,

In deadly combat meeting, is the shout;

Such was the sound which from his ample chest

Th' Earth-shaker sent; and ev'ry Greek inspir'd

With stern resolve to wage unflinching war. 170

Standing on high Olympus' topmost peak,

The golden-throned Juno downward look'd,  
And, busied in the glory-giving strife,  
Her husband's brother and her own she saw,  
Saw, and rejoic'd; next, seated on the crest 175  
Of spring-abounding Ida, Jove she saw,  
Sight hateful in her eyes! then ponder'd deep  
The stag-ey'd Queen, how best she might beguile  
The wakeful mind of ægis-bearing Jove;  
And, musing, this appear'd the readiest mode: 180  
Herself with art adorning, to repair  
To Ida; there, with fondest blandishment  
And female charm, her husband to enfold  
In love's embrace; and gentle, careless sleep  
Around his eyelids and his senses pour. 185  
Her chamber straight she sought, by Vulcan built,  
Her son; by whom were to the door-posts hung  
Close-fitting doors, with secret keys secur'd,  
That, save herself, no God might enter in.  
There enter'd she, and clos'd the shining doors; 190  
And with ambrosia first her lovely skin  
She purified, with fragrant oil anointing,  
Ambrosial, breathing forth such odours sweet,

That, wav'd above the brazen floor of Jove,  
All earth and Heav'n were with the fragrance fill'd; 195  
O'er her fair skin this precious oil she spread;  
Comb'd out her flowing locks, and with her hand  
Wreath'd the thick masses of the glossy hair,  
Immortal, bright, that crown'd th' imperial head.  
A robe ambrosial then, by Pallas wrought, 200  
She donn'd, in many a curious pattern trac'd,  
With golden brooch beneath her breast confin'd.  
Her zone, from which a hundred tassels hung,  
She girt about her; and, in three bright drops,  
Her glitt'ring gems suspended from her ears; 205  
And all around her grace and beauty shone.  
Then o'er her head th' imperial Goddess threw  
A beauteous veil, new-wrought, as sunlight white;  
And on her well-turn'd feet her sandals bound.  
Her dress completed, from her chamber forth 210  
She issued, and from th' other Gods apart  
She call'd to Venus, and address'd her thus:  
"Say, wilt thou grant, dear child, the boon I ask?  
Or wilt thou say me nay, in wrath that I  
Espouse the Greek, as thou the Trojan cause?" 215



To whom the laughter-loving Venus thus :  
" Daughter of Saturn, Juno, mighty Queen,  
Tell me thy wish ; to grant it if my pow'r  
May aught avail, thy pleasure shall be done."

To whom great Juno thus, with artful speech : 220  
" Give me the loveliness, and pow'r to charm,  
Whereby thou reign'st o'er Gods and men supreme.  
For to the bounteous Earth's extremest bounds  
I go, to visit old Oceanus,  
The sire of Gods, and Tethys, who of yore 225  
From Rhæa took me, when all-seeing Jove  
Hurl'd Saturn down below the earth and seas,  
And nurs'd me in their home with tend'rest care ;  
I go to visit them, and reconcile  
A lengthen'd feud ; for since some cause of wrath 230  
Has come between them, they from rites of love  
And from the marriage-bed have long abstain'd :  
Could I unite them by persuasive words,  
And to their former intercourse restore,  
Their love and rev'rence were for ever mine." 235

Whom answer'd thus the laughter-loving Queen :  
" I ought not, and I cannot, say thee nay,

Who liest encircled by the arms of Jove."

Thus Venus spoke; and from her bosom loos'd  
Her broider'd cestus, wrought with ev'ry charm      240  
To win the heart; there Love, there young Desire,  
There fond Discourse, and there Persuasion dwelt,  
Which oft enthralls the mind of wisest men.  
This in her hand she plac'd, as thus she spoke:  
"Take thou from me, and in thy bosom hide,      245  
This broider'd cestus; and, whate'er thy wish,  
Thou shalt not here ungratified return."

Thus Venus; smil'd the stag-ey'd Queen of Heav'n,  
And, smiling, in her bosom hid the gift.  
Then Venus to her father's house return'd;      250  
But Juno down from high Olympus sped;  
O'er sweet Emathia, and Pieria's range,  
O'er snowy mountains of horse-breeding Thrace,  
Their topmost heights, she soar'd, nor touch'd the earth.  
From Athos then she cross'd the swelling sea,      255  
Until to Lemnos, godlike Thoas' seat,  
She came; there met she Sleep, twin-born with Death,  
Whom, as his hand she clasp'd, she thus address'd:  
"Sleep, universal King of Gods and men,

If ever thou hast listen'd to my voice, 260

Grant me the boon which now I ask, and win

My ceaseless favour in all time to come.

When Jove thou seest in my embraces lock'd,

Do thou his piercing eyes in slumber seal.

Rich guerdon shall be thine; a gorgeous throne, 265

Immortal, golden; which my skilful son,

Vulcan, shall deftly frame; beneath, a stool

Whereon at feasts thy feet may softly rest."

Whom answer'd thus the gentle God of Sleep:

" Daughter of Saturn, Juno, mighty Queen, 270

On any other of th' immortal Gods

I can with ease exert my slumb'rous pow'r;

Ev'n to the stream of old Oceanus,

Prime origin of all; but Saturn's son,

Imperial Jove, I dare not so approach, 275

Nor sink in sleep, save by his own desire.

Already once, obeying thy command,

A fearful warning I receiv'd, that day

When from the capture and the sack of Troy

That mighty warrior, son of Jove, set sail; 280

For, circumfus'd around, with sweet constraint

I bound the sense of ægis-bearing Jove,  
While thou, with ill-design, rousing the force  
Of winds tempestuous o'er the stormy sea,  
Didst cast him forth on Coös' thriving isle, 285  
Far from his friends; then Jove, awaking, pour'd  
His wrath, promiscuous, on th' assembled Gods;  
Me chief his anger sought; and from on high  
Had hurl'd me, plung'd beneath th' unfathom'd sea,  
But Night, the vanquisher of Gods and men, 290  
Her fugitive receiv'd me; he his wrath  
Repress'd, unwilling to invade the claims  
Of holy Night; and now thou fain wouldst urge  
That I another reckless deed essay."

Whom answer'd thus the stag-ey'd Queen of Heav'n: 295  
"Why, Sleep, with thoughts like these perplex thy mind?  
Think'st thou that Jove as ardently desires  
To aid the men of Troy, as fiercely burn'd  
His anger on his valiant son's behalf?  
Grant my request; and of the Graces one, 300  
The youngest and the fairest, have to wife,  
Pasithea, whom thy love hath long pursued."

Thus promis'd Juno; Sleep, rejoicing, heard,

And answer'd thus: "Swear then the awful oath,  
Inviolable, by the stream of Styx, 305  
Thy one hand laid upon the fruitful earth,  
The other resting on the sparkling sea;  
That all the Gods who in the nether realms  
With Saturn dwell, may of our solemn bond  
Be witnesses, that of the Graces one, 310  
The youngest, fairest, I shall have to wife,  
Pasithea, whom my love hath long pursued."

He said: nor did the white-arm'd Queen refuse;  
She took the oath requir'd; and call'd by name  
On all the Titans, sub-Tartarean Gods: 315  
Then, sworn and ratified the oath, they pass'd  
From Lemnos, and from Imbros, veil'd in cloud,  
Skimming their airy way; on Lectum first,  
In spring-abounding Ida, nurse of beasts,  
The sea they left, and journey'd o'er the land, 320  
While wav'd beneath their feet the lofty woods.  
There Sleep, ere yet he met the eye of Jove,  
Remain'd; and, mounted on a lofty pine,  
The tallest growth of Ida, that on high  
Flung through the desert air its boughs to Heav'n, 325

Amid the pine's close branches lay ensconc'd;  
Like to a mountain bird of shrillest note,  
Whom Gods the Chalcis, men the night-hawk call.

Juno meanwhile to Ida's summit sped,  
To Gargarus; the Cloud-compeller saw; 330

He saw, and sudden passion fir'd his soul,

As when, their parents' eyes eluding, first

They tasted of the secret joys of love.

He rose to meet her, and address'd her thus:

“From high Olympus, Juno, whither bound, 335

And how, to Ida hast thou come in haste?

For horses here or chariot hast thou none.”

To whom thus Juno with deceitful speech  
Replied: “To fertile earth's extremest bounds

I go, to visit old Oceanus, 340

The sire of Gods, and Tethys, who of yore

Receiv'd, and nurtur'd me with tend'rest care.

I go to visit them, and reconcile

A lengthen'd feud; for since some cause of wrath

Has come between them, they from rites of love 345

And from the marriage-bed have long abstain'd.

Meanwhile at spring-abounding Ida's foot

My horses wait me, that o'er land and sea  
Alike my chariot bear; on thine account  
From high Olympus hither have I come, 350  
Lest it displease thee, if, to thee unknown,  
I sought the Ocean's deeply-flowing stream."

To whom the Cloud-compeller thus replied:  
"Juno, thy visit yet awhile defer;  
And let us now in love's delights indulge: 355  
For never yet did such a flood of love  
For Godless or for mortal fill my soul;  
Not for Ixion's beauteous wife, who bore  
Pirithöus, sage in council as the Gods;  
Nor the neat-footed maiden Danäe; 360  
Acrisius' daughter, her who Perseus bore,  
Th' observ'd of all; nor noble Phoenix' child,  
Who bore me Minos, and the godlike might  
Of Rhadamanthus; nor for Semele,  
Nor for Alcmena fair, of whom was born 365  
In Thebes the mighty warrior Hercules,  
As Bacchus, joy of men, of Semele:  
No, nor for Ceres, golden-tress'd Queen,  
Nor for Latona bright, nor for thyself,

As now with fond desire for thee I burn." 370

To whom thus Juno with deceitful speech :

" What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak ?

If here on Ida, in the face of day,

We celebrate the mystic rites of love,

How if some other of th' immortal Gods 375

Should find us sleeping, and 'mid all the Gods

Should spread the tale abroad ? I could not then

Straight to thy house, for very shame, return.

But if indeed such passion fill thy soul,

Thou hast thy secret chamber, built for thee 380

By Vulcan, with close-fitting doors secur'd ;

Thither, if such thy pleasure, go we now."

To whom the Cloud-compeller thus replied :

" Juno, nor fear the eye of God or man ;

For all around us I will throw such veil 385

Of golden cloud, that not the sun himself

With sharpest beam of light may pierce it through."

Thus saying, in his arms he clasp'd his wife ;

The teeming earth beneath them caus'd to spring

The tender grass, and lotus dew-besprent, 390

Crocus and hyacinth, a fragrant couch,



Profuse and soft, up-springing from the earth.  
There lay they, all around them spread a veil  
Of golden cloud, whence heav'nly dew distill'd.

There on the topmost height of Gargarus, 395  
By sleep and love subdued, th' immortal Sire,  
Clasp'd in his arms his wife, repos'd in peace.

Then Sleep arose, and to the Grecian ships  
In haste repairing, to th' Earth-shaking King  
His tidings bore; and standing at his side 400  
Thus to the God his wing'd words address'd:

"Now, Neptune, to the Greeks thy ready aid  
Afford, that short-liv'd triumph they may gain,  
While slumber holds the eyes of Jove; for I  
In sweet unconsciousness have drown'd his sense, 405  
Beguil'd by Juno, in whose arms he lies."

He said, and vanish'd 'mid the tribes of men:  
But fir'd with keener zeal to aid the Greeks,  
Neptune sprang forth in front, and call'd aloud:

"Again, ye Greeks, shall our remissness yield 410  
The victory to Hector, Priam's son,  
To seize our ships, and endless glory gain?  
Such is his boast and menace, since in wrath

Achilles still beside his ships remains.

Yet him we scarce should miss, if we, the rest, 415

But firmly stood for mutual defence.

Hear then my counsel: let us all agree,

Girt with our best and broadest shields, our heads

With flashing helmets guarded, in our hands

Grasping our longest spears, to dare the fight. 420

Myself will lead you on; and Priam's son,

Though bold he be, will fear with me to cope.

And if, among our bravest, any bear

Too small a buckler, with some meaner man

Let him exchange, and don the larger shield." 425

He said, and they assenting heard his speech.

The Kings themselves, Ulysses, Diomed,

And mighty Agamemnon, Atreus' son,

Though sorely wounded, yet the troops array'd;

Throughout the ranks they pass'd, and chang'd the arms; 430

The bravest donn'd the best, the worse the worst.

When with their dazzling armour all were girt,

Forward they mov'd; th' Earth-shaker led them on:

In his broad hand an awful sword he bore,

Long-bladed, vivid as the lightning's flash: 435

Yet in the deadly strife he might not join,  
But kindled terror in the minds of men.

Hector meantime the Trojan troops array'd.  
Then fiercer grew, and more intense the strain  
Of furious fight, when Ocean's dark-hair'd King 440  
And Priam's noble son were met in arms,  
And aided, this the Trojans, that the Greeks.  
High tow'rd the tents uprose the surging sea,  
As with loud clamour met th' opposing hosts.  
Less loud the roar of Ocean's wave, that driv'n 445  
By stormy Boreas, breaks upon the beach;  
Less loud the crackling of the flames that rage  
In the deep forest of some mountain glen;  
Less loud the wind, to wildest fury rous'd,  
Howls in the branches of the lofty oaks; 450  
Than rose the cry of Trojans and of Greeks,  
As each, with furious shout, encounter'd each.  
At Ajax first, who straight before him stood,  
Great Hector threw his spear, nor miss'd his aim,  
Where the two belts, the one which bore his shield, 455  
His silver-studded sword the other, met  
Across his breast; these two his life preserv'd.

Hector was wroth, that from his stalwart hand  
The spear had flown in vain; and back he sprang  
For safety to his comrades' shelt'ring ranks: 460  
But mighty Ajax Telamon upheav'd  
A pond'rous stone, of many, all around  
That scatter'd lay beneath the warriors' feet,  
And serv'd the ships to prop; with one of these,  
As Hector backward stepp'd, above the shield 465  
He smote him on the breast, below the throat.  
With whirling motion, circling as it flew,  
The mass he hurl'd. As by the bolt of Heav'n  
Uprooted, prostrate lies some forest oak;  
The sulph'rous vapour taints the air; appall'd, 470  
Bereft of strength, the near beholder stands,  
And awestruck hears the thunder-peal of Jove;  
So in the dust the might of Hector lay:  
Dropp'd from his hand the spear; the shield and helm  
Fell with him; loud his polish'd armour rang. 475  
On rush'd, with joyous shout, the sons of Greece,  
In hope to seize the spoil; thick flew the spears:  
Yet none might reach or wound the fallen chief;  
For gather'd close around, the bravest all,

Valiant Æneas, and Polydamas, 480  
Godlike Agenor, and the Lycian chief  
Sarpedon, and the noble Glaucus stood.  
Nor did the rest not aid; their shields' broad orbs  
Before him still they held, while in their arms  
His comrades bore him from the battle-field, 485  
To where, with charioteer and well-wrought car,  
Beyond the fight, his flying coursers stood,  
Which bore him, deeply groaning, tow'rd the town.  
But when the ford was reach'd of Xanthus' stream,  
Broad-flowing, eddying, by immortal Jove 490  
Begotten, on the ground they laid him down,  
And dash'd the cooling water on his brow:  
Reviv'd, he lifted up awhile his eyes;  
Then on his knees half rising, he disgorg'd  
The clotted blood; but backward to the earth, 495  
Still by the blow subdued, again he fell,  
And darkling shades of night his eyes o'erspread.  
Onward, with zeal redoubled, press'd the Greeks,  
When Hector from the field they saw withdrawn.  
Foremost of all, Oileus' active son, 500  
With sudden spring assailing, Satnius slew:

Him a fair Naiad nymph to Cænops bore,  
Who by the banks of Satnoïs kept his herds.  
Him then, approaching near, Oileus' son  
Thrust through the flank: he fell, and o'er his corpse 505  
Trojans and Greeks in stubborn fight engag'd.  
But Panthöus' son a swift avenger came,  
Polydamas, with brandish'd spear, and struck  
Through the right shoulder Prothöenor, son  
Of Arëilycus; right through was driv'n 510  
The sturdy spear; he, rolling in the dust,  
Clutch'd with his palms the ground; then, shouting loud,  
Thus with triumphant boast Polydamas:

“From the strong hand of Panthöus' noble son  
Methinks that not in vain the spear has flown: 515  
A Greek now bears it off; and he, perchance,  
May use it as a staff to Pluto's realm.”

Thus he; the Greeks with pain his vaunting heard;  
But chief it rous'd the spirit within the breast  
Of Ajax Telamon, whom close beside 520  
The dead had fall'n; he at Polydamas,  
Retreating, hurl'd in haste his glitt'ring spear;  
He, springing sideways, 'scap'd the stroke of fate;

But young Archilochus, Antenor's son,  
Receiv'd the spear, for Heav'n had will'd his death: 525  
The spine it struck, the topmost joint, where met  
The head and neck, and both the tendons broke;  
Forward he fell; and ere or knee or leg,  
His head, and mouth, and nostrils struck the ground.

Then Ajax, in his turn, exulting, thus: 530  
"Say now, Polydamas, and tell me true,  
May this be deem'd for Prothöenor's death  
A full equivalent? no common man  
He seems, and born of no ignoble race;  
Valiant Antenor's brother, or perchance 535  
His son; the likeness speaks him near akin."

Thus he, though well he knew; then bitter grief  
Possess'd the Trojans' souls; but Acamas,  
Guarding his brother's body, with his spear  
Slew the Boeotian Promachus, who fain 540  
Would by the feet have drawn away the dead:  
Then Acamas, exulting, cried aloud:

"Ye wretched Greeks, in boasting measureless!  
Not ours alone the labour and the loss  
Of battle; ye too have your share of death. 545

Behold where lies your Promachus, subdued  
Beneath my spear; not long unpaid the debt  
Due for my brother's blood! 'Tis well for him  
Who leaves a brother to avenge his fate."

Thus he; the Greeks with pain his vaunting heard; 550  
But chief it rous'd the spirit within the breast  
Of Peneleus; on Acamas he sprang,  
Who waited not th' encounter; next he slew  
Ilioneus, the son of Phorbas, Lord  
Of num'rous flocks, of all the Trojans most 555  
Belov'd of Hermes, who his wealth increas'd.  
To him Ilioneus, an only son,  
His mother bore; who now, beneath the brow  
And through the socket of the eye was struck,  
Thrusting the eyeball out; for through the eye, 560  
And backward through the head, the spear was driv'n:  
With hands extended, down to earth he sank;  
But Peneleus his weighty sword let fall  
Full on his neck; the sever'd head and helm  
Together fell, remaining still infix'd 565  
The sturdy spear; then he, the gory head  
Uplifting, to the Trojans vaunting cried:



“Go now, ye Trojans! bid that in the house  
Of brave Ilioneus his parents raise  
The voice of wailing for their gallant son;                   570  
As neither shall the wife of Promachus,  
The son of Alegenor, with glad smile  
Her husband's coming hail, when home from Troy  
We sons of Greece, with vict'ry crown'd, return.”

Thus as he spoke, pale fear possess'd them all,                   575  
Each looking round to seek escape from death.

Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell,  
Who, when th' Earth-shaker turn'd the tide of war,  
First bore away his foeman's bloody spoils?

Great Ajax Telamon first Hyrtius smote,                   580  
The son of Gyrtius, who to battle led  
The warlike Mysians; next Antilochus  
From Mermerus and Phalces stripp'd their arms;  
Meriones Hippotion gave to death,  
And Morys; Teucer Periphetes slew,                   585  
And Prothöon; Meneläus, through the flank  
Smote Hyperenor; as the grinding spear  
Drain'd all his vitals, through the gaping wound  
His spirit escap'd, and darkness clos'd his eyes.

But chiefest slaughter of the Trojans wrought 590

Oileus' active son; of all the Greeks

No foot so swift as his, when Jove had fill'd

Their souls with fear, to chase the flying foe. 593

## BOOK XV.

NOW when the Trojans had recross'd the trench

And palisades, and in their headlong flight

Many had fall'n by Grecian swords, the rest,

Routed, and pale with fear, made head awhile

Beside their cars; then Jove on Ida's height 5

At golden-thronèd Juno's side awoke;

Rising, he saw the Trojans and the Greeks,

Those in confusion, while behind them press'd

The Greeks, triumphant, Neptune in their midst:

He saw too Hector stretch'd upon the plain, 10

His comrades standing round; senseless he lay,

Drawing short breath, blood gushing from his mouth;

For by no feeble hand the blow was dealt.

Pitying, the Sire of Gods and men beheld,

And thus, with sternest glance, to Juno spoke: 15

"This, Juno, is thy work! thy wicked wiles

Have Hector quell'd, and Trojans driv'n to flight:

Nor know I but thyself mayst reap the fruit,  
By shameful scourging, of thy vile deceit.  
Hast thou forgotten how in former times 20  
I hung thee from on high, and to thy feet  
Attach'd two pond'rous anvils, and thy hands  
With golden fetters bound, which none might break?  
There didst thou hang amid the clouds of Heav'n;  
Through all Olympus' breadth the Gods were wroth; 25  
Yet dar'd not one approach to set thee free.  
If any so had ventur'd, him had I  
Hurl'd from Heav'n's threshold, till to earth he fell,  
With little left of life. Yet was not quench'd  
My wrath on godlike Hercules' account, 30  
Whom thou, with Boreas, o'er the wat'ry waste  
With fell intent didst send; and tempest-toss'd,  
Cast him ashore on Coös' fruitful isle.  
I rescued him from thence, and brought him back,  
After long toil, to Argos' grassy plains. 35  
This to thy mind I bring, that thou mayst learn  
To cease thy treach'rous wiles, nor hope to gain  
By all thy lavish'd blandishments of love,  
Wherewith thou hast deceiv'd me, and betray'd."

He said; and terror seiz'd the stag-ey'd Queen; 40  
Who thus with wing'd words address'd her Lord:

“By Earth I swear, and yon broad Heav'n above,  
And Stygian stream beneath, the weightiest oath  
Of solemn pow'r to bind the blessed Gods;  
By thine own sacred head, our nuptial bed, 45  
Whose holy tie I never could forswear;  
That not by my suggestion and advice  
Earth-shaking Neptune on the Trojan host,  
And Hector, pours his wrath, and aids the Greeks;  
In this he but obeys his own desire, 50  
Who looks with pity on the Grecian host  
Beside their ships o'erborne; and could my words  
Prevail, my counsel were to shape his course,  
O cloud-girt King, obedient to thy will.”

She said; the Sire of Gods and men, well pleas'd, 55  
Her answer heard, and thus with gracious smile:

“If, stag-ey'd Queen, in synod of the Gods  
Thy counsels shall indeed with mine agree,  
Neptune, how strong soe'er his wish, must change  
His course, obedient to thy will and mine; 60  
And if in all sincerity thou speak,

Go to th' assembled Gods, and hither send.  
Iris, and Phœbus of the silver bow;  
That she may to the Grecian camp repair,  
And bid that Neptune from the battle-field 65  
Withdraw, and to his own domain retire;  
While Phœbus Hector to the fight restores,  
Inspiring new-born vigour, and allaying  
The mortal pains which bow his spirit down;  
Then, heartless fear infusing in the Greeks, 70  
Put them to flight, that flying they may fall  
Beside Achilles' ships; his comrade then,  
Patroclus, he shall send to battle forth  
To be by Hector slain, in front of Troy;  
Yet not to fall till many valiant youths 75  
Have felt his prowess; and, amid the rest,  
My son, Sarpedon; by his comrade's death  
Enrag'd, Achilles Hector shall subdue;  
Thenceforth my counsel is, that from the ships  
The Trojan force shall still be backward driv'n, 80  
Until at length, by Pallas' deep designs,  
The Greeks possess the lofty walls of Troy.  
Yet will not I my anger intermit,

Nor suffer other of th' immortal Gods  
To aid the Greeks, till Peleus' son behold 85  
His wish accomplish'd, and the boon obtain'd  
I promis'd once, and with a nod confirm'd,  
That day when sea-born Thetis clasp'd my knees,  
And pray'd me to avenge her warrior son."

Thus he; the white-arm'd Queen of Heav'n submit 90  
His mandate heard; and from th' Idæan mount  
With rapid flight to high Olympus sped.  
Swift as the mind of man, who many a land  
Hath travell'd o'er, and with reflective thought  
Recalls, "here was I such a day, or here," 95  
And in a moment many a scene surveys;  
So Juno sped o'er intervening space;  
Olympus' heights she reach'd, and in the house  
Of Jove appear'd amid th' assembled Gods.  
They at her coming rose, with golden cups 100  
Greeting their Queen's approach; the rest she pass'd,  
And from the hand of fair-fac'd Themis took  
The proffer'd cup, who first had run to meet,  
And thus with wingèd words address'd the Queen:

"Juno, why com'st thou hither? and with looks 105

Of one distraught with fear? hath Saturn's son,  
Thy mighty Lord, thus sore affrighted thee?"  
To whom the white-arm'd Goddess, Juno, thus:

    "Forebear thy questions, Themis; well thou know'st  
How haughty and imperious is his mind;                   110  
Thou for the Gods in haste prepare the feast;  
Then shalt thou learn, amid th' Immortals all,  
What evil he designs; nor all, I ween,  
His counsels will approve, or men, or Gods,  
Though now in blissful ignorance they feast."           115

She said, and sat; the Gods, oppress'd with care,  
Her farther speech awaited; on her lips  
There dwelt indeed a smile, but not a ray  
Pass'd o'er her dark'ning brow, as thus her wrath  
Amid th' assembled Gods found vent in words:           120

    "Fools are we all, who madly strive with Jove,  
Or hope, by access to his throne, to sway,  
By word or deed, his course; from all apart,  
He all our counsels heeds not, but derides;  
And boasts o'er all th' immortal Gods to reign           125  
In unapproach'd pre-eminence of pow'r.  
Prepare then each his sev'ral woe to bear;



On Mars e'en now, methinks, the blow hath fall'n ;  
Since in the fight, the man he loves the best,  
And boasts his son, Ascalaphus, is slain." 130

He said ; and Mars, enrag'd, his brawny thigh  
Smote with his hands, and thus, lamenting, spoke :

"Blame not, ye Gods, who on Olympus dwell,  
That to the Grecian ships I haste, to avenge  
My slaughter'd son, though blasted by Heav'n's fire 135  
'Twere mine 'mid corpses, blood, and dust to lie."

He said, and gave command to Fear and Flight  
To yoke his car ; and donn'd his glitt'ring arms.  
Then from the throne of Jove had heavier wrath  
And deeper vengeance on th' Immortals fall'n, 140  
But Pallas, in alarm for all the Gods,  
Quitting in haste the throne whereon she sat,  
Sprang past the vestibule, and from his head  
The helmet lifted, from his arm the shield ;  
Took from his sturdy hand, and rear'd upright, 145  
The brazen spear ; then with reproachful words  
She thus assail'd th' impetuous God of War :

"Madman, and void of reason, thou art lost !  
Hast thou no ears to hear ? or are thy mind

And sense of rev'rence utterly destroy'd? 150

Or heard'st thou not what white-arm'd Juno spoke,

Fresh from the presence of Olympian Jove?

Wouldst thou, thine evil destiny fulfill'd,

By hard constraint, despite thy grief, be driv'n

Back to Olympus; and to all the rest 155

Confusion and disaster with thee bring?

At once from valiant Trojans and from Greeks

His thoughts would be diverted, and his wrath

Embroider Olympus, and on all alike,

Guilty or not, his anger would be pour'd. 160

Waive then thy vengeance for thy gallant son;

Others as brave of heart, as strong of arm,

Have fall'n, and yet must fall; and vain th' attempt

To watch at once o'er all the race of men."

Thus saying, to his seat again she forc'd 165

Th' impetuous Mars: meanwhile, without the house,

Juno, by Jove's command, Apollo call'd,

And Iris, messenger from God to God;

And thus to both her wing'd words address'd:

"Jove bids you with all speed to Ida haste; 170

And when, arriv'd, before his face ye stand,

Whate'er he orders, that observe and do."

Thus Juno spoke, and to her throne return'd;  
While they to spring-abounding Ida's heights,  
Wild nurse of forest beasts, pursued their way; 175  
Th' all-seeing son of Saturn there they found  
Upon the topmost crag of Gargarus,  
An incense-breathing cloud around him spread.  
Before the face of cloud-compelling Jove  
They stood; well-pleas'd he witness'd their approach 180  
In swift obedience to his consort's words,  
And thus to Iris first his speech address'd:

"Haste thee, swift Iris, and to Ocean's King  
My message bear, nor misreporting aught,  
Nor aught omitting; from the battle-field 185  
Bid him retire, and join th' assembled Gods,  
Or to his own domain of sea withdraw.  
If my commands he heed not, nor obey,  
Let him consider in his inmost soul  
If, mighty though he be, he dare await 190  
My hostile coming; mightier far than him,  
His elder born; nor may his spirit aspire  
To rival me, whom all regard with awe."

He said; swift-footed Iris, at the word,  
From Ida's heights to sacred Ilium sped. 195  
Swift as the snow-flakes from the clouds descend,  
Or wintry hail before the driving blast  
Of Boreas, ether-born; so swift to Earth  
Descended Iris; by his side she stood,  
And with these words th' Earth-shaking God address'd: 200  
"A message, dark-hair'd Circler of the Earth,  
To thee I bring from Ægis-bearing Jove.  
He bids thee straightway from the battle-field  
Retire, and either join th' assembled Gods,  
Or to thine own domain of sea withdraw. 205  
If his commands thou heed not, nor obey,  
Hither he menaces himself to come,  
And fight against thee; but he warns thee first,  
Beware his arm, as mightier far than thee,  
Thine elder born; nor may thy spirit aspire 210  
To rival him, whom all regard with awe."

To whom in tow'ring wrath th' Earth-shaking God:  
"By Heav'n, though great he be, he yet presumes  
Somewhat too far, if me, his equal born,  
He seeks by force to baffle of my will. 215

We were three brethren, all of Rhæa born  
To Saturn; Jove and I, and Pluto third,  
Who o'er the nether regions holds his sway.  
Threefold was our partition; each obtain'd  
His meed of honour due; the hoary Sea 220  
By lot my habitation was assign'd;  
The realms of Darkness fell to Pluto's share;  
Broad Heav'n, amid the sky and clouds, to Jove;  
But Earth, and high Olympus, are to all  
A common heritage; nor will I walk 225  
To please the will of Jove; though great he be,  
With his own third contented let him rest:  
Nor let him think that I, as wholly vile,  
Shall quail before his arm; his lofty words  
Were better to his daughters and his sons 230  
Address'd, his own begotten; who perforce  
Must listen to his mandates, and obey."

To whom swift-footed Iris thus replied:  
"Is this, then, dark-hair'd Circe of the Earth,  
The message, stern and haughty, which to Jove 235  
Thou bidd'st me bear? perchance thine angry mood  
May bend to better counsels; noblest minds

Are easiest bent; and o'er superior age  
Thou know'st th' avenging Furies ever watch."

To whom Earth-shaking Neptune thus replied:      240  
"Immortal Iris, weighty are thy words,  
And in good season spoken; and 'tis well  
When envoys are by sound discretion led.  
Yet are my heart and mind with grief oppress'd,  
When me, his equal both by birth and fate,      245  
He seeks with haughty words to overbear.  
I yield, but with indignant sense of wrong.  
This too I say, nor shall my threat be vain:  
Let him remember, if in my despite,  
'Gainst Pallas', Juno's, Hermes', Vulcan's will,      250  
He spare to overthrow proud Ilium's tow'rs,  
And crown with victory the Grecian arms,  
The feud between us never can be heal'd."

Th' Earth-shaker said, and from the field withdrew  
Beneath the ocean wave, the warrior Greeks      255  
His loss deploring; to Apollo then  
The Cloud-compeller thus his speech address'd:

"Go straight to Hector of the brazen helm,  
Good Phœbus; for beneath the ocean wave

Th' Earth-shaker hath withdrawn, escaping thus 260

My high displeasure: had he dar'd resist,

The tumult of our strife had reach'd the Gods

Who in the nether realms with Saturn dwell.

Yet thus 'tis better, both for me and him,

That, though indignant, to my will he yields; 265

For to compel him were no easy task.

Take thou, and wave on high thy tassell'd shield,

The Grecian warriors daunting: thou thyself,

Far-darting King, thy special care bestow

On noble Hector; so restore his strength 270

And vigour, that in panic to their ships,

And the broad Hellespont, the Greeks be driv'n.

Then will I so by word and deed contrive

That they may gain fresh respite from their toil."

He said, nor did Apollo not obey 275

His Sire's commands; from Ida's heights he flew,

Like to a falcon, swooping on a dove,

Swiftest of birds; then Priam's son he found,

The godlike Hector, stretch'd at length no more,

But sitting, now to consciousness restor'd, 280

With recognition looking on his friends;

The cold sweat dried, nor gasping now for breath,  
Since by the will of Ægis-bearing Jove  
To life new waken'd; close beside him stood  
The Far-destroyer, and address'd him thus:                   285  
"Hector, thou son of Priam, why apart  
From all thy comrades art thou sitting here,  
Feeble and faint? What trouble weighs thee down?"

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm  
With falt'ring voice: "Who art thou, Prince of Gods,                   290  
Who thus enquirest of me? know'st thou not  
How a huge stone, by mighty Ajax hurl'd,  
As on his comrades by the Grecian ships  
I dealt destruction, struck me on the breast,  
Dash'd to the earth, and all my vigour quell'd?                   295  
I deem'd in sooth this day my soul, expir'd,  
Should see the dead, and Pluto's shadowy realm."

To whom again the far-destroying King:  
"Be of good cheer; from Saturn's son I come  
From Ida's height to be thy guide and guard;                   300  
Phœbus Apollo, of the golden sword,  
I, who of old have thy protector been,  
Thine, and thy city's walls'. Arise then straight;



Summon thy num'rous horsemen; bid them drive  
Their flying cars to assail the Grecian ships: 305  
I go before; and will thy horses' way  
Make plain and smooth, and daunt the warrior Greeks."

His words fresh vigour in the chief infus'd.  
As some proud steed, at well-fill'd manger fed,  
His halter broken, neighing, scours the plain, 310  
And revels in the widely-flowing stream  
To bathe his sides; then tossing high his head,  
While o'er his shoulders streams his ample mane,  
Light-borne on active limbs, in conscious pride,  
To the wide pastures of the mares he flies; 315  
So vig'rous, Hector plied his active limbs,  
His horsemen summoning at Heav'n's command.

As when a rustic crowd of men and dogs  
Have chas'd an antler'd stag, or mountain goat,  
That 'mid the crags and thick o'ershadowing wood 320  
Hath refuge found, and baffled their pursuit:  
If, by the tumult rous'd, a lion stand,  
With bristling mane, before them, back they turn,  
Check'd in their mid career; ev'n so the Greeks,  
Who late in eager throngs were pressing on, 325

Thrusting with swords and double-pointed spears,  
When Hector moving through the ranks they saw,  
Recoil'd, and to their feet their courage fell.  
To whom thus Thoas spoke, Andræmon's son,  
Ætolia's bravest warrior, skill'd to throw 330  
The jav'lin, dauntless in the stubborn fight;  
By few surpass'd in speech, when in debate  
In full assembly Grecian youths contend.  
He thus with prudent speech began, and said :  
"Great is the marvel which our eyes behold, 335  
That Hector see again to life restor'd,  
Escap'd the death we hop'd him to have met  
Beneath the hands of Ajax Telamon.  
Some God hath been his guard, and Hector sav'd,  
Whose arm hath slack'd the knees of many a Greek : 340  
So will he now ; for not without the aid  
Of Jove, the Lord of thunder, doth he stand  
So boldly forth, so eager for the fight.  
Hear, then, and all by my advice be rul'd :  
Back to the ships dismiss the gen'ral crowd ; 345  
While of our army we, the foremost men,  
Stand fast, and meeting him with levell'd spears,

Hold him in check; and he, though brave, may fear  
To throw himself amid our serried ranks."

He said: they heard, and all obey'd his words: 350  
The mighty Ajax, and Idomeneus  
The King, and Teucer, and Meriones,  
And Meges, bold as Mars, with all their best,  
Their stedfast battle rang'd, to wait th' assault  
Of Hector and his Trojans; while behind, 355  
Th' unwarlike many to the ships retir'd.  
The Trojan mass came on, by Hector led  
With haughty stride; before him Phoebus went,  
His shoulders veil'd in cloud; his arm sustain'd  
The awful Ægis, dread to look on, hung 360  
With shaggy tassels round and dazling bright;  
Which Vulcan, skilful workman, gave to Jove,  
To scatter terror 'mid the souls of men.  
This on his arm, the Trojan troops he led.  
Firm stood the mass of Greeks; from either side 365  
Shrill clamours rose; and fast from many a string  
The arrows flew, and many a jav'lin, hurl'd  
By vig'rous arms; some buried in the flesh  
Of stalwart youths, and many, ere they reach'd

Their living mark, fell midway on the plain, 370  
Fix'd in the ground, in vain athirst for blood.  
While Phœbus motionless his Ægis held,  
Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell  
On either side; but when he turn'd its flash  
Full in the faces of the astonish'd Greeks, 375  
And shouted loud, their spirits within them quail'd,  
Their fiery courage borne in mind no more.  
As when two beasts of prey, at dead of night,  
With sudden onset scatter wide a herd  
Of oxen, or a num'rous flock of sheep, 380  
Their keepers absent; so unnerv'd by fear  
The Greeks dispers'd; such panic 'mid their ranks,  
That vict'ry so might crown the Trojan arms,  
Apollo sent; and as the masses broke,  
Each Trojan slew his man; by Hector's hand 385  
Fell Stichius and Arcesilas; the one,  
The leader of Bœotia's brass-clad host,  
The other, brave Menestheus' trusted friend.  
Æneas Medon slew, and Iasus;  
Medon, the great Oilcus' bastard son, 390  
Brother of Ajax; he in Phylace,

Far from his native home, was driv'n to dwell;  
Since one to Eriopis near akin,  
His sire Oileus' wife, his hand had slain:  
And Iasus, th' Athenian chief, was deem'd 395  
The son of Sphelus, son of Bucolus.  
Polydamas amid the foremost ranks  
Mecistes slew, Polites Echius,  
Agenor Clonius; while from Paris' hand  
An arrow, 'mid the crowd of fugitives 400  
Shot from behind, beneath the shoulder struck  
Döiocus, and through his chest was driv'n:  
These while the Trojans of their arms despoil'd,  
Through ditch and palisades promiscuous dash'd  
The flying Greeks, and gain'd, hard-press'd, the wall; 405  
While loudly Hector to the Trojans call'd  
To assail the ships, and leave the bloody spoils:  
"Whom I elsewhere, and from the ships aloof  
Shall find, my hand shall doom him on the spot;  
For him no fun'ral pyre his kin shall light, 410  
Or male or female; but before the wall  
Our city's dogs his mangled flesh shall tear."  
He said; and on his horses' shoulder-point

Let fall the lash, and loudly through the ranks  
Call'd on the Trojans; they, with answ'ring shout 415  
And noise unspeakable, urg'd on with him  
Their harness'd steeds; Apollo, in the van,  
Trod down with ease th' embankment of the ditch,  
And fill'd it in; and o'er it bridg'd a way  
Level and wide, far as a jav'lin's flight 420  
Hurl'd by an arm that proves its utmost strength.  
O'er this their columns pass'd; Apollo bore  
His Ægis o'er them, and cast down the wall;  
Easy, as when a child upon the beach,  
In wanton play, with hands and feet o'erthrows 425  
The mound of sand, which late in play he rais'd;  
So, Phœbus, thou, the Grecian toil and pains  
Confounding, sentest panic through their souls.  
Thus hemm'd beside the ships they made their stand,  
While each exhorted each, and all, with hands 430  
Outstretch'd, to ev'ry God address'd their pray'r:  
And chief, Gerenian Nestor, prop of Greece,  
With hands uplifted tow'rd the starry Heav'n:  
"O Father Jove! if any e'er to Thee  
On corn-clad plains of Argos burnt the fat 435

Of bulls and sheep, and offer'd up his pray'r  
For safe return; and thine assenting nod  
Confirm'd thy promise; O remember now  
His pray'r; stave off the pitiless day of doom,  
Nor let the Greeks to Trojan arms succumb." 440

Thus Nestor pray'd; loud thunder'd from on high  
The Lord of counsel, as he heard the pray'r  
Of Neleus' aged son; with double zeal,  
The Trojans, as the mind of Jove they knew,  
Press'd on the Greeks, with warlike ardour fir'd. 445  
As o'er the bulwarks of a ship pour down  
The mighty billows of the wide-path'd sea,  
Driv'n by the blast, that tosses high the waves,  
So down the wall, with shouts, the Trojans pour'd;  
The cars admitted, by the ships they fought 450  
With double-pointed spears, and hand to hand;  
These on their chariots, on the lofty decks  
Of their dark vessels those, with pond'rous spars,  
Which on the ships were stor'd for naval war,  
Compact and strong, their heads encas'd in brass. 455

While yet beyond the ships, about the wall  
The Greeks and Trojans fought, Patroclus still

Within the tent of brave Eurypylus  
Remaining, with his converse sooth'd the chief,  
And healing unguents to his wound applied, 460  
Of pow'r to charm away the bitter pains;  
But when the Trojans pouring o'er the wall,  
And routed Greeks in panic flight he saw,  
Deeply he groan'd, and smiting on his thigh  
With either palm, in anguish thus he spoke: 465

“Eurypylus, how great soe'er thy need,  
I can no longer stay; so fierce the storm  
Of battle rages; but th' attendants' care  
Will all thy wants supply; while I in haste  
Achilles seek, and urge him to the war; 470  
Who knows but Heav'n may grant me to succeed?  
For great is oft a friend's persuasive pow'r.”  
He said, and quickly on his errand sped.

Meanwhile the Greeks, in firm array, endur'd  
The onset of the Trojans; nor could these 475  
Th' assailants, though in numbers less, repel;  
Nor those again the Grecian masses break,  
And force their passage through the ships and tents.  
As by a rule, in cunning workman's hand,



Who all his art by Pallas' aid has learnt, 480

A vessel's plank is smooth and level laid ;

So level lay the balance of the fight.

Others round other ships maintain'd the war,

But Hector that of Ajax sought alone.

For that one ship they two unwearied toil'd ; 485

Nor Hector Ajax from his post could move,

And burn the ship with fire ; nor he repel

The foe who came protected by a God.

Then noble Ajax with his jav'lin smote

Caletor, son of Clytius, through the breast, 490

As tow'rd the ship a blazing torch he bore ;

Thund'ring he fell, and dropp'd his hand the torch.

But Hector, when his eyes his kinsman saw

By the dark vessel, prostrate in the dust,

On Trojans and on Lycians call'd aloud : 495

“Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardans, fam'd

In close encounter, in this press of war

Slack not your efforts ; haste to save the son

Of Clytius, nor let Greeks his arms possess,

Who 'mid their throng of ships has nobly fall'n.” 500

At Ajax, as he spoke, his gleaming spear

He threw, but miss'd his aim ; yet Lycophron,  
His comrade, of Cythera, Mastor's son  
(Who flying from Cythera's lovely isle  
With guilt of bloodshed, near to Ajax dwelt), 505  
Standing beside the chief, above the ear  
He struck, and pierc'd the brain : from the tall prow  
Backwards he fell, his limbs relax'd in death.

Then Ajax, shudd'ring, on his brother call'd :  
" Good Teucer, we have lost a faithful friend, 510

The son of Mastor, our Cytheran guest,  
Whom as a father all rever'd ; who now  
Lies slain by noble Hector. Where are then  
Thine arrows, swift-wing'd messengers of fate,  
And where thy trusty bow, Apollo's gift ?" 515

Thus Ajax ; Teucer heard, and ran in haste,  
And stood beside him, with his bended bow,  
And well-stor'd quiver : on the Trojans fast  
He pour'd his shafts ; and struck Pisenor's son,  
Clitus, the comrade of Polydamas, 520  
The noble son of Panthōus ; he the reins  
Held in his hand, and all his care bestow'd  
To guide his horses ; for, where'er the throng

Was thickest, there in Hector's cause, and Troy's,  
He still was found; but o'er him hung the doom 525  
Which none might turn aside; for from behind  
The fateful arrow struck him through the neck;  
Down from the car he fell; swerving aside,  
The startled horses whirl'd the empty car.  
Them first the King Polydamas beheld, 530  
And stay'd their course; to Protiaon's son,  
Astynōus, then he gave them, with command  
To keep good watch, and still be near at hand;  
Then 'mid the foremost join'd again the fray.  
Again at Hector of the brazen helm 535  
An arrow Teucer aim'd; and had the shaft  
The life of Hector quench'd in mid career,  
Not long the fight had rag'd around the ships:  
But Jove's all-seeing eye beheld, who watch'd  
O'er Hector's life, and Teucer's hopes deceiv'd. 540  
The bow's well-twisted string he snapp'd in twain,  
As Teucer drew; the brass-tipp'd arrow flew  
Wide of the mark, and dropp'd his hand the bow.  
Then to his brother, all aghast, he cried:  
"O Heav'n, some God our best-laid schemes of war 545

Confounds, who from my hands hath wrench'd the bow,  
And snapp'd the newly-twisted string, which I  
But late attach'd, my swift-wing'd shafts to bear."

Whom answer'd thus great Ajax Telamon:

"O friend, leave there thine arrows and thy bow, 550  
Marr'd by some God who grudges our renown;  
But take in hand thy pond'rous spear, and cast  
Thy shield about thy shoulders, and thyself  
Stand forth, and urge the rest, to face the foe.  
Let us not tamely yield, if yield we must, 555  
Our well-built ships, but nobly dare the fight."

Thus Ajax spoke; and Teucer in the tent  
Bestow'd his bow, and o'er his shoulders threw  
His fourfold shield; and on his firm-set head  
A helm he plac'd, well-wrought, with horsehair plume, 560  
That nodded, fearful, o'er his brow; his hand  
Grasp'd the firm spear, with sharpen'd point of brass:  
Then ran, and swiftly stood by Ajax' side.  
Hector meanwhile, who saw the weapon marr'd,  
To Trojans and to Lycians call'd aloud: 565

"Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardans fam'd  
In close encounter, quit ye now like men;

Against the ships your wonted valour show.  
Ev'n now, before our eyes, hath Jove destroy'd  
A chieftain's weapon. Easy 'tis to trace 570  
O'er human wars th' o'erruling hand of Jove,  
To whom he gives the prize of victory,  
And whom, withholding aid, he minishes,  
As now the Greeks, while we his favour gain.  
Pour then your force united on the ships; 575  
And if there be among you, who this day  
Shall meet his doom, by sword or arrow slain,  
E'en let him die! a glorious death is his  
Who for his country falls; and dying, leaves  
Preserv'd from danger, children, wife, and home, 580  
His heritage uninjur'd, when the Greeks  
Embarking hence shall take their homeward way."

His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast.  
Ajax, on th' other side, address'd the Greeks:  
"Shame on ye, Greeks! this very hour decides 585  
If we must perish, or be sav'd, and ward  
Destruction from our ships; and can ye hope  
That each, if Hector of the glancing helm  
Shall burn our ships, on foot can reach his home?"

Or hear ye not, how, burning to destroy 590  
Our vessels, Hector cheers his forces on?  
Not to the dance, but to the fight he calls;  
Nor better counsel can for us be found,  
Than in close fight with heart and hand to join.  
'Twere better far at once to die, than live 595  
Hemm'd in and straiten'd thus, in dire distress,  
Close to our ships, by meaner men beset."

His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast.  
Then Hector Schœdius, Perimedes' son,  
The Thracian leader, slew; on th' other side 600  
Ajax the captain of the foot o'ercame,  
Laödamas, Antenor's noble son;  
While of his arms Polydamas despoil'd  
Cyllenian Otus, friend of Phyleus' son,  
The proud Epeians' leader; Meges saw, 605  
And rush'd upon him; but Polydamas,  
Stooping, the blow evaded; him he miss'd;  
For Phœbus will'd not Panthöus' son should fall  
In the front rank contending; but the spear  
Smote Croesmus through the breast; thund'ring he fell, 610  
And from his corpse the victor stripp'd his arms.

Him Dolops, son of Lampus, spearman skill'd,  
Well train'd in ev'ry point of war, assail'd  
(The son of Lampus he, the prince of men,  
Son of Laomedon); from close at hand 615  
Forward he sprang, and thrust at Meges' shield;  
But him the solid corslet which he wore,  
With breast and back-piece fitted, sav'd from harm :  
The corslet Phyleus brought from Ephyra,  
By Selles' stream ; Euphetes, King of men, 620  
Bestow'd it as a friendly gift, to wear  
In battle for a guard from hostile spears ;  
Which from destruction now preserv'd his son.  
Next Meges struck, with keen-edg'd spear, the crown  
Of Dolops' brass-bound, horsehair-crested helm, 625  
Sev'ring the horsehair plume, which, brilliant late  
With crimson dye, now lay defil'd in dust.  
Yet fought he on, and still for vict'ry hop'd ;  
But warlike Meneläus to the aid  
Of Meges came ; of Dolops unobserv'd 630  
He stood, and from behind his shoulder pierc'd ;  
The point, its course pursuing, through his breast  
Was driv'n, and headlong on his face he fell.

Forthwith advanc'd the two to seize the spoils;  
But loudly Hector on his kinsmen call'd; 635  
On all, but chief on Ictæon's son,  
The valiant Melanippus; he crewhile,  
In far Percote, ere the foes appear'd,  
Pastur'd his herds; but when the ships of Greece  
Approach'd the shore, to Ilium back he came; 640  
There, 'mid the Trojans eminent, he dwelt  
In Priam's house, belov'd as Priam's son.  
Him Hector call'd by name, and thus address'd:

“Why, Melanippus, stand we idly thus?  
Doth not thy slaughter'd kinsman touch thy heart? 645  
See how they rush on Dolops' arms to seize;  
Then on! no distant war must now be wag'd,  
But hand to hand, till or the Greeks be slain,  
Or lofty Troy, with all her children, fall.”

He said, and led the way; him follow'd straight 650  
The godlike chief; great Ajax Telamon  
Meanwhile the Greeks encourag'd to the fight,  
And cried, “Brave comrades, quit ye now like men;  
Bear a stout heart; and in the stubborn fight  
Let each to other mutual succour give; 655



By mutual succour more are sav'd than fall;  
In timid flight nor fame nor safety lies."

He said; and pond'ring well his words, they stood,  
Firm in defence; as with a wall of brass  
The ships they guarded; though against them Jove 660  
Led on the Trojans; Menelæus then  
With stirring words Antilochus address'd:  
"Antilochus, than thou, of all the Greeks  
Is none more active, or more light of foot;  
None stronger hurls the spear; then from the crowd 665  
Spring forth, and aim to reach some Trojan's life."

Thus saying, he withdrew; fir'd by his words,  
Forth sprang the youth, and pois'd his glitt'ring spear,  
Glancing around him; back the Trojans drew  
Before his aim; nor flew the spear in vain; 670  
But through the breast it pierc'd, as on he came,  
Brave Melanippus, Icetæon's son.  
Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang.  
Forth sprang Antilochus, as springs a hound  
Upon a fawn, which from its lair disturb'd 675  
A hunter's shaft has struck, and quell'd its pow'rs;  
So, Melanippus, sprang to seize thy spoils

The stout Antilochus; but not unmark'd  
Of Hector's eye, who, hast'ning through the press,  
Advanc'd to meet him; waited not th' attack, 680  
Bold warrior as he was, Antilochus,  
But trembling fled: as when a beast of prey,  
Conscious of evil deed, amid the herd  
The guardian dog or herdsman's self has slain,  
And flies, ere yet th' avenging crowd collect; 685  
So fled the son of Nestor; onward press'd,  
By Hector led, the Trojans; loud their shouts,  
As on the Greeks their murd'rous shafts they pour'd:  
Yet turn'd he, when his comrades' ranks he reach'd.  
Then on the ships, as rav'ning lions, fell 690  
The Trojans: they but work'd the will of Jove,  
Who still their courage rais'd, and quell'd the Greeks;  
Of vict'ry these debarr'd, and those inspir'd;  
For so he will'd, that Hector, Priam's son,  
Should wrap in fire the beak'd ships of Greece, 695  
And Thetis to the uttermost obtain  
Her over-bold petition; yet did Jove,  
The Lord of counsel, wait but to behold  
The flames ascending from the blazing ships:

For from that hour the Trojans, backward driv'n, 700  
Should to the Greeks the final triumph leave.  
With such design, to seize the ships, he fir'd  
Th' already burning zeal of Priam's son;  
Fiercely he rag'd, as terrible as Mars  
With brandish'd spear; or as a raging fire 705  
'Mid the dense thickets on the mountain side.  
The foam was on his lips; bright flash'd his eyes  
Beneath his awful brows, and terribly  
Above his temples wav'd amid the fray  
The helm of Hector; Jove himself from Heav'n 710  
His guardian hand extending, him alone  
With glory crowning 'mid the host of men;  
But short his term of glory; for the day  
Was fast approaching, when, with Pallas' aid,  
The might of Peleus' son should work his doom. 715  
Oft he essay'd to break the ranks, where'er  
The densest throng and noblest arms he saw;  
But strenuous though his efforts, all were vain:  
They, mass'd in close array, his charge withstood;  
Firm as a craggy rock, upstanding high, 720  
Close by the hoary sea, which meets unmov'd

The boist'rous currents of the whistling winds,  
And the big waves that bellow round its base;  
So stood unmov'd the Greeks, and undismay'd.  
At length, all blazing in his arms, he sprang 725  
Upon the mass; so plunging down, as when  
On some tall vessel, from beneath the clouds  
A giant billow, tempest-nurs'd, descends:  
The deck is drench'd in foam; the stormy wind  
Howls in the shrouds; th' affrighted seamen quail 730  
In fear, but little way from death remov'd;  
So quail'd the spirit in ev'ry Grecian breast.

As when a rav'ning lion on a herd  
Of heifers falls, which on some marshy mead  
Feed numberless, beneath the care of one, 735  
Unskill'd from beasts of prey to guard his charge;  
And while beside the front or rear he walks,  
The lion on th' unguarded centre springs,  
Seizes on one, and scatters all the rest;  
So Hector, led by Jove, in wild alarm 740  
Scatter'd the Grecians all; but one alone,  
Brave Periphetes, of Mycenæ, slew;  
The son of Copreus, whom Eurystheus sent

His envoy to the might of Hercules;  
Far nobler than the father was the son; 745  
In speed of foot, in warlike might, in mind,  
In all, among Mycenians foremost he;  
Who now on Hector fresh renown conferr'd;  
For, backward as he stepp'd, against the rim  
Of the broad shield which for defence he bore, 750  
Down reaching to his feet, he tripp'd, and thus  
Entangled, backward fell; and as he fell,  
Around his temples clatter'd loud his helm.  
Hector beheld, and o'er him stood in haste,  
And with his spear transfix'd his breast, and slew 755  
Before his comrades' eyes; yet dar'd not one,  
Though grieving for their comrade's loss, advance  
To rescue; such of Hector was their awe.  
They fronted now the ships; the leading prows  
Which first were drawn on shore, still barr'd their way; 760  
Yet on they stream'd; and from the foremost ships,  
Now hardly press'd, the Greeks perforce retir'd;  
But closely mass'd before the tents they stood,  
Not scatter'd o'er the camp; by shame restrain'd,  
And fear; and loudly each exhorted each. 765

Geranian Nestor chief, the prop of Greece,  
Thus by their fathers singly each adjur'd :  
"Quit ye like men, dear friends; and think it shame  
To forfeit now the praise of other men ;  
Let each man now his children and his wife, 770  
His fortunes and his parents, bear in mind ;  
And not the living only, but the dead ;  
For them, the absent, I, your suppliant, pray,  
That firm ye stand, and scorn disgraceful flight."  
His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast; 775  
And from their eyeballs Pallas purg'd away  
The film of darkness; and on ev'ry side,  
Both tow'rd the ships and tow'rd the level fight,  
Clear light diffus'd; there Hector they discern'd,  
And all his comrades, those who stood aloof, 780  
And those who near the ships maintain'd the war.  
Then was not Ajax' mighty soul content  
To stand where stood the other sons of Greece ;  
Along the vessels' lofty decks he mov'd  
With haughty stride; a pond'rous boarding-pike, 785  
Well polish'd, and with rivets well secur'd,  
Of two and twenty cubits length, he bore.

As one well-skill'd in feats of horsemanship,  
Who from a troop of horses on the plain  
Has parted four, and down the crowded road, 790  
While men and women all in wonder gaze,  
Drives tow'rd the city; and with force untir'd  
From one to other springs, as on they fly;  
O'er many a vessel's deck so Ajax pass'd  
With lofty stride, and voice that reach'd to Heav'n, 795  
As loudly shouting on the Greeks he call'd  
To save their ships and tents: nor Hector stay'd  
Amid the closely-buckler'd Trojan ranks;  
But, as upon a flock of birds, that feed  
Beside a river's bank, or geese, or cranes, 800  
Or long-neck'd swans, a fiery eagle swoops;  
So on the dark-prow'd ship with furious rush  
Swept Hector down; him Jove with mighty hand  
Sustain'd, and with him forward urg'd the crowd.  
Fierce round the ships again the battle rag'd; 805  
Well might ye deem no previous toil had worn  
Their strength, who in that dread encounter met;  
With edge so keen, and stubborn will they fought.  
But varying far their hopes and fears: the Greeks

Of safety and escape from death despair'd; 810  
While high the hopes in ev'ry Trojan's breast,  
To burn the ships, and slay the warlike Greeks:  
So minded each, oppos'd in arms they stood.

On a swift-sailing vessel's stern, that bore  
Protesiläus to the coast of Troy, 815  
But to his native country bore not thence,  
Hector had laid his hand; around that ship  
Trojans and Greeks in mutual slaughter join'd.  
The arrow's or the jav'lin's distant flight  
They waited not, but, fir'd with equal rage, 820  
Fought hand to hand, with axe and hatchet keen,  
And mighty swords, and double-pointed spears.  
Many a fair-hilted blade, with iron bound,  
Dropp'd from the hands, or from the sever'd arms,  
Of warrior chiefs; the dark earth ran with blood: 825  
Yet loos'd not Hector of the stern his hold,  
But grasp'd the poop, and on the Trojans call'd:

"Bring fire, and all together loud and clear  
Your war-cry raise; this day will Jove repay  
Our labours all, with capture of those ships, 830  
Which hither came, against the will of Heav'n,



And which on us unnumber'd ills have brought,  
By our own Elders' fault, who me, desiring  
Ev'n at their vessels' sterns to urge the war,  
Withheld, and to the town the troops confin'd. 835  
But Jove all-seeing, if he then o'errul'd  
Our better mind, himself is now our aid."

Thus he: they onward press'd with added zeal;  
Nor Ajax yet endur'd, by hostile spears  
Now sorely gall'd; yet but a little space, 840  
Back to the helmsman's sev'n-foot board he mov'd,  
Expecting death; and left the lofty deck,  
Where long he stood on guard; but still his spear  
The Trojans kept aloof, who'er essay'd  
Amid the ships to launch th' unwearied flames; 845  
And, loudly shouting, to the Greeks he call'd:

"Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars,  
Quit ye like men! dear friends, remember now  
Your wonted valour! think ye in your rear  
To find supporting forces, or some fort 850  
Whose walls may give you refuge from your foe?  
No city is nigh, whose well-appointed tow'rs,  
Mann'd by a friendly race, may give us aid;

But here, upon the well-arm'd Trojans' soil,  
And only resting on the sea, we lie 855  
Far from our country; not in faint retreat,  
But in our own good arms, our safety lies."

He said; and with his sharp-edg'd spear his words  
He follow'd up; if any Trojan dar'd,  
By Hector's call inspir'd, with fiery brand 860  
To assail the ships, him with his sharp-edg'd spear  
Would Ajax meet; and thus before the ships  
Twelve warriors, hand to hand, his prowess felt. 863

## BOOK XVI.

THUS round the well-mann'd ship they wag'd the war :

Meanwhile by Pelcus' son Patroclus stood,  
Weeping hot tears ; as some dark-water'd fount  
Pours o'er a craggy rock its gloomy stream ;  
Achilles, swift of foot, with pity saw, 5  
And to his friend these wing'd words address'd :  
    " Why weeps Patroclus, like an infant girl,  
That prays her mother, by whose side she runs,  
To take her up ; and, clinging to her gown,  
Impedes her way, and still with tearful eyes 10  
Looks in her face, until she take her up ?  
Ev'n as that girl, Patroclus, such art thou,  
Shedding soft tears : hast thou some tidings brought  
Touching the gen'ral weal, or me alone ?  
Or have some evil news from Phthia come, 15  
Known but to thee ? Menœtius, Actor's son,  
Yet surely lives ; and 'mid his Myrmidons

Lives aged Peleus, son of Æacus :

Their deaths indeed might well demand our tears :

Or weep'st thou for the Greeks, who round their ships 20

By death their former insolence repay ?

Speak out, that I may know thy cause of grief."

To whom, with bitter groans, Patroclus thus :

"O son of Peleus, noblest of the Greeks,

Achilles, be not wroth ! such weight of woe 25

The Grecian camp oppresses ; in their ships

They who were late their bravest and their best,

Sore wounded all by spear or arrow lie ;

The valiant son of Tydeus, Diomed,

Pierc'd by a shaft, Ulysses by a spear, 30

And Agamemnon's self ; Eurypylus

By a sharp arrow through the thigh transfix'd ;

For these, the large resources of their art

The leeches ply, and on their wounds attend ;

While thou, Achilles, still remain'st unmov'd. 35

Oh, be it never mine to nurse such hate

As thou retain'st, inflexibly severe !

Who e'er may hope in future days by thee

To profit, if thou now forbear to save

The Greeks from shame and loss? Unfeeling man! 40  
Sure Peleus, horseman brave, was ne'er thy sire,  
Nor Thetis bore thee; from the cold grey sea  
And craggy rocks thou hadst thy birth; so hard  
And stubborn is thy soul. But if the fear  
Of evil prophesied thyself restrain, 45  
Or message by thy Goddess-mother brought  
From Jove, yet send me forth with all thy force  
Of Myrmidons, to be the saving light  
Of Greece; and let me to the battle bear  
Thy glittering arms, if so the men of Troy, 50  
Scar'd by thy likeness, may forsake the field,  
And breathing-time afford the sons of Greece,  
Toil-worn; for little pause has yet been theirs.  
Fresh and unwearied, we may drive with ease  
To their own city, from our ships and tents, 55  
The Trojans, worn and battle-wearied men."

Thus pray'd he, all unwisely; for the pray'r  
He utter'd, to himself was fraught with death;  
To whom, much griev'd, Achilles, swift of foot:  
"Heav'n-born Patroclus, oh, what words are these! 60  
Of prophecy I reckon not, though I know;

Nor message hath my mother brought from Jove;  
But it afflicts my soul, when one I see  
That basely robs his equal of his prize,  
His lawful prize, by highest valour won; 65  
Such grief is mine, such wrong have I sustain'd.  
Her, whom the sons of Greece on me bestow'd,  
Prize of my spear, the well-wall'd city storm'd,  
The mighty Agamemnon, Atreus' son,  
Hath borne by force away, as from the hands 70  
Of some dishonour'd, houseless vagabond.  
But let the past be past; I never meant  
My wrath should have no end; yet had not thought  
My anger to abate, till my own ships  
Should hear the war-cry, and the battle bear. 75  
But go, and in my well-known armour clad,  
Lead forth the valiant Myrmidons to war,  
Since the dark cloud of Trojans circles round  
The ships in force; and on the shingly beach,  
Pent up in narrow limits, lie the Greeks; 80  
And all the city hath pour'd its numbers forth  
In hope undoubting; for they see no more  
My helm among them flashing; else in flight

Their dead would choke the streams, if but to me  
Great Agamemnon bore a kindly mind: 85  
But round the camp the battle now is wag'd.  
No more the hands of valiant Diomed,  
The Greeks protecting, hurl his fiery spear;  
Nor hear I now, from his detested lips,  
The shout of Agamemnon; all around 90  
Is heard the warrior-slayer Hector's voice,  
Cheering his Trojans; with triumphant cries  
They, from the vanquish'd Greeks, hold all the plain.  
Nathless do thou, Patroclus, in defence  
Fall boldly on, lest they with blazing fire 95  
Our ships destroy, and hinder our retreat.  
But hear, and ponder well the end of all  
I have to say, and so for me obtain  
Honour and glory in the eyes of Greece;  
And that the beauteous maiden to my arms 100  
They may restore, with costly gifts to boot.  
The ships reliev'd, return forthwith; and though  
The Thund'rer, Juno's Lord, should deign to crown  
Thine arms with triumph, be not over-bold  
To combat with the warlike sons of Troy; 105

(So should my name in less repute be held;) Nor, in the keen excitement of the fight And slaughter of the Trojans, lead thy troops On tow'rd the city, lest thou find thyself By some one of th' immortal Gods oppos'd; 110 For the far-darting Phœbus loves them well; But when in safety thou hast plac'd the ships, Delay not to return, and leave the rest To battle on the plain: for would to Jove, To Pallas and Apollo, that not one, 115 Or Greek or Trojan, might escape from death, Save only thou and I; that so we two Alone might raze the sacred tow'rs of 'Troy."

Such converse held they; while by hostile spears Hard press'd, no longer Ajax might endure; 120 At once by Jove's high will and Trojan foes O'ermaster'd; loud beneath repeated blows Clatter'd around his brow the glitt'ring helm, As on the well-wrought crest the weapons fell; And his left arm grew faint, that long had borne 125 The burthen of his shield; yet nought avail'd The press of spears to drive him from his post;



Lab'ring he drew his breath, his ev'ry limb  
With sweat was reeking; breathing space was none;  
Blow follow'd blow, and ills were heap'd on ill. 130

Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell,  
How first the fire assail'd the Grecian ships.

Hector approach'd, and on the ashen spear  
Of Ajax, close behind the head, let fall  
His mighty sword; right through he clove the wood; 135  
And in his hand the son of Telamon  
The headless shaft held bootless; far away,  
Loud ringing, fell to earth the brazen point.  
Great Ajax saw, and deep his noble soul  
Was troubled, as he knew the work of Heav'n; 140  
And that the Thund'rer had decreed to thwart  
His warlike hopes, and vict'ry give to Troy.

Slow he retir'd; and to the vessel they  
The blazing torch applied; high rose the flame  
Unquenchable, and wrapp'd the poop in fire. 145

The son of Peleus saw, and with his palm  
Smote on his thigh, and to Patroclus call'd:  
"Up, nobly born Patroclus, car-borne chief!

Up, for I see above the ships ascend

The hostile fires; and lest they seize the ships,      150  
And hinder our retreat, do thou in haste  
Thine armour don, while I arouse the troops."

He said: his dazzling arms Patroclus donn'd:  
First on his legs the well-wrought greaves he fix'd,  
Fasten'd with silver clasps; his ample chest      155  
The breastplate of Achilles, swift of foot,  
Star-spangled, richly wrought, defended well;  
Around his shoulders slung, his sword he bore,  
Brass-bladed, silver-studded; next his shield  
Weighty and strong; and on his firm-set head      160  
A helm he wore, well-wrought, with horsehair plume  
That nodded, fearful, o'er his brow; his hand  
Grasp'd two stout spears, familiar to his hold.  
One spear Achilles had, long, pond'rous, tough;  
But this he touch'd not; none of all the Greeks,      165  
None, save Achilles' self, that spear could poise;  
The far-fam'd Pelian ash, which to his sire,  
On Pelion's summit fell'd, to be the bane  
Of mightiest chiefs, the Centaur Chiron gave.  
Then to Automedon he gave command      170  
To yoke the horses: him he honour'd most,

Next to Achilles' self; the trustiest he  
In battle to await his chief's behest.  
The flying steeds he harness'd to the car.  
Xanthus and Balius, fleeter than the winds; 175  
Whom, grazing in the marsh by ocean's stream,  
Podarge, swift of foot, to Zephyr bore:  
And by their side the matchless Pedasus,  
Whom from the capture of Eëtion's town  
Achilles bore away; a mortal horse, 180  
But with immortal coursers meet to vie.

Meantime Achilles, through their sev'ral tents,  
Summon'd to arms the warlike Myrmidons.  
They all, like rav'ning wolves, of courage high,  
That on the mountain side have hunted down 185  
An antler'd stag, and batten'd on his flesh:  
Their chaps all dyed with blood, in troops they go,  
With their lean tongues from some black-water'd fount  
To lap the surface of the dark cool wave,  
Their jaws with blood yet reeking, unsubdued 190  
Their courage, and their bellies gorg'd with flesh;  
So round Pelides' valiant follower throng'd  
The chiefs and rulers of the Myrmidons.

Achilles in the midst to charioteers  
And buckler'd warriors issued his commands. 195  
Fifty swift ships Achilles, dear to Jove,  
Led to the coast of Troy; and rang'd in each  
Fifty brave comrades mann'd the rowers' seats.  
O'er these five chiefs, on whom he most relied,  
He plac'd, himself the Sov'reign Lord of all. 200  
One band Menestheus led, with glancing mail,  
Son of Sperchius, Heav'n-descended stream;  
Him Pelcus' daughter, Polydora fair,  
A mortal in a God's embrace compress'd,  
To stout Sperchius bore; but, by repute, 205  
To Borus, Perieres' son, who her  
In public, and with ample dow'r, espous'd.  
The brave Eudorus led the second band,  
Whom Phylas' daughter, Polymele fair,  
To Hermes bore; the maid he saw, and lov'd, 210  
Amid the virgins, mingling in the dance  
Of golden-shafted Dian, Huntress-Queen;  
He to her chamber access found, and gain'd  
By stealth her bed; a valiant son she bore,  
Eudorus, swift of foot, in battle strong. 215

But when her infant, by Lucina's aid,  
Was brought to light, and saw the face of day,  
Her to his home, with ample dow'r enrich'd,  
Echeclus, son of Actor, bore away ;  
While him the aged Phylas kept, and nurs'd 220  
With tender care, and cherish'd as his own.  
The brave Peisander, son of Mæmalus,  
The third commanded ; of the Myrmidons,  
Next to Pelides' friend, the noblest spear.  
The fourth, the aged warrior Phoenix led ; 225  
The fifth, Alcimedon, Laercees' son :  
These in their order due Achilles first  
Array'd, and next with stirring words address'd :  
    " Ye Myrmidons, forget not now the vaunts  
Which, while my wrath endur'd, ye largely pour'd 230  
Upon the Trojans ; me ye freely blam'd ;  
    ' Ill-omen'd son of Peleus, sure in wrath  
Thou wast conceiv'd, implacable, who here  
In idleness enforc'd thy comrades keep'st !  
'Twere better far our homeward way to take, 235  
If such pernicious rancour fill thy soul !'  
Thus ye reproach'd me oft ! Lo ! now ye have

The great occasion which your souls desir'd!

Then on, and with brave hearts the Trojans meet!"

His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast; 240

And more compact, beneath their monarch's eye,

Their ranks were form'd; as when the builder lays

The closely-fitting stones, to form the wall

Of some great house, and brave the winds of Heav'n;

So close were fitted helm and bossy shield; 245

Buckler on buckler press'd, and helm on helm,

And man on man; the horsehair plumes above,

That nodded, fearful, from the warriors' brows,

Each other touch'd; so closely mass'd they stood.

Before them all stood prominent in arms 250

Two chiefs, Patroclus and Automedon,

Both with one thought possess'd, to lead the fight

In the fore-front of all the Myrmidons.

Achilles then within his tent withdrew,

And of a gorgeous coffer rais'd the lid, 255

Well-wrought, by silver-footed Thetis plac'd

On board his ship, and fill'd with rich attire,

With store of wind-proof cloaks, and carpets soft.

There lay a goblet, richly chas'd, whence none,

But he alone, might drink the ruddy wine, 260  
Nor might libations thence to other Gods  
Be made, save only Jove; this brought he forth,  
And first with sulphur purified, and next  
Wash'd with pure water; then his hands he wash'd,  
And drew the ruddy wine; then standing forth 265  
Made in the centre of the court his pray'r,  
And as he pour'd the wine, look'd up to Heav'n,  
Not unbeheld of Jove, the lightning's Lord:

“Great King, Dodona's Lord, Pelasgian Jove,  
Who dwell'st on high, and rul'st with sov'reign sway 270  
Dodona's wintry heights; where dwell around  
Thy Sellian priests, men of unwashen feet,  
That on the bare ground sleep; thou once before  
Hast heard my pray'r, and me with honour crown'd,  
And on the Greeks inflicted all thy plagues; 275  
Hear yet again, and this my boon accord.  
I 'mid the throng of ships myself remain;  
But with a num'rous force of Myrmidons  
I send my comrade in my stead to fight:  
On him, all-seeing Jove, thy favour pour; 280  
Strengthen his heart, that Hector's self may learn

If, ev'n alone, my follower knows to fight,  
Or only then resistless pow'r displays,  
When I myself the toil of battle share.  
And from our vessels when the foe is driv'n, 285  
Grant that with all his arms and comrades true  
He may in safety to the ships return."

Thus pray'd he; Jove, the Lord of counsel, heard,  
And half his pray'r he granted, half denied:  
For from the ships the battle to repel 290  
He granted; but denied his safe return.  
His pray'rs and off'rings ended, to the tent  
Achilles turn'd again, and in the chest  
Replac'd the cup; then issuing forth, he stood  
Before the tent; for much he long'd to see 295  
The Greeks and Trojans join in battle strife.  
They who in arms round brave Patroclus stood  
Their line of battle form'd, with courage high  
To dash upon the Trojans; and as wasps  
That have their nest beside the public road, 300  
Which boys delight to vex and irritate  
In wanton play, but to the gen'ral harm;  
Them if some passing trav'ller unawares



Disturb, with angry courage forth they rush  
In one continuous swarm, to guard their nest: 305  
Ev'n with such courage pour'd the Myrmidons  
Forth from the ships; then uproar wild arose,  
And loud Patroclus on his comrades call'd:

“Ye valiant Myrmidons, who boast yourselves  
Achilles' comrades, quit ye now like men; 310  
Your ancient valour prove; to Peleus' son,  
Of all the Greeks the noblest, so shall we,  
His faithful followers, highest honour give;  
And Agamemnon's haughty self shall mourn  
The slight on Grecia's bravest warrior cast.” 315

His words fresh courage rous'd in ev'ry breast.  
Thick on the Trojan host their masses fell;  
While loud the fleet re-echoed to the sound  
Of Grecian cheers; but when the Trojans saw,  
Blazing in arms, Menoetius' godlike son, 320  
Himself, and follower; quail'd the spirits of all;  
Their firm-set ranks were shaken; for they deem'd  
Achilles had beside the ships exchange'd  
His wrath for friendship; and each sev'ral man  
Look'd round, to find his own escape from death. 325

Then first Patroclus aim'd his glitt'ring spear  
Amid the crowd, where thickest rag'd the war,  
Around the ship of brave Protesilas;  
And struck Pyræchmes, who from Amydon,  
From the wide-flowing stream of Axius, led 330  
The horsehair-crested Pæons; him he struck  
Through the right shoulder; backwards in the dust,  
Groaning, he fell; around him quail'd with fear  
His Pæons all, such terror in their ranks  
Patroclus threw, their bravest leader slain, 335  
The foremost in the fight; the crowd he drove  
Far from the ships, and quench'd the blazing fire.  
There lay the half-burnt ship; with shouts confus'd  
The Trojans fled; and from amid the ships  
Forth pour'd the Greeks; and loud the clamour rose. 340

As when around a lofty mountain's top  
The lightning's Lord dispels a mass of cloud,  
And ev'ry crag, and ev'ry jutting peak  
Is plainly seen, and ev'ry forest glade;  
And the deep vault of Heav'n is open'd wide; 345  
So when the Greeks had clear'd the ships of fire,  
They breath'd awhile; yet ceas'd not so the strife;

For not in headlong panic from the ships  
The Trojans by the valiant Greeks were driv'n,  
But, though perforce retiring, still made head. 350

Then of the chiefs, as wider spread the fight,  
Each singled each; Menœtius' noble son  
First threw his pointed spear, and on the thigh  
Struck Arëilochus, in act to turn;  
Right through the point was driv'n; the weighty spear 355  
Shatter'd the bone, and prone to earth he fell.

The warlike Meneläus aim'd his spear  
Where Thoas' breast, unguarded by his shield,  
Was left expos'd; and slack'd his limbs in death.  
Phyleus' brave son, as rush'd Amphiçlus on, 360  
Stood firm, with eye observant; then th' attack  
Preventing, through his thigh, high up, where lie  
The strongest muscles, smote; the weapon's point  
Sever'd the tendons; darkness clos'd his eyes.

Of Nestor's sons, Antilochus, the first, 365  
Atymnius wounded, driving through his flank  
The brazen spear; prone on his face he fell.  
Then, burning to avenge his brother's death,  
Stood Maris o'er the corpse, and hand to hand

Engag'd Antilochus; but ere a blow 370  
Was struck, the godlike Thrasymedes drove  
Through his right shoulder, with unerring aim,  
His glitt'ring spear; the point his upper arm  
Tore from the muscles, shatt'ring all the bone:  
Thund'ring he fell, and darkness clos'd his eyes. 375  
So to the shades, by those two brethren's hands  
Subdued, Sarpedon's comrades brave were sent,  
The sons of Amisodarus, who rear'd  
The dread Chimæra, bane of mortal men.  
On Cleobulus, wounded in the press, 380  
Ajax Oileus sprang, and captive took,  
Alive; but sudden on his neck let fall  
His hilted sword, and quench'd the fire of life.  
The hot blood dyed the sword; the darkling shades  
Of death, and rig'rous fate, his eyes o'erspread. 385  
Then Peneleus and Lycon, hand to hand,  
Engag'd in combat; both had miss'd their aim,  
And bootless hurl'd their weapons; then with swords  
They met; first Lycon on the crested helm  
Dealt a fierce blow; but in his hand the blade 390  
Up to the hilt was shiver'd; then the sword

Of Peneleus his neck, below the ear,  
Dissever'd; deeply in his throat the blade  
Was plung'd, and by the skin alone was stay'd;  
Down droop'd his head, his limbs relax'd in death. 395  
Meriones by speed of foot o'ertook,  
And, as his car he mounted, Acamas  
Through the right shoulder pierc'd; down from the car  
He fell; the shades of death his eyes o'erspread.  
Full on the mouth of Erymas was thrust 400  
The weapon of Idomeneus; right through,  
The white bones crashing, pass'd the brazen spear  
Below the brain; his teeth were shatter'd all;  
With blood, which with convulsive sobs he blew  
From mouth and nostril, both his eyes were fill'd; 405  
And death's dark cloud encompass'd him around.  
Thus slew the Grecian leaders each his man.

As rav'ning wolves, that lambs or kids assail,  
Stray'd from their dams, by careless shepherds left  
Upon the mountain scatter'd; these they see, 410  
And tear at once their unresisting prey;  
So on the Trojans fell the Greeks; in rout  
Disastrous they, unmann'd by terror, fled.

Great Ajax still, unwearied, long'd to hurl  
His spear at Hector of the brazen helm; 415  
But he, well skill'd in war, his shoulders broad  
Protected by his shield of tough bull's hide,  
Watch'd for the whizzing shafts, and jav'lin's whirr.  
Full well he knew the tide of battle turn'd,  
Yet held his ground, his trusty friends to save. 420  
As from Olympus, o'er the clear blue sky  
Pour the dark clouds, when Jove the vault of Heav'n  
O'erspreads with storm and tempest, from the ships  
So pour'd with panic cries the flying host,  
And in disorder'd rout recross'd the trench. 425  
Then Hector's flying coursers bore him safe  
Far from the struggling masses, whom the ditch  
Detain'd perforce; there many a royal car  
With broken pole th' unharness'd horses left.  
On, shouting to the Greeks, Patroclus press'd 430  
The flying Trojans; they, with panic cries,  
Dispers'd, the roads encumber'd; high uprose  
The storms of dust, as from the tents and ships  
Back to the city stretch'd the flying steeds;  
And ever where the densest throng appear'd 435

With furious threats Patroclus urg'd his course;  
His glowing axle trac'd by prostrate men  
Hurl'd from their cars, and chariots overthrown.  
Flew o'er the deep-sunk trench th' immortal steed  
The noble prize the Gods to Peleus gave, 440  
Still onward straining; for he long'd to reach,  
And hurl his spear at Hector; him meanwhile  
His flying steeds in safety bore away.

As in th' autumnal season, when the earth  
With weight of rain is saturate; when Jove 445  
Pours down his fiercest storms in wrath to men,  
Who in their courts unrighteous judgments pass,  
And justice yield to lawless violence,  
The wrath of Heav'n despising; ev'ry stream  
Is brimming o'er; the hills in gullies deep 450  
Are by the torrents seam'd, which, rushing down  
From the high mountains to the dark-blue sea,  
With groans and tumult urge their headlong course,  
Wasting the works of man; so urg'd their flight,  
So, as they fled, the Trojan horses groan'd. 455  
The foremost ranks cut off, back tow'rd the ships  
Patroclus drove them, baffling their attempts

To gain the city ; and in middle space  
Between the ships, the stream, and lofty wall,  
Dealt slaughter round him, and of many a chief 460  
The bitter penalty of death requir'd.  
Then Pronōus with his glitt'ring spear he struck,  
Where by the shield his breast was left expos'd,  
And slack'd his limbs in death ; thund'ring he fell.  
Next Thestor, son of CEnops, he assail'd ; 465  
He on his polish'd car, down-crouching, sat,  
His mind by fear disorder'd ; from his hands  
The reins had dropp'd ; him, thrusting with the spear,  
Through the right cheek and through the teeth he smote,  
Then dragg'd him, by the weapon, o'er the rail. 470  
As when an angler on a prominent rock  
Drags from the sea to shore with hook and line  
A weighty fish ; so him Patroclus dragg'd,  
Gaping, from off the car ; and dash'd him down  
Upon his face ; and life forsook his limbs. 475  
Next Eryalus, eager for the fray,  
On the mid forehead with a mighty stone  
He struck ; beneath the pond'rous helmet's weight  
The skull was split in twain ; prostrate he fell,



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By life-consuming death encompass'd round. 480

Forthwith Amphoterus, and Erymas,

Echius, Epaltes, and Tlepolemus,

Son of Damastor, Pyris, Ipheus brave,

Euippus, Polymelus, Argeas' son,

In quick succession to the ground he brought. 485

Sarpedon his ungirdled forces saw

Promiscuous fall before Menœtius' son,

And to the Lycians call'd in loud reproof:

"Shame, Lycians! whither fly ye? why this haste?

I will myself this chief confront, and learn 490

Who this may be of bearing proud and high,

Who on the Trojans grievous harm hath wrought,

And many a warrior's limbs relax'd in death."

He said, and from his car, accoutred, sprang;

Patroclus saw, and he too leap'd to earth. 495

As on a lofty rock, with angry screams,

Hook-beak'd, with talons curv'd, two vultures fight;

So with loud shouts these two to battle rush'd.

The son of Saturn pitying saw, and thus

To Juno spoke, his sister and his wife: 500

"Woe, woe! that fate decrees my best-belov'd,

Sarpedon, by Patroclus' hand to fall;  
Ev'n now conflicting thoughts my soul divide,  
To bear him from the fatal strife unhurt,  
And set him down on Lycia's fertile plains, 505  
Or leave him by Patroclus' hand to fall."

Whom answer'd thus the stag-ey'd Queen of Heav'n:  
"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?  
Wouldst thou a mortal man from death withdraw  
Long since by fate decreed? Do what thou wilt; 510  
Yet cannot we, the rest, applaud thine act.  
This, too, I say, and turn it in thy mind:  
If to his home Sarpedon thou restore  
Alive, bethink thee, will not other Gods  
Their sons too from the stubborn fight withdraw? 515  
For in the field around the walls of Troy  
Are many sons of Gods, in all of whom  
This act of thine will angry feelings rouse.  
But if thou love him, and thy soul deplore  
His coming doom, yet in the stubborn fight 520  
Leave him beneath Patroclus' hand to fall:  
Then, when his spirit hath fled, the charge assign  
To Death and gentle Sleep, that in their arms

They bear him safe to Lycia's wide-spread plains:  
There shall his brethren and his friends perform      525  
His fun'ral rites, and mound and column raise,  
The fitting tribute to the mighty dead."

Thus she; the Sire of Gods and men complied:  
But to the ground some drops of blood let fall,  
In honour of his son, whom fate decreed,      530  
Far from his country, on the fertile plains  
Of Troy to perish by Patroclus' hand.  
As near the champions drew, Patroclus first  
His weapon hurl'd, and Thrasymedes brave,  
The faithful follower of Sarpedon, struck      535  
Below the waist, and slack'd his limbs in death.  
Thrown in his turn, Sarpedon's glitt'ring spear  
Flew wide; and Pegasus, the gallant horse,  
Through the right shoulder wounded; with a scream  
He fell, and in the dust breath'd forth his life,      540  
As, shrieking loud, his noble spirit fled.  
This way and that his two companions swerv'd;  
Creak'd the strong yoke, and tangled were the reins,  
As in the dust the prostrate courser lay.  
Automedon the means of safety saw;      545

And drawing from beside his brawny thigh  
His keen-edg'd sword, with no uncertain blow  
Cut loose the fallen horse; again the twain  
Were righted, and again the traces stretch'd.  
Again in mortal strife the warriors clos'd: 550  
Once more Sarpedon hurl'd his glitt'ring spear  
In vain; above Patroclus' shoulder flew  
The point, innocuous; from his hand in turn  
The spear not vainly thrown, Sarpedon struck  
Where lies the diaphragm, below the heart. 555  
He fell; as falls an oak, or poplar tall,  
Or lofty pine, which on the mountain top  
For some proud ship the woodman's axe hath hewn;  
So he, with death-cry sharp, before his car  
Extended lay, and clutch'd the blood-stain'd soil. 560  
As when a lion on the herd has sprung,  
And, 'mid the heifers seiz'd, the lordly bull  
Lies bellowing, crush'd between the lion's jaws;  
So by Patroclus slain, the Lycian chief,  
Undaunted still, his faithful comrade call'd: 565  
"Good Glaucus, warrior tried, behoves thee now  
Thy spearmanship to prove, and warlike might.

Welcome the fray; put forth thine utmost speed;  
Call on the Lycian chiefs, on ev'ry side,  
To press around, and for Sarpedon fight; 570  
Thou too thine arms for my protection wield;  
For I to thee, through all thy future days,  
Shall be a ceaseless scandal and reproach,  
If me, thus slain before the Grecian ships,  
The Greeks be suffer'd of my arms to spoil: 575  
But stand thou fast, and others' courage raise."

Thus as he spoke, the shades of death o'erspread  
His eyes and nostrils; then with foot firm-set  
Upon his chest, Patroclus from the corpse  
Drew, by main force, the fast-adhering spear; 580  
The life forth issuing with the weapon's point.  
Loos'd from the royal car, the snorting steeds,  
Eager for flight, the Myrmidons detain'd.  
Deep-grieving, Glaucus heard his comrade's voice:  
His spirit was stirr'd within him, impotent 585  
To bear him succour; with his hand he grasp'd  
His wounded arm, in torture from the wound  
By Teucer's arrow giv'n, as on he press'd  
To aid his friends, and scale the lofty wall.

Then to Apollo thus address'd his pray'r: 590

"Hear me, great King, who, as on Lycia's plains,  
Art here in Troy; and hear'st in ev'ry place  
Their voice who suffer, as I suffer now.

A grievous wound I bear, and sharpest pangs  
My arm assail, nor may the blood be stanch'd: 595  
The pain weighs down my shoulder; and my hand  
Hath lost its pow'r to fight, or grasp my spear.

Sarpedon, bravest of the brave, is slain,  
The son of Jove; yet Jove preserv'd him not.  
But thou, O King, this grievous wound relieve; 600  
Assuage the pain, and give me strength to urge  
My Lycian comrades to maintain the war,  
And fight myself to guard the noble dead."

Thus, as he pray'd, his pray'r Apollo heard,  
Assuag'd his pains, and from the grievous wound 605  
Stanch'd the dark blood, and fill'd his soul with strength.  
Glaucus within himself perceiv'd, and knew,  
Rejoicing, that the God had heard his pray'r.  
The Lycian leaders first on ev'ry side  
He urg'd to hasten for their King to fight: 610  
Then 'mid the Trojans went with lofty step,

And first to Panthöus' son, Polydamas,  
To brave Agenor and Æneas next;  
Then Hector of the brazen helm himself  
Approaching, thus with wingèd words address'd: 615

“Hector, forgett'st thou quite thy brave allies,  
Who freely in thy cause pour forth their lives,  
Far from their home and friends? but they from thee  
No aid receive; Sarpedon lies in death,  
The leader of the buckler'd Lycian bands, 620  
Whose justice and whose pow'r were Lycia's shield;  
Him by Patroclus' hand hath Mars subdued.  
But, friends, stand by me now! with just revenge  
Inspir'd, determine that the Myrmidons  
Shall not, how griev'd soe'er for all the Greeks 625  
Who by our spears beside the ships have fall'n,  
Our dead dishonour, and his arms obtain.”

He said; and through the Trojans thrill'd the sense  
Of grief intolerable, unrestrain'd;  
For he, though stranger-born, was of the State 630  
A mighty pillar; and his followers  
A num'rous host; and he himself in fight  
Among the foremost; so, against the Greeks,

With fiery zeal they rush'd, by Hector led,  
Griev'd for Sarpedon's loss; on th' other side 635  
Patroclus' manly heart the Greeks arousd,  
And to th' Ajaces first, themselves inspir'd  
With martial ardour, thus address'd his speech :

“Ye sons of Ajax, now is come the time  
Your former fame to rival, or surpass : 640  
The man hath fall'n, who first o'erleap'd our wall,  
Sarpedon ; now remains, that, having slain,  
We should his corpse dishonour, and his arms  
Strip off; and should some comrade dare attempt  
His rescue, him too with our spears subdue.” 645

He said; and they, with martial ardour fir'd,  
Rush'd to the conflict. When on either side  
The reinforce'd battalions were array'd,  
Trojans and Lycians, Myrmidons and Greeks  
Around the dead in sternest combat met, 650  
With fearful shouts; and loud their armour rang.  
Then, to enhance the horror of the strife  
Around his son, with darkness Jove o'erspread  
The stubborn fight: the Trojans first drove back  
The keen-ey'd Greeks; for first a warrior fell, 655



Not of the meanest 'mid the Myrmidons,  
Epegeus, son of valiant Agacles ;  
Who in Budæum's thriving state bore rule  
Erewhile ; but flying for a kinsman slain,  
To Peleus and the silver-footed Queen 660  
He came a suppliant ; with Achilles thence  
To Ilium sent, to join the war of Troy.  
Him, as he stretch'd his hand to seize the dead,  
Full on the forehead, with a massive stone  
Great Hector smote ; within the pond'rous helm 665  
The skull was split in twain ; prone on the corpse  
He fell, by life-destroying death subdued.  
Griev'd was Patroclus for his comrade slain ;  
Forward he darted, as a swift-wing'd hawk,  
That swoops amid the starlings and the daws ; 670  
So swift didst thou, Patroclus, car-borne chief,  
Upon the Trojans and the Lycians spring,  
Thy soul with anger for thy comrade fill'd.  
A pond'rous stone he hurl'd at Sthenelas,  
Son of Ithæmenes ; the mighty mass 675  
Fell on his neck, and all the muscles crush'd.  
Back drew great Hector and the chiefs of Troy ;

Far as a jav'lin's flight, in sportive strife,  
Or in the deadly battle, hurl'd by one  
His utmost strength exerting; back so far 680  
The Trojans drew, so far the Greeks pursued.  
Glaucus, the leader of the Lycian spears,  
First turning, slew the mighty Bathycles,  
The son of Chalcon; he in Hellas dwelt,  
In wealth surpassing all the Myrmidons. 685  
Him, as he gain'd upon him in pursuit,  
Quick turning, Glaucus through the breast transfix'd;  
Thund'ring he fell; deep grief possess'd the Greeks  
At loss of one so valiant; fiercely joy'd  
The Trojans, and around him crowded thick; 690  
Nor of their wonted valour were the Greeks  
Oblivious, but still onward held their course.  
Then slew Meriones a crested chief,  
The bold Laogonus, Onetor's son;  
Onetor, of Idæan Jove the priest, 695  
And by the people as a God rever'd.  
Below the ear he struck him; from his limbs  
The spirit fled, and darkness veil'd his eyes.  
Then at Meriones Æneas threw

His brazen spear, in hopes beneath his shield 700

To find a spot unguarded; he beheld,

And downward stooping, shunn'd the brazen death;

Behind him far, deep in the soil infix'd,

The weapon stood; there Mars its impulse stay'd;

So, bootless hurl'd, though by no feeble hand, 705

Æneas' spear stood quiv'ring in the ground;

Then thus in wrath he cried: "Meriones,

Had it but struck thee, nimble as thou art,

My spear had brought thy dancing to a close."

To whom the spearman skill'd, Meriones: 710

"Brave as thou art, Æneas, 'tis too much

For thee to hope the might of all to quell,

Who dare confront thee; thou art mortal too!

And if my aim be true, and should my spear

But strike thee fair, all valiant as thou art, 715

And confident, yet me thy fall shall crown

With triumph, and thy soul to Hades send."

He said; and him Menœtius' noble son

Address'd with grave rebuke: "Meriones,

Brave warrior, why thus waste the time in words? 720

Trust me, good friend, 'tis not by vaunting speech,

Unseconded by deeds, that we may hope  
To scare away the Trojans from the slain: .  
Hands are for battle, words for council meet;  
Boots it not now to wrangle, but to fight." 725

He said, and led the way; him follow'd straight  
The godlike chief; forthwith, as loudly rings,  
Amid the mountain forest's deep recess,  
The woodman's axe, and far is heard the sound;  
So from the wide-spread earth their clamour rose, 730  
As brazen arms, and shields, and tough bull's-hide  
Encounter'd swords and double-pointed spears.  
Nor might the sharpest sight Sarpedon know,  
From head to foot with wounds and blood and dust  
Disfigur'd; thickly round the dead they swarm'd. 735  
As when at spring-tide in the cattle-sheds  
Around the milk-cans swarm the buzzing flies,  
While the warm milk is frothing in the pail;  
So swarm'd they round the dead; nor Jove the while  
Turn'd from the stubborn fight his piercing glance; 740  
But still look'd down with gaze intent, and mus'd  
Upon Patroclus' coming fate, in doubt,  
If he too there beside Sarpedon slain,

Should perish by illustrious Hector's hand,  
Spoil'd of his arms; or yet be spar'd awhile 745  
To swell the labours of the battle field.

He judg'd it best at length, that once again  
The gallant follower of Peleus' son  
Should tow'rd the town with fearful slaughter drive  
The Trojans, and their brazen-helmèd chief. 750

First Hector's soul with panic fear he fill'd;  
Mounting his car, he fled, and urg'd to flight  
The Trojans; for he saw the scales of Jove.  
Then nor the valiant Lycians held their ground;  
All fled in terror, as they saw their King 755

Pierc'd through the heart, amid a pile of dead;  
For o'er his body many a warrior fell,  
When Saturn's son the conflict fierce inflam'd.  
Then from Sarpedon's breast they stripp'd his arms,  
Of brass refulgent; these Menetius' son 760  
Sent by his comrades to the ships of Greece.

To Phœbus then the Cloud-compeller thus:  
"Hie thee, good Phœbus, from amid the spears  
Withdraw Sarpedon, and from all his wounds  
Cleanse the dark gore; then bear him far away, 765

And lave his body in the flowing stream;  
Then with divine ambrosia all his limbs  
Anointing, clothe him in immortal robes.  
To two swift bearers give him then in charge,  
To Sleep and Death, twin brothers, in their arms 770  
To bear him safe to Lycia's wide-spread plains:  
There shall his brethren and his friends perform  
His fun'ral rites, and mound and column raise,  
The fitting tribute to the mighty dead."

He said; obedient to his father's words, 775  
Down to the battle-field Apollo sped  
From Ida's height; and from amid the spears  
Withdrawn, he bore Sarpedon far away,  
And lav'd his body in the flowing stream;  
Then with divine ambrosia all his limbs 780  
Anointing, cloth'd him in immortal robes;  
To two swift bearers gave him then in charge,  
To Sleep and Death, twin brothers; in their arms  
They bore him safe to Lycia's wide-spread plains.

Then to Automedon Patroclus gave 785  
His orders, and the flying foe pursued.  
Oh much deceiv'd, insensate! had he now

But borne in mind the words of Peleus' son,  
He might have 'scap'd the bitter doom of death.  
But still Jove's will the will of man o'errules: 790  
Who strikes with panic, and of vict'ry robs  
The bravest; and anon excites to war;  
Who now Patroclus' breast with fury fill'd.  
Whom then, Patroclus, first, whom slew'st thou last,  
When summon'd by the Gods to meet thy doom? 795  
Adrastus, and Autonöus, Perimus  
The son of Meges, and Echeclus next;  
Epistor, Melanippus, Elasmus,  
And Mulius, and Pylartes; these he slew;  
The others all in flight their safety found. 800  
Then had the Greeks the lofty-gated town  
Of Priam captur'd by Patroclus' hand,  
So forward and so fierce he bore his spear;  
But on the well-built tow'r Apollo stood,  
In hostile attitude, for Troy's defence. 805  
The jutting angle of the lofty wall  
Patroclus thrice assail'd; his onset thrice  
Apollo, with his own immortal hands  
Repelling, backward thrust his glitt'ring shield.

But when again, with more than mortal force 810

He made his fourth attempt, with awful mien

And threat'ning voice the Far-destroyer spoke:

“Back, Heav'n-born chief, Patroclus! not to thee

Hath fate decreed the triumph to destroy

The warlike Trojans' city; no, nor yet 815

To great Achilles, mightier far than thou.”

Thus as he spoke, Patroclus backward stepp'd,

Shrinking before the Far-destroyer's wrath.

Still Hector kept before the Scaean gates

His coursers; doubtful, if again to dare 820

The battle-throng, or summon all the host

To seek the friendly shelter of the wall.

Thus as he mus'd, beside him Phœbus stood,

In likeness of a warrior stout and brave,

Brother of Hecuba, the uncle thence 825

Of noble Hector, Asius, Dymas' son;

Who dwelt in Phrygia, by Sangarius' stream;

His form assuming, thus Apollo spoke:

“Hector, why shrink'st thou from the battle thus?

It ill beseems thee! Would to Heav'n that I 830

So far thy greater were, as thou art mine;



Then sorely shouldst thou rue this abstinence.

But, forward thou! against Patroclus urge

Thy fiery steeds, so haply by his death

Apollo thee with endless fame may crown." 835

This said, the God rejoin'd the strife of men;

And noble Hector bade Cebriones

Drive 'mid the fight his car; before him mov'd

Apollo, scatt'ring terror 'mid the Greeks,

And lustre adding to the arms of Troy. 840

All others Hector pass'd unnotic'd by,

Nor stay'd to slay; Patroclus was the mark

At which his coursers' clatt'ring hoofs he drove.

On th' other side, Patroclus from his car

Leap'd to the ground: his left hand held his spear; 845

And in the right a pond'rous mass he bore

Of rugged stone, that fill'd his ample grasp:

This sent he whirling; not in vain it flew,

Nor miss'd its mark; but Hector's charioteer

It struck, Cebriones, a bastard son 850

Of royal Priam, as the reins he held.

Full on his temples fell the jagged mass,

Drove both his eyebrows in, and crush'd the bone;

Before him in the dust his eyeballs fell ;  
And, like a diver, from the well-wrought car 855  
Headlong he plung'd ; and life forsook his limbs.  
O'er whom Patroclus thus with bitter jest :  
"Heav'n ! what agility ! how deftly thrown  
That somersault ! if only in the sea  
Such feats he wrought, with him might few compete, 860  
Diving for oysters, if with such a plunge  
He left his boat, how rough soe'er the waves,  
As from his car he plunges to the ground :  
Troy can, it seems, accomplish'd tumblers boast."  
Thus saying, on Cebriones he sprang, 865  
As springs a lion, through the breast transfix'd,  
In act the sheepfold to despoil, and dies  
The victim of his courage ; so didst thou  
Upon Cebriones, Patroclus, spring.  
Down from his car too Hector leap'd to earth. 870  
So, o'er Cebriones, oppos'd they stood ;  
As on the mountain, o'er a slaughter'd stag,  
Both hunger-pinch'd, two lions fiercely fight,  
So o'er Cebriones two mighty chiefs,  
Menœtius son and noble Hector, strove, 875

Each in the other bent to plunge his spear.  
The head, with grasp unyielding, Hector held;  
Patroclus seiz'd the foot; and, crowding round,  
Trojans and Greeks in stubborn conflict clos'd.  
As when, encount'ring in some mountain-glen, 880  
Eurus and Notus shake the forest deep,  
Of oak, or ash, or slender cornel-tree,  
Whose tap'ring branches are together thrown,  
With fearful din, and crash of broken boughs;  
So mix'd confus'dly, Greeks and Trojans fought, 885  
No thought of flight by either entertain'd.  
Thick o'er Cebriones the jav'lins flew,  
And feather'd arrows, bounding from the string;  
And pond'rous stones that on the bucklers rang,  
As round the dead they fought; amid the dust 890  
That eddying rose, his art forgotten all,  
A mighty warrior, mightily he lay.  
While in mid Heav'n the sun pursued his course,  
Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell  
On either side; but when declining day 895  
Brought on the hour that sees the loosen'd steers,  
The Greeks were stronger far; and from the darts

And Trojan battle-cry Cebriones

They drew, and from his breast his armour stripp'd.

Fiercely Patroclus on the Trojans fell: 900

Thrice he assail'd them, terrible as Mars,

With fearful shouts; and thrice nine foes he slew:

But when again, with more than mortal force

His fourth assault he made, thy term of life,

Patroclus, then approach'd its final close: 905

For Phoebus' awful self encounter'd thee,

Amid the battle throng, invisible,

In thickest darkness shrouded all his form:

He stood behind, and with extended palm

Dealt on Patroclus' neck and shoulders broad 910

A mighty buffet; dizzy swam his eyes,

And from his head Apollo snatch'd the helm;

Clank'd, as it roll'd beneath the horses' feet,

The visor'd helm; the horsehair plume with blood

And dust polluted; never till that day 915

Was that proud helmet so with dust defil'd,

That wont to deck a godlike chief, and guard

Achilles' noble head, and graceful brow:

Now by the will of Jove to Hector giv'n.

Now death was near at hand; and in his grasp 920  
His spear was shiver'd, pond'rous, long, and tough,  
Brass-pointed; with its belt, the ample shield  
Fell from his shoulders; and Apollo's hand,  
The royal son of Jove, his corslet loos'd.

Then was his mind bewilder'd; and his limbs 925  
Gave way beneath him; all aghast he stood:  
Him, from behind, a Dardan, Panthöus' son,  
Euphorbus, peerless 'mid the Trojan youth,  
To hurl the spear, to run, to drive the car,  
Approaching close, between the shoulders stabb'd; 930  
He, train'd to warfare, from his car, ere this  
A score of Greeks had from their chariots hurl'd:  
Such was the man who thee, Patroclus, first  
Wounded, but not subdued; the ashen spear  
He, in all haste, withdrew; nor dar'd confront 935  
Patroclus, though disarm'd, in deadly strife.

Back to his comrades' shelt'ring ranks retir'd,  
From certain death, Patroclus: by the stroke  
Of Phoebus vanquish'd, and Euphorbus' spear:  
But Hector, when Patroclus from the fight 940  
He saw retreating, wounded, through the ranks

Advancing, smote him through the flank; right through  
The brazen spear was driv'n; thund'ring he fell;  
And deeply mourn'd his fall the Grecian host.

As when a lion hath in fight o'erborne 945  
A tuskèd boar, when on the mountain top  
They two have met, in all their pride of strength,  
Both parch'd with thirst, around a scanty spring;  
And vanquish'd by the lion's force, the boar  
Hath yielded, gasping; so Menœtius' son, 950  
Great deeds achiev'd, at length beneath the spear  
Of noble Hector yielded up his life;  
Who o'er the vanquish'd thus, exulting, spoke:  
"Patroclus, but of late thou mad'st thy boast  
To raze our city walls, and in your ships 955  
To bear away to your far-distant land,  
Their days of freedom lost, our Trojan dames:  
Fool that thou wast! nor knew'st, in their defence,  
That Hector's flying coursers scour'd the plain;  
From them, the bravest of the Trojans, I 960  
Avert the day of doom; while on our shores  
Thy flesh shall glut the carrion birds of Troy.  
Poor wretch! though brave he be, yet Peleus' son

Avail'd thee nought, when, hanging back himself,  
With sage advice he sent thee forth to fight: 965  
'Come not to me, Patroclus, car-borne chief,  
Nor to the ships return, until thou bear  
The warrior-slayer Hector's bloody spoils,  
Torn from his body;' such were, I suppose,  
His counsels; thou, poor fool, becam'st his dupe." 970  
To whom Patroclus thus in accents faint:

"Hector, thou boastest loudly now, that Jove,  
With Phœbus join'd, hath thee with vict'ry crown'd:  
They wrought my death, who stripp'd me of my arms.  
Had I to deal with twenty such as thee, 975  
They all should perish, vanquish'd by my spear:  
Me fate hath slain, and Phœbus; and, of men,  
Euphorbus; thou wast but the third to strike.  
This too I say, and bear it in thy mind;  
Not long shalt thou survive me; death e'en now 980  
And final doom hangs o'er thee, by the hand  
Of great Achilles, Peleus' matchless son."

Thus as he spoke, the gloom of death his eyes  
O'erspread, and to the shades his spirit fled,  
Mourning his fate, his youth and strength cut off. 985

To whom, though dead, the noble Hector thus:

“Patroclus, why predict my coming fate?

Or who can say but fair-hair'd Thetis' son,

Achilles, by my spear may first be slain?”

He said, and planting firm his foot, withdrew 990

The brazen spear, and backward drove the dead

From off the weapon's point; then, spear in hand,

Intent to slay, Automedon pursued,

The godlike follower of Æacides:

But him in safety bore th' immortal steeds, 995

The noble prize the Gods to Peleus gave. 996



## BOOK XVII.

NOR was Patroclus' fall, by Trojans slain,  
Of warlike Meneläus unobserv'd;  
Forward he sprang, in dazzling arms array'd,  
And round him mov'd, as round her new-dropp'd calf,  
Her first, a heifer moves with plaintive moan: 5  
So round Patroclus Meneläus mov'd,  
His shield's broad orb and spear before him held,  
To all who might oppose him threat'ning death.  
Nor, on his side, was Panthōus' noble son  
Unmindful of the slain; but, standing near, 10  
The warlike Meneläus thus address'd:  
"Illustrious son of Atreus, Heav'n-born chief,  
Quit thou the dead; yield up the bloody spoils;  
For, of the Trojans and their fam'd Allies,  
Mine was the hand that in the stubborn fight 15  
First struck Patroclus; leave me then to wear  
Among the men of Troy my honours due,

Lest by my spear thou lose thy cherish'd life."

To whom in anger Meneläus thus:

"O Father Jove, how ill this vaunting tone 20

Beseems this braggart! In their own esteem,

With Panthöus' sons for courage none may vie;

Nor pard, nor lion, nor the forest boar,

Fiercest of beasts, and proudest of his strength.

Yet nought avail'd to Hyperenor's might 25

His youthful vigour, when he held me cheap,

And my encounter dar'd; of all the Greeks

He deem'd my prowess least; yet he, I ween,

On his own feet return'd not, to rejoice

His tender wife's and honour'd parents' sight. 30

So shall thy pride be quell'd, if me thou dare

Encounter; but I warn thee, while 'tis time,

Ere ill betide thee, 'mid the gen'ral throng

That thou withdraw, nor stand to me oppos'd.

After th' event may ev'n a fool be wise." 35

He spoke in vain; Euphorbus thus replied:

"Now, Heav'n-born Meneläus, shalt thou pay

The forfeit for my brother's life, o'er whom,

Slain by thy hand, thou mak'st thy boasting speech.

Thou in the chambers of her new-found home                    40  
Hast made his bride a weeping widow; thou  
Hast fill'd with bitt'rest grief his parents' hearts:  
Some solace might those hapless mourners find,  
Could I thy head and armour in the hands  
Of Panthôus and of honour'd Phrontis place;                    45  
Nor uncontested shall the proof remain,  
Nor long deferr'd, of vict'ry or defeat."

He said, and struck the centre of the shield,  
But broke not through; against the stubborn brass  
The point was bent; then with a pray'r to Jove                    50  
The son of Atreus in his turn advanc'd;  
And, backward as he stepp'd, below his throat  
Took aim, and pressing hard with stalwart hand  
Drove through the yielding neck the pond'rous spear:  
Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang.                    55  
Those locks, that with the Graces' hair might vie,  
Those tresses bright, with gold and silver bound,  
Were dabbled all with blood. As when a man  
Hath rear'd a fair and vig'rous olive plant,  
In some lone spot, by copious-gushing springs,                    60  
And seen expanding, nurs'd by ev'ry breeze,

Its whit'ning blossoms; till with sudden gust  
A sweeping hurricane of wind and rain  
Uproots it from its bed, and prostrate lays;  
So lay the youthful son of Panthöus, slain 65  
By Atreus' son, and of his arms despoil'd.  
And as a lion, in the mountains bred,  
In pride of strength, amid the pasturing herd  
Seizes a heifer in his pow'rful jaws,  
The choicest; and, her neck first broken, rends, 70  
And, on her entrails gorging, laps the blood;  
Though with loud clamour dogs and herdsmen round  
Assail him from afar, yet ventures none  
To meet his rage, for fear is on them all;  
So there was none so bold, with dauntless breast 75  
The noble Meneläus' wrath to meet.  
Now had Atrides borne away with ease  
The spoils of Panthöus' son; but Phœbus grudg'd  
His prize of vict'ry, and against him launch'd  
The might of Hector, terrible as Mars: 80  
To whom his wingèd words, in Mentès' form,  
Chief of the Cicones, he thus address'd:  
"Hector, thy labour all is vain, pursuing

Pelides' flying steeds; and hard are they  
For mortal man to harness, or control, 85  
Save for Achilles' self, the Goddess-born.  
The valiant Meneläus, Atreus' son,  
Defends meanwhile Patroclus; and ev'n now  
Hath slain a noble Trojan, Panthöus' son,  
Euphorbus, and his youthful vigour quell'd." 90

He said, and join'd again the strife of men:  
Hector's dark soul with bitter grief was fill'd;  
He look'd amid the ranks, and saw the two,  
One slain, the other stripping off his arms,  
The blood outpouring from the gaping wound. 95  
Forward he sprang, in dazzling arms array'd,  
Loud shouting, blazing like the quenchless flames  
Of Vulcan: Meneläus heard the shout,  
And, troubled, commun'd with his valiant heart:

"Oh, woe is me! for should I now the spoils 100  
Abandon, and Patroclus, who for me  
And in my cause lies slain, of any Greek  
Who saw me, I might well incur the blame:  
And yet if here alone I dare to fight  
With Hector and his Trojans, much I fear, 105

Singly, to be by numbers overwhelm'd;  
For Hector all the Trojans hither brings.  
But wherefore entertain such thoughts, my soul?  
Who strives, against the will divine, with one  
Belov'd of Heav'n, a bitter doom must meet. 110  
Then none may blame me, though I should retreat  
From Hector, who with Heav'n's assistance wars.  
Yet could I hear brave Ajax' battle cry,  
We two, returning, would th' encounter dare,  
Ev'n against Heav'n, if so for Peleus' son 115  
We might regain, and bear away the dead:  
Some solace of our loss might then be ours."

While in his mind and spirit thus he mus'd,  
By Hector led, the Trojan ranks advanc'd:  
Backward he mov'd, abandoning the dead; 120  
But turning oft, as when with shouts and spears  
A bearded lion from the fold is driv'n  
By men and dogs; yet grieves his mighty heart,  
And with reluctant step he quits the yard:  
So from Patroclus Meneläus mov'd; 125  
Yet when he reach'd his comrades' ranks, he turn'd,  
And look'd around, if haply he might find

The mighty Ajax, son of Telamon.

Him on the battle's farthest left he spied,

Cheering his friends and urging to the fight, 130

For sorely Phœbus had their courage tried ;

And hast'ning to his side, address'd him thus :

“Ajax, haste hither ; to the rescue come

Of slain Patroclus ; if perchance we two

May to Achilles, Peleus' son, restore 135

His body : his naked body, for his arms

Are prize to Hector of the glancing helm.”

He said, and Ajax' spirit within him stirr'd ;

Forward he sprang, and with him Atreus' son.

Hector was dragging now Patroclus' corpse, 140

Stripp'd of its glitt'ring armour, and intent

The head to sever with his sword, and give

The mangled carcase to the dogs of Troy :

But Ajax, with his tow'r-like shield, approach'd ;

Then Hector to his comrades' ranks withdrew, 145

Rush'd to his car, and bade the Trojans bear

The glitt'ring arms, his glorious prize, to Troy :

While Ajax with his mighty shield o'erspread

Mencœtius' son ; and stood, as for his cubs

A lion stands, whom hunters, unaware, 150  
Have with his offspring met amid the woods.  
Proud in his strength he stands; and down are drawn,  
Cov'ring his eyes, the wrinkles of his brow:  
So o'er Patroclus mighty Ajax stood,  
And by his side, his heart with grief oppress'd, 155  
The warlike Meneläus, Atreus' son.

Then Glaucus, leader of the Lycian host,  
To Hector thus, with scornful glance, address'd  
His keen reproaches: "Hector, fair of form,  
How art thou wanting in the fight! thy fame, 160  
Coward and runaway, thou hast belied.  
Bethink thee now, if thou alone canst save  
The city, aided but by Trojans born;  
Henceforth no Lycian will go forth for Troy  
To fight with Greeks; since favour none we gain 165  
By unremitting toil against the foe.  
How can a meaner man expect thine aid,  
Who basely to the Greeks a prize and spoil  
Sarpedon leav'st, thy comrade and thy guest?  
Greatly he serv'd the city and thyself, 170  
While yet he liv'd; and now thou dar'st not save



His body from the dogs! By my advice  
If Lycians will be rul'd, we take at once  
Our homeward way, and Troy may meet her doom.  
But if in Trojan bosoms there abode 175  
The daring, dauntless courage, meet for men  
Who in their country's cause against the foe  
Endure both toil and war, we soon should see  
Patroclus brought within the walls of Troy;  
Him from the battle could we bear away, 180  
And, lifeless, bring to royal Priam's town,  
Soon would the Greeks Sarpedon's arms release,  
And we to Ilium's heights himself might bear:  
For with his valiant comrades there lies' slain  
The follower of the bravest chief of Greece. 185  
But thou before the mighty Ajax stood'st  
With downcast eyes, nor durst in manly fight  
Contend with one thy better far confess'd."

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,  
With stern regard, replied: "Why, Glaucus, speak, 190  
Brave as thou art, in this o'erbearing strain?  
Good friend, I heretofore have held thee wise  
O'er all who dwell in Lycia's fertile soil;

But now I change, and hold thy judgment cheap,  
Who chargest me with flying from the might 195  
Of giant Ajax; never have I shrunk  
From the stern fight, and clatter of the cars;  
But all o'erruling is the mind of Jove,  
Who strikes with panic, and of vict'ry robs  
The bravest; and anon excites to war. 200  
Stand now beside me, and behold my deeds,  
And see if through the day I merit blame,  
Or suffer that a Greek, how brave soe'er,  
Shall rescue from my hands Patroclus' corpse."

He said, and loudly on the Trojans call'd: 205  
"Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardans, fam'd  
In close encounter, quit ye now like men;  
Maintain awhile the stubborn fight, while I  
The splendid armour of Achilles don,  
My glorious prize from slain Patroclus torn." 210

So saying, Hector of the glancing helm,  
Withdrawing from the field, with rapid steps  
His comrades follow'd, and ere long o'ertook,  
Who tow'rd the town Achilles' armour bore;  
Then standing from the bloody fight aloof 215

The armour he exchang'd; his own he bade  
The warlike Trojans to the city bear;  
While he, of Peleus' son, Achilles, donn'd  
The heav'nly armour, which th' immortal Gods  
Gave to his sire; he to his son convey'd; 220  
Yet in that armour grew not old that son.

Him when apart the Cloud-compeller saw  
Girt with the arms of Peleus' godlike son,  
He shook his head, as inly thus he mus'd:  
"Ah hapless! little deem'st thou of thy fate, 225  
Though now so nigh! Thou of the prime of men,  
The dread of all, hast donn'd th' immortal arms,  
Whose comrade, brave and good, thy hand hath slain;  
And sham'd him, stripping from his head and breast  
Helmet and cuirass; yet thy latest hours 230  
Will I with glory crown; since ne'er from thee,  
Return'd from battle, shall Andromache  
Receive the spoils of Peleus' godlike son."

He said, and nodded with his shadowy brows;  
Then with the armour, fitted to his form 235  
By Jove himself, was Hector girt by Mars  
The fierce and terrible; with vig'rous strength

His limbs were strung, as 'mid his brave allies  
He sprang, loud-shouting ; glitt'ring in his arms,  
To all he seem'd Achilles' godlike self. 240  
To each and all in cheering tones he spoke,  
Mesthles and Glaucus and Thersilochus,  
Asteropæus and Hippothöus,  
Medon, Deisenor, Phorcys, Chromius,  
And Ennomus the seer : to all of these 245  
His wingèd words he cheeringly address'd :

“Hear me, ye countless tribes, that dwelling round  
Assist our cause ! You from your sev'ral homes  
Not for display of numbers have I call'd,  
But that with willing hearts ye should defend 250  
Our wives and infants from the warlike Greeks :  
For this I drain my people's stores, for food  
And gifts for you, exalting your estate ;  
Then, who will boldly onward, he may fall,  
Or safe escape, such is the chance of war ; 255  
But who within our valiant 'Trojans' ranks  
Shall but the body of Patroclus bring,  
Despite the might of Ajax ; half the spoils  
To him I give, the other half myself

Retaining; and his praise shall equal mine." 260

He said; and onward, with uplifted spears,  
They march'd upon the Greeks; high rose their hopes  
From Ajax Telamon to snatch the dead;  
Vain hopes, which cost them many a life! Then thus  
To valiant Meneläus Ajax spoke: 265

"O Heav'n-born Meneläus, noble friend,  
For safe return I dare no longer hope:  
Not for Patroclus' corpse so much I fear,  
Which soon will glut the dogs and birds of Troy,  
As for my life and thine I tremble now: 270  
For, like a war-cloud, Hector's might I see  
O'ershadowing all around; now is our doom  
Apparent; but do thou for succour call  
On all the chiefs, if haply they may hear."  
Thus Ajax spoke: obedient to his word, 275  
On all the chiefs Atrides call'd aloud:

"O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,  
All ye that banquet at the gen'ral cost  
With Atreus' sons, and o'er your sev'ral states  
Dominion hold; whose honour is of Jove; 280  
'Twere hard to call by name each single man,

So fierce the combat rages; but let each  
And all their aid afford, and deem it shame  
Patroclus' corpse should glut the dogs of Troy."

He said: first heard Oileus' active son, 285  
And hast'ning through the fray, beside him stood.  
Next him Idomeneus, with whom there came,  
Valiant as Mars, his friend Meriones.  
But who can know or tell the names of all,  
Who, following, swell'd the battle of the Greeks? 290  
Onward the Trojans press'd, by Hector led:  
With such a sound, as when the ocean wave  
Meets on the beach th' outpouring of a stream,  
Swoll'n by the rains of Heav'n; the lofty cliffs  
Resound, and bellows the big sea without; 295  
With such a sound advanc'd the Trojan host:  
While round Patroclus, with one heart and mind,  
The Greeks a fence of brass-clad bucklers rais'd.  
O'er their bright helms the son of Saturn shed  
A veil of darkness; for Menœtius' son, 300  
While yet he liv'd, Achilles' faithful friend,  
Jove hated not, nor would that now his corpse  
Should to the dogs of Troy remain a prey,

But to the rescue all his comrades stirr'd.

At first the Trojans drove the keen-ey'd Greeks; 305

Leaving the corpse, they fled; nor with their spears

The valiant Trojans reach'd a single Greek;

But on the dead they seiz'd; yet not for long

Endur'd their flight; them Ajax rallied soon,

In form pre-eminent, and deeds of arms, 310

O'er all the Greeks, save Peleus' matchless son.

Onward he sprang, as springs a mountain boar,

Which, turning in the forest glade to bay,

Scatters with ease both dogs and stalwart youths;

So Ajax scatter'd soon the Trojan ranks, 315

That round Patroclus closing, hop'd to bear,

With glory to themselves, his corpse to Troy.

Hippothōus, Pelasgian Lethus' son,

Was dragging by the feet the noble dead,

A leathern belt around his ancles bound, 320

The favour seeking of the men of Troy;

But on himself he brought destruction down,

Which none might turn aside; for from the crowd

Outsprang the son of Telamon, and struck,

In close encounter, on the brass-cheek'd helm; 325

The plumèd helm was shiver'd by the blow,  
Dealt by a weighty spear and stalwart hand;  
Gush'd from the wound the mingled blood and brain,  
His vital spirit quench'd; and on the ground  
Fell from his pow'rless grasp Patroclus' foot; 330  
While he himself lay stretch'd beside the dead,  
Far from his own Larissa's teeming soil:  
Not destin'd he his parents to repay  
Their early care; for short his term of life,  
By godlike Ajax' mighty spear subdued. 335

At Ajax Hector threw his glitt'ring spear:  
He saw, and narrowly the brazen death  
Escap'd; but Schedius, son of Iphitus,  
(The bravest of the Phocian chiefs, who dwelt  
In far-fam'd Panopeus, the mighty Lord 340  
Of num'rous hosts,) below the collar-bone  
It struck, and passing through, the brazen point  
Came forth again beneath his shoulder-blade:  
Thund'ring he fell, and loud his armour rang.

As Phorcys, son of Phænops, kept his watch 345  
O'er slain Hippothôus, him Ajax smote  
Below the waist; the weighty spear broke through



The hollow breastplate, and th' intestines tore;  
Prone in the dust he fell, and clutch'd the ground.  
At this the Trojan chiefs and Hector's self 350  
'Gan to give way; the Greeks, with joyful shouts,  
Seiz'd both the dead, and stripp'd their armour off.  
To Ilium now, before the warlike Greeks,  
O'ercome by panic, had the Trojans fled;  
And now had Greeks, despite the will of Jove, 355  
By their own strength and courage, won the day,  
Had not Apollo's self Æneas rous'd,  
In likeness of a herald, Periphas,  
The son of Epytus, now aged grown  
In service of Æneas' aged sire, 360  
A man of kindest soul: his form assum'd  
Apollo, and Æneas thus address'd:

“ Æneas, how, against the will of Heav'n,  
Could ye defend your city, as others now  
In their own strength and courage confident, 365  
Their numbers, and their troops' undaunted hearts,  
I see their cause maintaining; if when Jove  
Rather to us than them the vict'ry wills,  
With fear unspeakable ye shun the fight?”

He said: the presence of the Archer-God 370  
Æneas knew, and loud to Hector call'd:  
"Hector, and all ye other chiefs of Troy,  
And brave Allies, foul shame it were that we,  
O'ercome by panic, should to Ilium now  
In flight be driv'n before the warlike Greeks; 375  
And by my side, but now, some God there stood,  
And told how Jove, the sov'reign arbiter  
Of battle, on our side bestow'd his aid;  
On then! nor undisturb'd allow the Greeks  
To bear Patroclus' body to their ships." 380  
He said, and far before the ranks advanc'd;  
They rallying turn'd, and fac'd again the Greeks.  
Then first Æneas' spear the comrade brave  
Of Lycomedes struck, Leocritus,  
Son of Arisbas; Lycomedes saw 385  
With pitying eyes his gallant comrade's fall;  
And standing near, his glitt'ring spear he threw,  
And through the midriff Apisaon struck,  
His people's guardian chief, the valiant son  
Of Hippiasus, and slack'd his limbs in death. 390  
He from Pæonia's fertile fields had come,

O'er all his comrades eminent in fight,  
All save Asteropæus, who with eyes  
Of pity saw his gallant comrade's fall,  
And forward sprang to battle with the Greeks; 395  
Yet could not force his way; for all around  
Patroclus rose a fence of serried shields,  
And spears projecting: such the orders giv'n  
By Ajax, and with earnest care enforc'd;  
That from around the dead should none retire, 400  
Nor any to the front advance alone  
Before his fellows; but their steady guard  
Maintain, and hand to hand the battle wage.  
So order'd Ajax; then with crimson blood  
The earth was wet; and hand to hand they fell, 405  
Trojans alike, and brave Allies, and Greeks;  
For neither these a bloodless fight sustain'd,  
Though fewer far their losses; for they stood  
Of mutual succour mindful, and support.  
Thus, furious as the rage of fire, they fought; 410  
Nor might ye deem the glorious sun himself  
Nor moon was safe; for darkest clouds of night  
O'erspread the warriors, who the battle wag'd

Around the body of Menœtius' son :

Elsewhere the Trojans and the well-greav'd Greeks 415

Fought, undisturb'd, in the clear light of day ;

The sun's bright beams were shed abroad ; no cloud

Lay on the face of earth or mountain tops ;

They but by fits, at distant intervals,

And far apart, each seeking to avoid 420

The hostile missiles, fought ; but in the midst

The bravest all, in darkness and in strife

Sore press'd, toil'd on beneath their armour's weight.

As yet no tidings of Patroclus' fall

Had reach'd two valiant chiefs, Antilochus 425

And Thrasymedes ; but they deem'd him still

Alive, and fighting in the foremost ranks.

They, witnessing their comrades' flight and death,

Fought on apart, by Nestor so enjoin'd,

When from the ships he bade them join the fray. 430

Great was meanwhile their labour, who sustain'd,

Throughout the livelong day, that weary fight ;

Reek'd with continuous toil and sweat, the knees,

And legs and feet, the arms, and eyes, of all

Who round Achilles' faithful comrade fought. 435

As when a chief his people bids to stretch  
A huge bull's hide, all drench'd and soak'd with grease ;  
They in a circle rang'd, this way and that,  
Pull the tough hide, till ent'ring in, the grease  
Is all absorb'd; and dragg'd by num'rous hands 440  
The supple skin to th' utmost length is stretch'd;  
So these in narrow space this way and that  
The body dragg'd; and high the hopes of each  
To bear it off in triumph; to their ships  
The Greeks, to Troy the Trojans; fiercely rag'd 445  
The struggle; spirit-stirring Mars himself,  
Or Pallas to her utmost fury rous'd,  
Had not that struggle with contempt beheld:  
Such grievous labour o'er Patroclus' corpse  
Had Jove to horses and to men decreed. 450

But of Patroclus' fall no tidings yet  
Had reach'd Achilles; for the war was wag'd  
Far from the ships, beneath the walls of Troy;  
Nor look'd he of his death to hear, but deem'd  
That when the Trojans to their gates were driv'n, 455  
He would return in safety; for no hope  
Had he of taking by assault the town,

With, or without, his aid; for oft apart  
His Goddess-mother had his doom foretold,  
Revealing to her son the mind of Jove; 460  
Yet ne'er had warn'd him of such grief as this,  
Which now befell, his dearest comrade's loss.

Still round the dead they held their pointed spears,  
Fought hand to hand, and mutual slaughter dealt;  
And thus perchance some brass-clad Greek would say : 465

“ O friends, 'twere shameful should we to the ships  
Ingloriously return; ere that should be,  
Let earth engulph us all; so better far  
Than let these Trojans to their city bear  
Our dead, and boast them of their triumph gain'd.” 470  
On th' other hand some valiant Trojan thus  
Would shout: “ O friends, though fate decreed that here  
We all should die, yet let not one give way.”

Thus, cheering each his comrades, would they speak,  
And thus they fought; the iron clangour pierc'd 475  
The empty air, and brazen vault of Heav'n.  
But, from the fight withdrawn, Achilles' steeds  
Wept, as they heard how in the dust was laid  
Their charioteer, by Hector's murd'rous hand.

Automedon, Diores' valiant son, 480  
Essay'd in vain to rouse them with the lash,  
In vain with honey'd words, in vain with threats;  
Nor to the ships would they return again  
By the broad Hellespont, nor join the fray;  
But as a column stands, which marks the tomb 485  
Of man or woman, so immovable  
Beneath the splendid car they stood, their heads  
Down-drooping to the ground, while scalding tears  
Dropp'd earthward from their eyelids, as they mourn'd  
Their charioteer; and o'er the yoke-band shed 490  
Down stream'd their ample manes, with dust defil'd.  
The son of Saturn pitying saw their grief,  
And sorrowing shook his head, as thus he mus'd:  
    " Ah hapless horses! wherefore gave we you  
To royal Peleus, to a mortal man, 495  
You that from age and death are both exempt!  
Was it that you the miseries might share  
Of wretched mortals? for of all that breathe,  
And walk upon the earth, or creep, is nought  
More wretched than th' unhappy race of man. 500  
Yet shall not ye, nor shall your well-wrought car,

By Hector, son of Priam, be controll'd;  
I will not suffer it; enough for him  
To hold, with vaunting boast, Achilles' arms;  
But to your limbs and spirits will I impart 505  
Such strength, that from the battle to the ships  
Ye shall in safety bear Automedon;  
For yet I will the Trojans shall prevail,  
And slay, until they reach the well-mann'd ships,  
Till sets the sun, and darkness shrouds the earth." 510

He said, and in their breasts fresh spirit infus'd;  
They, shaking from their manes the dust, the car  
Amid the Greeks and Trojans lightly bore.  
Then, as a vulture 'mid a flock of geese,  
Amid the battle rush'd Automedon, 515  
His horses' course directing, and their speed  
Exciting, though he mourn'd his comrade slain.  
Swiftly he fled from out the Trojan host;  
Swiftly again assail'd them in pursuit;  
Yet, speedily to pursue, he could not slay; 520  
Nor, in the car alone, had pow'r at once  
To guide the flying steeds, and hurl the spear.  
At length a comrade brave, Alcimedon,



Laerces' son, beheld; behind the car

He stood, and thus Automedon address'd: 525

“Automedon, what God has fill'd thy mind

With counsels vain, and thee of sense bereft?

That with the Trojans, in the foremost ranks,

Thou fain wouldst fight alone, thy comrade slain,

While Hector proudly on his breast displays 530

The glorious arms of great *Æacides*.”

To whom Automedon, *Diores*' son:

“*Alcimedon*, since none of all the Greeks

May vie with thee, the mettle to control

Of these immortal horses, save indeed, 535

While yet he liv'd, *Patroclus*, godlike chief;

But him stern death and fate have overta'en;

Take thou the whip and shining reins, while I,

Descending from the car, engage in fight.”

He said; and, mounting on the war-car straight, 540

*Alcimedon* the whip and reins assum'd;

Down leap'd Automedon; great Hector saw,

And thus address'd *Æneas* at his side:

“*Æneas*, prince and counsellor of Troy,

I see, committed to unskilful hands, 545

Achilles' horses on the battle field :

These we may hope to take, if such thy will ;

For they, methinks, will scarcely stand oppos'd,

Or dare th' encounter of our joint assault."

He said; Anchises' valiant son complied; 550

Forward they went, their shoulders cover'd o'er

With stout bull's-hide, thick overlaid with brass.

With them both Chromius and Aretus went ;

And high their hopes were rais'd, the warriors both

To slay, and make the strong-neck'd steeds their prize: 555

Blind fools ! nor destin'd scatheless to escape

Automedon's encounter ; he his pray'r

To Jove address'd, and straight with added strength

His soul was fill'd ; and to Alcimedon,

His trusty friend and comrade, thus he spoke: 560

" Alcimedon, do thou the horses keep

Not far away, but breathing on my neck ;

For Hector's might will not, I deem, be stay'd,

Ere us he slay, and mount Achilles' car,

And carry terror 'mid the Grecian host, 565

Or in the foremost ranks himself be slain."

Thus spoke Automedon, and loudly call'd

On Meneläus and th' Ajaces both :

“ Ye two Ajaces, leaders of the host,

And, Meneläus, with our bravest all, 570

Ye on the dead alone your care bestow,

To guard him, and stave off the hostile ranks ;

But haste, and us, the living, save from death ;

For Hector and Æneas hitherward,

With weight o'erpow'ring, through the bloody press, 575

The bravest of the Trojans, force their way :

Yet is the issue in the hands of Heav'n ;

I hurl the spear, but Jove directs the blow.”

He said, and, poisoning, hurl'd his pond'rous spear ;

Full on Aretus' broad-orb'd shield it struck ; 580

Nor stay'd the shield its course ; the brazen point

Drove through the belt, and in his body lodg'd.

As with sharp axe in hand a stalwart man,

Striking behind the horns a sturdy bull,

Severs the neck ; he, forward, plunging, falls ; 585

So forward first he sprang, then backwards fell :

And quiv'ring, in his vitals deep infix'd,

The sharp spear soon relax'd his limbs in death.

Then at Automedon great Hector threw

His glitt'ring spear; he saw, and forward stoop'd, 590

And shunn'd the brazen death; behind him far

Deep in the soil infix'd, with quiv'ring shaft

The weapon stood; there Mars its impulse stay'd.

And now with swords, and hand to hand, the fight

Had been renew'd; but at their comrade's call 595

The two Ajaces, pressing through the throng,

Between the warriors interpos'd in haste.

Before them Hector and Æneas both,

And godlike Chromius, in alarm recoil'd;

Pierc'd through the heart, Aretus there they left; 600

And, terrible as Mars, Automedon

Stripp'd off his arms, and thus exulting cried:

"Of some small portion of its load of grief,

For slain Patroclus, is my heart reliev'd,

In slaying thee, all worthless as thou art." 605

Then, throwing on the car the bloody spoils,

He mounted, hands and feet imbrued with blood,

As 'twere a lion, fresh from his repast

Upon the carcase of a slaughter'd bull.

Again around Patroclus' body rag'd 610

The stubborn conflict, direful, sorrow-fraught:

From Heav'n descending, Pallas stirr'd the strife,  
Sent by all-seeing Jove to stimulate  
The warlike Greeks; for so his will inclin'd.  
As o'er the face of Heav'n when Jove extends 615  
His bright-hued bow, a sign to mortal men  
Of war, or wintry storms, which bid surcease  
The rural works of man, and pinch the flocks;  
So Pallas, in a bright-hued cloud array'd,  
Pass'd through the ranks, and rous'd each sev'ral man. 620  
To noble Meneläus, Atreus' son,  
Who close beside her stood, the Goddess first,  
The form of Phœnix and his pow'rful voice  
Assuming, thus her stirring words address'd:  
"On thee, O Meneläus, foul reproach 625  
Will fasten, if Achilles' faithful friend  
The dogs devour beneath the walls of Troy;  
Then hold thou firm, and all the host inspire."  
To whom thus Meneläus, good in fight:  
"O Phœnix, aged warrior, honour'd sire, 630  
If Pallas would the needful pow'r impart,  
And o'er me spread her ægis, then would I  
Undaunted for Patroclus' rescue fight,

For deeply by his death my heart is touch'd;  
But valiant Hector, with the strength of fire 635  
Still rages, and destruction deals around:  
For Jove is with him, and his triumph wills."

He said: the blue-ey'd Goddess heard with joy  
That, chief of all the Gods, her aid he sought.  
She gave fresh vigour to his arms and knees, 640  
And to his breast the boldness of the fly,  
Which, oft repell'd by man, renews th' assault  
Incessant, lur'd by taste of human blood;  
Such boldness in Atrides' manly breast  
Pallas inspir'd; beside Patroclus' corpse 645  
Again he stood, and pois'd his glitt'ring spear.

There was one Podes in the Trojan ranks,  
Son of Eëtion, rich, of blameless life,  
Of all the people most to Hector dear,  
And at his table oft a welcome guest: 650  
Him, as he turn'd to fly, beneath the waist  
Atrides struck; right through the spear was driv'n;  
Thund'ring he fell; and Atreus' son the corpse  
Dragg'd from the Trojans 'mid the ranks of Greece.

Then close at Hector's side Apollo stood, 655

Clad in the form of Phænops, Asius' son,  
Who in Abydos dwelt; of all th' Allies  
Honour'd of Hector most, and best belov'd;  
Clad in his form, the Far-destroyer spoke:

“Hector, what other Greek will scare thee next? 660  
Who shrink'st from Meneläus, heretofore  
A warrior deem'd of no repute; but now,  
Alone, he robs our Trojans of their dead;  
And in the foremost ranks e'en now hath slain  
Podes, thine own good friend, Eëtion's son.” 665

He said; dark grief o'erclouded Hector's brow,  
As to the front in dazzling arms he sprang.  
Then Saturn's son his tassell'd ægis wav'd,  
All glitt'ring bright; and Ida's lofty head  
In clouds and darkness shrouded; then he bade 670  
His lightning flash, his volleying thunder roar,  
That shook the mountain; and with vict'ry crown'd  
The Trojan arms, and panic-struck the Greeks.

The first who turn'd to fly was Peneleus,  
Boeotian chief; him, facing still the foe, 675  
A spear had slightly on the shoulder struck,  
The bone just grazing: by Polydamas,

Who close before him stood, the spear was thrown.  
Then Hector Lëitus, Alectryon's son,  
Thrust through the wrist, and quell'd his warlike might; 680  
Trembling, he look'd around, nor hop'd again  
The Trojans, spear in hand, to meet in fight;  
But, onward as he rush'd on Lëitus,  
Idomeneus at Hector threw his spear:  
Full on his breast it struck; but near the head 685  
The sturdy shaft was on the breastplate snapp'd:  
Loud was the Trojans' shout; and he in turn  
Aim'd at Idomeneus, Deucalion's son,  
Upstanding on his car; his mark he miss'd,  
But Coëranus he struck, the charioteer 690  
And faithful follower of Meriones,  
Who with him came from Lyctus' thriving town:  
The chief had left on foot the well-trimm'd ships;  
And, had not Coëranus his car in haste  
Driv'n to the rescue, by his fall had giv'n 695  
A Trojan triumph; to his Lord he brought  
Safety, and rescue from unsparing death;  
But fell, himself, by Hector's murd'rous hand.  
Him Hector struck between the cheek and ear,



Crashing the teeth, and cutting through the tongue. 700

Headlong he fell to earth, and dropp'd the reins :

These, stooping from the car, Meriones

Caught up, and thus Idomeneus address'd :

“ Ply now the lash, until thou reach the ships :

Thyself must see how crush'd the strength of Greece.” 705

He said ; and tow'rd the ships Idomeneus

Urg'd his fleet steeds ; for fear was on his soul.

Nor did not Ajax and Atrides see

How in the Trojans' favour Saturn's son

The wav'ring scale of vict'ry turn'd ; and thus 710

Great Ajax Telamon his grief express'd :

“ O Heav'n ! the veriest child might plainly see

That Jove the Trojans' triumph has decreed :

Their weapons all, by whomsoever thrown,

Or weak, or strong, attain their mark ; for Jove 715

Directs their course ; while ours upon the plain

Innocuous fall. But take we counsel now

How from the fray to bear away our dead,

And by our own return rejoice those friends

Who look with sorrow on our plight, and deem 720

That we, all pow'rless to resist the might

Of Hector's arm, beside the ships must fall.

Would that some comrade were at hand, to bear

A message to Achilles; him, I ween,

As yet the mournful tidings have not reach'd, 725

That on the field his dearest friend lies dead.

But such I see not; for a veil of cloud

O'er men and horses all around is spread.

O Father Jove, from o'er the sons of Greece

Remove this cloudy darkness; clear the sky, 730

That we may see our fate, and die at least,

If such thy will, in th' open light of day."

He said, and, pitying, Jove beheld his tears;

The clouds he scatter'd, and the mist dispers'd;

The sun shone forth, and all the field was clear; 735

Then Ajax thus to Meneläus spoke :

"Now, Heav'n-born Meneläus, look around

If haply 'mid the living thou mayst see

Antilochus, the noble Nestor's son;

And bid him to Achilles bear in haste 740

The tidings, that his dearest friend lies dead."

He said, nor did Atrides not comply;

But slow as moves a lion from the fold,

Which dogs and youths with ceaseless toil hath worn,  
Who all night long have kept their watch, to guard 745  
From his assault the choicest of the herd;  
He, hunger-pinch'd, hath oft th' attempt renew'd,  
But nought prevail'd; by spears on ev'ry side,  
And jav'lins met, wielded by stalwart hands,  
And blazing torches, which his courage daunt; 750  
Till with the morn he sullenly withdraws;  
So from Patroclus, with reluctant step  
Atrides mov'd; for much he fear'd the Greeks  
Might to the Trojans, panic-struck, the dead  
Abandon; and departing, he besought 755  
The two Ajaces and Meriones:  
"Ye two Ajaces, leaders of the Greeks,  
And thou, Meriones, remember now  
Our lost Patroclus' gentle courtesy,  
How kind and genial was his soul to all, 760  
While yet he liv'd—now sunk, alas! in death."

Thus saying, Meneläus took his way,  
Casting his glance around on ev'ry side,  
Like to an eagle, fam'd of sharpest sight  
Of all that fly beneath the vault of Heav'n; 765

Whom, soaring in the clouds, the crouching hare  
Eludes not, though in leafiest covert hid;  
But swooping down, he rends her life away :  
So, Meneläus, through the ranks of war  
Thy piercing glances ev'ry way were turn'd, 770  
If Nestor's son, alive, thou mightst descry;  
Him on the field's extremest left he found,  
Cheering his friends, and urging to the fight ;  
He stood beside him, and address'd him thus :  
    " Antilochus, come hither, godlike friend, 775  
And woful tidings hear, which would to Heav'n  
I had not to impart; thyself thou seest  
How Jove hath heap'd disaster on the Greeks,  
And vict'ry giv'n to Troy ; but one has fall'n,  
Our bravest, best! Patroclus lies in death ; 780  
And deeply must the Greeks his loss deplore.  
But haste thee to the ships, to Peleus' son  
The tidings bear, if haply he may save  
The body of Patroclus from the foe ;  
His naked body, for his arms are now 785  
The prize of Hector of the glancing helm."  
He said ; and at his words Antilochus

Astounded stood; long time his tongue in vain  
For utt'rance strove; his eyes were fill'd with tears,  
His cheerful voice was mute; yet not the less 790  
To Meneläus' bidding gave his care:  
Swiftly he sped; but to Læodocus,  
His comrade brave, who waited with his car  
In close attendance, first consign'd his arms;  
Then from the field with active limbs he flew, 795  
Weeping, with mournful news, to Peleus' son.  
Nor, noble Meneläus, did thy heart  
Incline thee to remain, and aid thy friends,  
Where from their war-worn ranks the Pylian troops  
Deplor'd the absence of Antilochus; 800  
But these in godlike Thrasymedes' charge  
He left; and to Patroclus hast'ning back,  
Beside th' Ajaces stood, as thus he spoke:  
"Him to Achilles, to the ships, in haste  
I have despatch'd; yet fiercely as his wrath 805  
May burn tow'rd Hector, I can scarce expect  
His presence here; for how could he, unarm'd,  
With Trojans fight? But take we counsel now  
How from the field to bear away our dead,

And 'scape ourselves from death by Trojan hands." 810

Whom answer'd thus great Ajax Telamon:

"Illustrious Menelâus, all thy words

Are just and true; then from amid the press,

Thou and Meriones, take up in haste,

And bear away the body; while behind 815

We two, in heart united, as in name,

Who side by side have still been wont to fight,

Will Hector and his Trojans hold at bay."

He said; they, lifting in their arms the corpse,

Uprais'd it high in air; then from behind 820

Loud yell'd the Trojans, as they saw the Greeks

Retiring with their dead; and on they rush'd,

As dogs that in advance of hunter youths

Pursue a wounded boar; awhile they run,

Eager for blood; but when, in pride of strength, 825

He turns upon them, backward they recoil,

This way and that in fear of death dispers'd:

So onward press'd awhile the Trojan crowd,

With thrust of swords, and double-pointed spears;

But ever as th' Ajaces turn'd to bay, 830

Their colour chang'd to pale, not one so bold

As, dashing on, to battle for the corpse.  
Thus they, with anxious care, from off the field  
Bore tow'rd the ships their dead; but on their track  
Came sweeping on the storm of battle, fierce, 835  
As, on a sudden breaking forth, the fire  
Seizes some populous city, and devours  
House after house amid the glare and blaze,  
While roar the flames before the gusty wind;  
So fiercely press'd upon the Greeks' retreat 840  
The clatt'ring tramp of steeds and armed men.  
But as the mules, with stubborn strength endued,  
That down the mountain through the trackless waste  
Drag some huge log, or timber for the ships,  
And spent with toil and sweat, still labour on 845  
Unflinching; so the Greeks with patient toil  
Bore on their dead; th' Ajaces in their rear  
Stemming the war, as stems the torrent's force  
Some wooded cliff, far stretching o'er the plain;  
Checking the mighty river's rushing stream, 850  
And flinging it aside upon the plain,  
Itself unbroken by the strength of flood:  
So firmly, in the rear, th' Ajaces stemm'd

The Trojan force; yet these still onward press'd,  
And, 'mid their comrades proudly eminent, 855  
Two chiefs, Æneas, old Anchises' son,  
And glorious Hector, in the van were seen.  
Then, as a cloud of starlings or of daws  
Fly screaming, as they see the hawk approach,  
To lesser birds the messenger of death; 860  
So before Hector and Æneas fled,  
Screaming, forgetful of their warlike fame,  
The sons of Greece; and scatter'd here and there  
Around the ditch lay store of goodly arms,  
By Greeks abandon'd in their hasty flight. 865  
Yet still, unintermitted, rag'd the war.



## BOOK XVIII.

THUS, furious as the rage of fire, they fought.

Meantime Antilochus to Peleus' son,  
Swift-footed messenger, his tidings bore.  
Him by the high-beak'd ships he found, his mind  
Th' event presaging, fill'd with anxious thoughts,      5  
As thus he commun'd with his mighty heart:

“Alas! what means it, that the long-hair'd Greeks,  
Chas'd from the plain, are thronging round the ships?  
Let me not now, ye Gods, endure the grief  
My mother once foretold, that I should live      10  
To see the bravest of the Myrmidons  
Cut off by Trojans from the light of day.  
Menoetius' noble son has surely fall'n;  
Foolhardy! yet I warn'd him, and besought,  
Soon as the ships from hostile fires were safe,      15  
Back to return, nor Hector's onset meet.”

While in his mind and spirit thus he mus'd,

Beside him stood the noble Nestor's son,  
And weeping, thus his mournful message gave:

“Alas! great son of Peleus, woful news, 20  
Which would to Heav'n I had not to impart,  
To thee I bring: Patroclus lies in death;  
And o'er his body now the war is wag'd;  
His naked body, for his arms are now  
The prize of Hector of the glancing helm.” 25

He said; and darkest clouds of grief o'erspread  
Achilles' brow; with both his hands he seiz'd  
And pour'd upon his head the grimy dust,  
Marring his graceful visage; and defil'd  
With black'ning ashes all his costly robes. 30  
Stretch'd in the dust his lofty stature lay,  
As with his hands his flowing locks he tore;  
Loud was the wailing of the female band,  
Achilles' and Patroclus' prize of war,  
As round Achilles, rushing out of doors, 35  
Beating their breasts, with tott'ring limbs they press'd.  
In tears beside him stood Antilochus,  
And in his own Achilles' hand he held,  
Groaning in spirit, fearful lest for grief

In his own bosom he should sheathe his sword. 40  
Loud were his moans; his Goddess-mother heard,  
Beside her aged father where she sat  
In the deep ocean caves; she heard, and wept:  
The Nereids all, in ocean's depths who dwell,  
Encircled her around; Cymodoce,\* 45  
Nesæe, Spio, and Cymothœe,  
The stag-ey'd Halia, and Amphithœe,  
Actæa, Limnorea, Melite,  
Doris, and Galatea, Panope;  
There too were Oreithyia, Clymene, 50  
And Amatheia with the golden hair,  
And all the denizens of ocean's depths.  
Fill'd was the glassy cave; in unison  
They beat their breasts, as Thetis led the wail:  
"Give ear, my sister Nereids all, and learn 55  
How deep the grief that in my breast I bear.

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\* L. 45 et seqq. I hope I may be pardoned for having somewhat curtailed the list of these ladies, which in the original extends over ten lines of names only. In doing so, I have followed the example of Virgil, who represents the same ladies, evidently the *élite* of submarine society (G. 4. 336), in attendance on Cyrene; and has not only reduced the list, but added some slight touches illustrating their occupations and private history: a liberty permissible to an imitator, but not to a translator.

Me miserable! me, of noblest son  
Unhappiest mother! me, a son who bore,  
My brave, my beautiful, of heroes chief!  
Like a young tree he throve: I tended him, 60  
In a rich vineyard as the choicest plant;  
Till in the beaked ships I sent him forth  
To war with Troy; him ne'er shall I behold,  
Returning home, in aged Peleus' house.  
Ev'n while he lives, and sees the light of day, 65  
He lives in sorrow; nor, to soothe his grief,  
My presence can avail; yet will I go,  
That I may see my dearest child, and learn  
What grief hath reach'd him, from the war withdrawn."

She said, and left the cave; with her they went, 70  
Weeping; before them parted th' ocean wave.  
But when they reach'd the fertile shore of Troy,  
In order due they landed on the beach,  
Where frequent, round Achilles swift of foot,  
Were moor'd the vessels of the Myrmidons. 75  
There, as he groan'd aloud, beside him stood  
His Goddess-mother; weeping, in her hands  
She held his head, while pitying thus she spoke:

“Why weeps my son? and what his cause of grief?  
Speak out, and nought conceal; for all thy pray’r 80  
Which with uplifted hands thou mad’st to Jove,  
He hath fulfill’d, that, flying to their ships,  
The routed sons of Greece should feel how much  
They need thine aid, and mourn their insult past.”

To whom Achilles, deeply groaning, thus: 85  
“Mother, all this indeed hath Jove fulfill’d;  
Yet what avails it, since my dearest friend  
Is slain, Patroclus? whom I honour’d most  
Of all my comrades, lov’d him as my soul,  
Him have I lost: and Hector from his corpse 90  
Hath stripp’d those arms, those weighty, beauteous arms,  
A marvel to behold, which from the Gods  
Peleus receiv’d, a glorious gift, that day  
When thou, a Goddess, shar’dst a mortal’s bed.  
How better were it, if thy lot had been 95  
Still ’mid the Ocean deities to dwell,  
And Peleus had espous’d a mortal bride!  
For now is bitter grief for thee in store,  
Mourning thy son; whom to his home return’d  
Thou never more shalt see; nor would I wish 100

To live, and move amid my fellow-men,  
Unless that Hector, vanquish'd by my spear,  
May lose his forfeit life, and pay the price  
Of foul dishonour to Patroclus done."

To whom, her tears o'erflowing, Thetis thus : 105  
" Ev'n as thou sayst, my son, thy term is short ;  
Nor long shall Hector's fate precede thine own."

Achilles, answer'ing, spoke in passionate grief :  
" Would I might die this hour, who fail'd to save  
My comrade slain ! far from his native land 110  
He died, sore needing my protecting arm ;  
And I, who ne'er again must see my home,  
Nor to Patroclus, nor the many Greeks  
Whom Hector's hand hath slain, have render'd aid ;  
But idly here I sit, cumb'ring the ground : 115  
I, who amid the Greeks no equal own  
In fight ; to others, in debate, I yield.  
Accurs'd of Gods and men be hateful strife  
And anger, which to violence provokes  
Ev'n temp'rate souls ; though sweeter be its taste 120  
Than dropping honey, in the heart of man  
Swelling, like smoke ; such anger in my soul

Hath Agamemnon kindled, King of men.

But pass we that; though still my heart be sore,

Yet will I school my angry spirit down. 125

In search of Hector now, of him who slew

My friend, I go; prepar'd to meet my death,

When Jove shall will it, and th' Immortals all.

From death not ev'n the might of Hercules,

Though best belov'd of Saturn's son, could fly, 130

By fate and Juno's bitter wrath subdued.

I too, since such my doom, must lie in death;

Yet, ere I die, immortal fame will win;

And from their delicate cheeks, deep-bosom'd dames,

Dardan and Trojan, bitter tears shall wipe, 135

And groan in anguish; then shall all men know

How long I have been absent from the field;

Then, though thou love me, seek not from the war

To stay my steps; for bootless were thy speech."

Whom answer'd thus the silver-footed Queen: 140

"True are thy words, my son; and good it is,

And commendable, from the stroke of death

To save a worsted comrade; but thine arms,

Thy brazen, flashing arms, the Trojans hold:

Them Hector of the glancing helm himself 145  
Bears on his breast, exulting; yet not long  
Shall be his triumph, for his doom is nigh.  
But thou, engage not in the toils of war,  
Until thine eyes again behold me here;  
For with to-morrow's sun will I return 150  
With arms of heav'nly mould, by Vulcan wrought."

Thus saying, from her son she turn'd away,  
And turning, to her sister Nereids spoke:  
"Back to the spacious bosom of the deep  
Retire ye now; and to my father's house, 155  
The aged Ocean God, your tidings bear;  
While I to high Olympus speed, to crave  
At Vulcan's hand, the skill'd artificer,  
A boon of dazzling armour for my son."

She said; and they beneath the ocean wave 160  
Descended, while to high Olympus sped  
The silver-footed Goddess, thence in hope  
To bear the dazzling armour to her son.  
She to Olympus sped; the Greeks meanwhile  
Before the warrior-slayer Hector fled 165  
With wild, tumultuous uproar, till they reach'd



Their vessels and the shore of Hellespont.  
Nor had the well-greav'd Greeks Achilles' friend,  
Patroclus, from amid the fray withdrawn;  
For close upon him follow'd horse and man, 170  
And Hector, son of Priam, fierce as flame;  
Thrice noble Hector, seizing from behind,  
Sought by the feet to drag away the dead,  
Cheering his friends; thrice, clad in warlike might,  
The two Ajaces drove him from his prey. 175  
Yet, fearless in his strength, now rushing on  
He dash'd amid the fray; now, shouting loud,  
Stood firm; but backward not a step retir'd.  
As from a carcase herdsmen strive in vain  
To scare a tawny lion, hunger-pinch'd; 180  
Ev'n so th' Ajaces, mail-clad warriors, fail'd  
The son of Priam from the corpse to scare.  
And now the body had he borne away,  
With endless fame; but from Olympus' height  
Came storm-swift Iris down to Peleus' son, 185  
And bade him don his arms; by Juno sent,  
Unknown to Jove, and to th' Immortals all.  
She stood beside him, and address'd him thus:

“ Up, son of Peleus ! up, thou prince of men !  
Haste to Patroclus’ rescue ; whom around, 190  
Before the ships, is wag’d a fearful war,  
With mutual slaughter ; these the dead defending.  
And those to Ilium’s breezy heights intent  
To bear the body ; noble Hector chief,  
Who longs to sever from the tender neck, 195  
And fix upon the spikes, thy comrade’s head.  
Up then ! delay no longer ; deem it shame  
Patroclus’ corpse should glut the dogs of Troy,  
Dishon’ring thee, if aught dishonour him.”  
Whom answer’d thus Achilles, swift of foot : 200  
“ Say, heav’nly Iris, of th’ immortal Gods  
Who bade thee seek me, and this message bring ?”  
To whom swift Iris thus : “ To thee I come  
By Juno sent, th’ imperial wife of Jove ;  
Unknown to Saturn’s son, and all the Gods 205  
Who on Olympus’ snowy summit dwell.”  
To whom again Achilles, swift of foot :  
“ How in the battle toil can I engage ?  
My arms are with the Trojans ; and to boot  
My mother warn’d me not to arm for fight, 210

Till I again should see her; for she hop'd  
To bring me heav'nly arms by Vulcan wrought:  
Nor know I well whose armour I could wear,  
Save the broad shield of Ajax Telamon;  
And he, methinks, amid the foremost ranks 215  
Ev'n now is fighting o'er Patroclus' corpse."

Whom answer'd storm-swift Iris: "Well we know  
Thy glorious arms are by the Trojans held;  
But go thou forth, and from above the ditch  
Appear before them; daunted at the sight, 220  
Haply the Trojans may forsake the field,  
And breathing-time afford the sons of Greece,  
Toil-worn; for little pause has yet been theirs."

Swift Iris said, and vanish'd; then uprose  
Achilles, dear to Jove; and Pallas threw 225  
Her tassell'd ægis o'er his shoulders broad;  
His head encircling with a coronet  
Of golden cloud, whence fiery flashes gleam'd.  
As from an island city up to Heav'n  
The smoke ascends, which hostile forces round 230  
Beleaguer, and all day with cruel war  
From its own state cut off; but when the sun

Hath set, blaze frequent forth the beacon fires ;  
High rise the flames, and to the dwellers round  
Their signal flash, if haply o'er the sea 235  
May come the needful aid ; so brightly flash'd  
That fiery light around Achilles' head.  
He left the wall, and stood above the ditch,  
But from the Greeks apart, rememb'ring well  
His mother's prudent counsel ; there he stood, 240  
And shouted loudly ; Pallas join'd her voice,  
And fill'd with terror all the Trojan host.  
Clear as the trumpet's sound, which calls to arms  
Some town, encompass'd round with hostile bands,  
Rang out the voice of great Æacides. 245  
But when Achilles' voice of brass they heard,  
They quail'd in spirit ; the sleek-skin'd steeds themselves,  
Conscious of coming ill, bore back the cars :  
Their charioteers, dismay'd, beheld the flame  
Which, kindled by the blue-ey'd Goddess, blaz'd 250  
Unquench'd around the head of Peleus' son.  
Thrice shouted from the ditch the godlike chief ;  
Thrice terror struck both Trojans and Allies ;  
And there and then beside their chariots fell

Twelve of their bravest; while the Greeks, well pleas'd, 255  
Patroclus' body from the fray withdrew,  
And on a litter laid; around him stood  
His comrades, mourning; with them, Peleus' son,  
Shedding hot tears, as on his friend he gaz'd,  
Laid on the bier, and pierc'd with deadly wounds: 260  
Him to the war with horses and with cars  
He sent; but ne'er to welcome his return.

By stag-cy'd Juno sent, reluctant sank  
Th' unwearied sun beneath the ocean wave;  
The sun had set, and breath'd awhile the Greeks 265  
From the fierce labours of the balanc'd field;  
Nor less the Trojans, from the stubborn fight  
Retiring, from the chariots loos'd their steeds:  
But ere they shar'd the ev'ning meal, they met  
In council; all stood up; none dar'd to sit; 270  
For fear had fall'n on all, when reappear'd  
Achilles, from the battle long withdrawn.  
First Panthous' son, the sage Polydamas,  
Address'd th' assembly; his sagacious mind  
Alone beheld the future and the past; 275  
The friend of Hector, born the selfsame night;

One in debate, the other best in arms ;

Who thus with prudent speech began, and said :

“ Be well advis’d, my friends ! my counsel is

That we regain the city, nor the morn 280

Here in the plain, beside the ships, await,

So far remov’d from our protecting walls.

While fiercely burn’d ’gainst Atreus’ godlike son

That mighty warrior’s wrath, ’twas easier far

With th’ other Greeks to deal ; and I rejoic’d 285

When by the ships we pass’d the night, in hopes

We soon might call them ours ; but now, I own,

Achilles, swift of foot, excites my fear.

His prond, impetuous spirit will spurn the plain,

Where Greeks and Trojans oft in warlike strife 290

Their balanc’d strength exert ; if he come forth,

Our fight will be to guard our homes and wives.

Gain we the city ; trust me, so ’twere best.

Now, for a while, ambrosial night detains

The son of Peleus ; but at early morn 295

If issuing forth in arms he find us here,

His prowess we shall know ; and happy he

Who, flying, shall in safety reach the walls

Of sacred Troy; for many a Trojan slain  
Shall feed the vultures: Heav'n avert such fate! 300  
But if, though loth, ye will by me be rul'd,  
This night in council husband we our strength;  
While tow'rs, and lofty gates, and folding doors  
Close join'd, well-fitting, shall our city guard:  
Then issuing forth in arms at early morn 305  
Man we the tow'rs; so harder were his task  
If, from the ships advancing, round the wall  
He offer battle; bootless to return,  
His strong-neck'd horses worn with labour vain  
In coursing, purposeless, around the town. 310  
To force an entrance, or the town destroy,  
Is not his aim; and ere that end be gain'd,  
The dogs of Troy upon his flesh shall feed."

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm  
With stern regard: "Polydamas, thy words 315  
Are such as grate unkindly on mine ear,  
Who fain wouldst have us to the walls retire.  
What? have ye not already long enough  
Been coop'd within the tow'rs? the wealth of Troy,  
Its brass, its gold, were once the common theme 320

Of ev'ry tongue; our hoarded treasures now  
Are gone, to Phrygian and Mæonian shores  
For sale exported. costly merchandise,  
Since on our city fell the wrath of Jove.  
And now, when deep-designing Saturn's son 325  
Such glory gives me as to gain the ships,  
And, crowded by the sea, hem in the Greeks,  
Fool! put not thou these timid counsels forth,  
Which none will follow, nor will I allow.  
But hear ye all, and do as I advise: 330  
Share now the meal, by ranks, throughout the host;  
Then set your watch, and each keep careful guard;  
And whom his spoils o'erload, if such there be,  
Let him divide them with the gen'ral crowd;  
Better that they should hold them than the Greeks: 335  
And with the morn, in arms, beside the ships,  
Will we again awake the furious war.  
But if indeed Achilles by the ships  
Hath reappear'd, himself, if so he choose,  
Shall be the sufferer; from the perilous strife 340  
I will not shrink, but his encounter meet:  
So he, or I, shall gain immortal fame;



Impartial Mars hath oft the slayer slain."

Thus Hector spoke; the Trojans cheer'd aloud:  
Fools, and by Pallas of their sense bereft, 345  
Who all applauded Hector's ill advice,  
None the sage counsel of Polydamas!  
Then through the camp they shar'd the ev'ning meal.

Meantime the Greeks all night with tears and groans  
Bewail'd Patroclus: on his comrade's breast 350  
Achilles laid his murder-dealing hands,  
And led with bitter groans the loud lament.  
As when the hunters, in the forest's depth,  
Have robb'd a bearded lion of his cubs;  
Too late arriving, he with anger chafes; 355  
Then follows, if perchance he may o'ertake,  
Through many a mountain glen, the hunters' steps,  
With grief and fury fill'd; so Peleus' son,  
With bitter groans, the Myrmidons address'd:

"Vain was, alas! the promise which I gave, 360  
Seeking the brave Menœtius to console,  
To bring to Opus back his gallant son,  
Rich with his share of spoil from Troy o'erthrown;  
But Jove fulfils not all that man designs:

For us hath fate decreed, that here in Troy 365

We two one soil should redden with our blood ;

Nor me, returning to my native land,

Shall aged Peleus in his halls receive,

Nor Thetis ; here must earth retain my bones.

But since, Patroclus, I am doom'd on earth 370

Behind thee to remain, thy fun'ral rites

I will not celebrate, till Hector's arms,

And head, thy haughty slayer's, here I bring ;

And on thy pyre twelve noble sons of Troy

Will sacrifice, in vengeance of thy death. 375

Thou by our beakèd ships till then must lie ;

And weeping o'er thee shall deep-bosom'd dames,

Trojan and Dardan, mourn both night and day ;

The prizes of our toil, when wealthy towns

Before our valour and our spears have fall'n." 380

He said, and bade his comrades on the fire

An ample tripod place, without delay

To cleanse Patroclus from the bloody gore :

They on the burning fire the tripod plac'd,

With water fill'd, and kindled wood beneath. 385

Around the bellying tripod rose the flames,

Heating the bath; within the glitt'ring brass  
Soon as the water boil'd, they wash'd the corpse,  
With lissom oils anointing, and the wounds  
With fragrant ointments fill'd, of nine years old; 390  
Then in fine linen they the body wrapp'd  
From head to feet, and laid it on a couch,  
And cover'd over with a fair white sheet.  
All night around Achilles swift of foot  
The Myrmidons with tears Patroclus mourn'd. 395

To Juno then, his sister and his wife,  
Thus Saturn's son: "At length thou hast thy will,  
Imperial Juno, who hast stirr'd to war  
Achilles swift of foot; well might one deem  
These long-hair'd Greeks from thee deriv'd their birth." 400

To whom in answer thus the stag-ey'd Queen:  
"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?  
Ev'n man, though mortal, and inferior far  
To us in wisdom, might so much effect  
Against his fellow-man; then how should I, 405  
By double title chief of Goddesses,  
First by my birth, and next because thy wife  
I boast me, thine, o'er all the Gods supreme,

Not work my vengeance on the Trojan race?"

Such converse while they held, to Vulcan's house, 410

Immortal, starlike bright, among the Gods

Unrivall'd, all of brass, by Vulcan's self

Constructed, sped the silver-footed Queen.

Him swelt'ring at his forge she found, intent

On forming twenty tripods, which should stand 415

The wall surrounding of his well-built house;

With golden wheels beneath he furnish'd each,

And to th' assembly of the Gods endued

With pow'r to move spontaneous, and return,

A marvel to behold! thus far his work 420

He had completed; but not yet had fix'd

The rich-wrought handles; these his labour now

Engag'd, to fit them, and to rivet fast.

While thus he exercis'd his practis'd skill,

The silver-footed Queen approach'd the house. 425

Charis, the skilful artist's wedded wife,

Beheld her coming, and advanc'd to meet;

And, as her hand she clasp'd, address'd her thus:

"Say, Thetis of the flowing robe, belov'd

And honour'd, whence this visit to our house, 430

An unaccustom'd guest? but come thou in,  
That I may welcome thee with honour due."

Thus, as she spoke, the Goddess led her in,  
And on a seat with silver studs adorn'd,  
Fair, richly wrought, a footstool at her feet, 435  
She bade her sit; then thus to Vulcan call'd:  
"Haste hither, Vulcan; Thetis asks thine aid."

Whom answer'd thus the skill'd artificer:  
"An honour'd and a venerated guest  
Our house contains; who sav'd me once from woe, 440  
When by my mother's act from Heav'n I fell,  
Who, for that I was crippled in my feet,  
Deem'd it not shame to hide me; hard had then  
My fortune been, had not Eurynome  
And Thetis in their bosoms shelter'd me; 445  
Eurynome, from old Oceanus  
Who drew her birth, the ever-circling flood.  
Nine years with them I dwelt, and many a work  
I fashion'd there of metal, clasps, and chains  
Of spiral coil, rich cups, and collars fair, 450  
Hid in a cave profound; where th' ocean stream  
With ceaseless murmur foam'd and moan'd around;

Unknown to God or man, but to those two  
Who sav'd me, Thetis and Eurynome.  
Now to my house hath fair-hair'd Thetis come; 455  
To her, my life preserv'd its tribute owes:  
Then thou the hospitable rites perform,  
While I my bellows and my tools lay by."

He said, and from the anvil rear'd upright  
His massive strength; and as he limp'd along, 460  
His tott'ring knees were bow'd beneath his weight.  
The bellows from the fire he next withdrew,  
And in a silver casket plac'd his tools;  
Then with a sponge his brows and lusty arms  
He wip'd, and sturdy neck and hairy chest. 465  
He donn'd his robe, and took his weighty staff;  
Then through the door with halting step he pass'd;  
There waited on their King th' attendant maids;  
In form as living maids, but wrought in gold;  
Instinct with consciousness, with voice endued, 470  
And strength, and skill from heav'nly teachers drawn.  
These waited, duteous, at the Monarch's side,  
His steps supporting; he, with halting gait,  
Pass'd to a gorgeous chair by Thetis' side,

And, as her hand he clasp'd, address'd her thus: 475

“Say, Thetis of the flowing robe, belov'd  
And honour'd, whence this visit to our house,  
An unaccustom'd guest? say what thy will,  
And, if within my pow'r, esteem it done.”

To whom in answer Thetis, weeping, thus: 480

“Vulcan, of all the Goddesses who dwell  
On high Olympus, lives there one whose soul  
Hath borne such weight of woe, so many griefs,  
As Saturn's son hath heap'd on me alone?

Me, whom he chose from all the sea-born nymphs, 485

And gave to Peleus, son of Æacus,

His subject; I endur'd a mortal's bed,

Though sore against my will; he now, bent down

By feeble age, lies helpless in his house.

Now adds he farther grief; he granted me 490

To bear, and rear, a son, of heroes chief;

Like a young tree he throve; I tended him,

In a rich vineyard as the choicest plant:

Till in the beaked ships I sent him forth

To war with Troy; him ne'er shall I behold, 495

Returning home, in aged Peleus' house.

Ev'n while he lives, and sees the light of day,  
He lives in sorrow; nor, to soothe his grief,  
My presence can avail; a girl, his prize,  
Selected for him by the sons of Greece, 500  
Great Agamemnon wrested from his arms:  
In grief and rage he pin'd his soul away;  
Then by the Trojans were the Greeks hemm'd in  
Beside their ships, and from within their camp  
No outlet found; the Grecian Elders then 505  
Implor'd his aid, and promis'd costly gifts.  
With his own hand to save them he refus'd;  
But, in his armour clad, to battle sent  
His friend Patroclus, with a num'rous band.  
All day they fought before the Scæan gates; 510  
And in that day had Ilium been destroy'd,  
But in the van, Menœtius' noble son,  
After great deeds achiev'd, Apollo slew,  
And crown'd with glory Hector, Priam's son.  
Therefore a suppliant to thy knees I come, 515  
If to my son, to early death condemn'd,  
Thou wilt accord the boon of shield and helm,  
And well-wrought greaves with silver clasps secur'd,



And breastplate ; for his own, his faithful friend,  
By Trojan hands subdued, hath lost ; and he, 520  
O'erwhelm'd with grief, lies prostrate on the earth."

Whom answer'd thus the skill'd artificer :  
"Take comfort, nor let this disturb thy mind ;  
Would that as surely, when his hour shall come,  
I could defend him from the stroke of death, 525  
As I can promise that he shall possess  
Such arms as they shall marvel who behold."

He left her thus, and to his forge return'd ;  
The bellows then directing to the fire,  
He bade them work ; through twenty pipes at once 530  
Forthwith they pour'd their diverse-temper'd blasts ;  
Now briskly seconding his eager haste,  
Now at his will, and as the work requir'd.  
The stubborn brass, and tin, and precious gold,  
And silver, first he melted in the fire ; 535  
Then on its stand his weighty anvil plac'd ;  
And with one hand the hammer's pond'rous weight  
He wielded, while the other grasp'd the tongs.

And first a shield he fashion'd, vast and strong,  
With rich adornment ; circled with a rim, 540

Threefold, bright-gleaming, whence a silver belt  
Depended; of five folds the shield was form'd;  
And on its surface many a rare design  
Of curious art his practis'd skill had wrought.

Thereon were figur'd earth, and sky, and sea, 545  
The ever-circling sun, and full-orb'd moon,  
And all the signs that crown the vault of Heav'n;  
Pleiads and Hyads, and Orion's might,  
And Arctos, call'd the Wain, who wheels on high  
His circling course, and on Orion waits; 550  
Sole star that never bathes in th' ocean wave.

And two fair populous towns were sculptur'd there:  
In one were marriage pomp and revelry,  
And brides, in gay procession, through the streets  
With blazing torches from their chambers borne, 555  
While frequent rose the hymeneal song.  
Youths whirl'd around in joyous dance, with sound  
Of flute and harp; and, standing at their doors,  
Admiring women on the pageant gaz'd.

Meanwhile a busy throng the forum fill'd: 560  
There between two a fierce contention rose,  
About a death-fine; to the public one

Appeal'd, asserting to have paid the whole ;  
While one denied that he had aught receiv'd.  
Both were desirous that before the Judge 565  
The issue should be tried ; with noisy shouts  
Their sev'ral partisans encourag'd each.  
The heralds still'd the tumult of the crowd :  
On polish'd chairs, in solemn circle, sat  
The rev'rend Elders ; in their hands they held 570  
The loud-voic'd heralds' sceptres ; waving these,  
They heard th' alternate pleadings ; in the midst  
Two talents lay of gold, which he should take  
Who should before them prove his righteous cause.

Before the second town two armies lay, 575  
In arms refulgent ; to destroy the town  
Th' assailants threaten'd, or among themselves  
Of all the wealth within the city stor'd  
An equal half, as ransom, to divide.  
The terms rejecting, the defenders mann'd 580  
A secret ambush ; on the walls they plac'd  
Women and children muster'd for defence,  
And men by age enfeebled ; forth they went,  
By Mars and Pallas led ; these, wrought in gold,

In golden arms array'd, above the crowd 585  
For beauty and stature, as befitting Gods,  
Conspicuous shone; of lesser height the rest.  
But when the destin'd ambuscade was reach'd,  
Beside the river, where the shepherds drove  
Their flocks and herds to water, down they lay, 590  
In glitt'ring arms accoutred; and apart  
They plac'd two spies, to notify betimes  
Th' approach of flocks of sheep and lowing herds.  
These, in two shepherds' charge, ere long appear'd,  
Who, unsuspecting as they mov'd along, 595  
Enjoy'd the music of their past'ral pipes.  
They on the booty, from afar discern'd,  
Sprang from their ambuscade; and cutting off  
The herds, and fleecy flocks, their guardians slew.  
Their comrades heard the tumult, where they sat 600  
Before their sacred altars, and forthwith  
Sprang on their cars, and with fast-stepping steeds  
Pursued the plund'ers, and o'ertook them soon.  
There on the river's bank they met in arms,  
And each at other hurl'd their brazen spears. 605  
And there were figur'd Strife, and Tumult wild,

And deadly Fate, who in her iron grasp  
One newly-wounded, one unwounded bore,  
While by the feet from out the press she dragg'd  
Another slain: about her shoulders hung 610  
A garment crimson'd with the blood of men.  
Like living men they seem'd to move, to fight,  
To drag away the bodies of the slain.

And there was grav'n a wide-extended plain  
Of fallow land, rich, fertile, mellow soil, 615  
Thrice plough'd; where many ploughmen up and down  
Their teams were driving; and as each attain'd  
The limit of the field, would one advance,  
And tender him a cup of gen'rous wine:  
Then would he turn, and to the end again 620  
Along the furrow cheerly drive his plough.  
And still behind them darker show'd the soil,  
The true presentment of a new-plough'd field,  
Though wrought in gold; a miracle of art.

There too was grav'n a corn-field, rich in grain, 625  
Where with sharp sickles reapers plied their task;  
The binders, following close, the bundles tied:  
Three were the binders; and behind them boys

In close attendance waiting, in their arms  
Gather'd the bundles, and in order pil'd. 630  
Amid them, staff in hand, in silence stood  
The King, rejoicing in the plenteous swathe.  
A little way remov'd, the heralds slew  
A sturdy ox, and now beneath an oak  
Prepar'd the feast; while women mix'd, hard by, 635  
White barley porridge for the lab'ers' meal.

And, with rich clusters laden, there was grav'n  
A vineyard fair, all gold; of glossy black  
The bunches were, on silver poles sustain'd;  
Around, a darksome trench; beyond, a fence 640  
Was wrought, of shining tin; and through it led  
One only path, by which the bearers pass'd,  
Who gather'd in the vineyard's bounteous store.  
There maids and youths, in joyous spirits bright,  
In woven baskets bore the luscious fruit. 645  
A boy, amid them, from a clear-ton'd harp  
Drew lovely music; well his liquid voice  
The strings accompanied; they all with dance  
And song harmonious join'd, and joyous shouts,  
As the gay bevy lightly tripp'd along. 650

Of straight-horn'd cattle too a herd was grav'n;  
Of gold and tin the heifers all were wrought:  
They to the pasture, from the cattle-yard,  
With gentle lowings, by a babbling stream,  
Where quiv'ring reed-beds rustled, slowly mov'd. 655  
Four golden shepherds walk'd beside the herd,  
By nine swift dogs attended; then amid  
The foremost heifers sprang two lions fierce  
Upon the lordly bull: he, bellowing loud,  
Was dragg'd along, by dogs and youths pursued. 660  
The tough bull's-hide they tore, and gorging lapp'd  
Th' intestines and dark blood; with vain attempt  
The herdsmen following closely, to th' attack  
Cheer'd their swift dogs; these shunn'd the lions' jaws,  
And close around them baying, held aloof. 665

And there the skilful artist's hand had trac'd  
A pasture broad, with fleecy flocks o'erspread,  
In a fair glade, with fold, and tents, and pens.

There, too, the skilful artist's hand had wrought,  
With curious workmanship, a mazy dance, 670  
Like that which Dædalus in Chossus erst  
At fair-hair'd Ariadne's bidding fram'd.

There, laying each on other's wrists their hand,  
Bright youths and many-suitor'd maidens danc'd:  
In fair white linen these; in tunics those, 675  
Well woven, shining soft with fragrant oils;  
These with fair coronets were crown'd, while those  
With golden swords from silver belts were girt.  
Now whirl'd they round with nimble practis'd feet,  
Easy, as when a potter, seated, turns 680  
A wheel, new fashion'd by his skilful hand,  
And spins it round, to prove if true it run:  
Now featly mov'd in well-beseeming ranks.  
A num'rous crowd, around, the lovely dance  
Survey'd, delighted; while with measur'd chant 685  
Two tumblers, in the midst, were whirling round.

About the margin of the massive shield  
Was wrought the mighty strength of th' ocean stream.

The shield completed, vast and strong, he forg'd  
A breastplate, dazzling bright as flame of fire; 690  
And next, a weighty helmet for his head,  
Fair, richly wrought, with crest of gold above;  
Then last, well-fitting greaves of pliant tin.

The skill'd artificer his works complete



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Before Achilles' Goddess-mother laid :

695

She, like a falcon, from the snow-clad heights

Of huge Olympus, darted swiftly down,

Charg'd with the glitt'ring arms by Vulcan wrought. 698

## BOOK XIX.

NOW morn in saffron robe, from th' ocean stream

Ascending, light diffus'd o'er Gods and men;

As Thetis, to the ships returning, bore

The gift of Vulcan; there her son she found,

Who o'er Patroclus hung in bitter grief; 5

Around him mourn'd his comrades; in the midst

She stood, and clasp'd his hand, as thus she spoke :

“Leave we, my son, though deep our grief, the dead ;

Here let him lie, since Heav'n hath doom'd his fall ;

But thou these arms receive, by Vulcan sent, 10

Fairer than e'er on mortal breast were borne.”

The arms before Achilles, as she spoke,

The Goddess laid ; loud rang the wondrous work.

With awe the Myrmidons beheld ; nor dar'd

Affront the sight : but as Achilles gaz'd, 15

More fiery burn'd his wrath ; beneath his brows

His eyes like lightning flash'd ; with fierce delight

He seiz'd the glorious gift; and when his soul  
Had feasted on the miracle of art,  
To Thetis thus his wing'd words address'd: 20

“Mother, the God hath giv'n me arms indeed,  
Worthy a God, and such as mortal man  
Could never forge; I go to arm me straight;  
Yet fear I for Menoetius' noble son,  
Lest in his spear-inflicted wounds the flies 25  
May gender worms, and desecrate the dead,  
And, life extinct, corruption reach his flesh.”

Whom answer'd thus the silver-footed Queen:  
“Let not such fears, my son, disturb thy mind;  
I will myself the swarms of flies disperse, 30  
That on the flesh of slaughter'd warriors prey;  
And should he here remain a year complete,  
Still should his flesh be firm and fresh as now:  
But thou to council call the chiefs of Greece;  
Against the monarch Agamemnon there, 35  
The leader of the host, abjure thy wrath;  
Then arm thee quickly, and put on thy might.”

Her words with dauntless courage fill'd his breast.  
She in Patroclus' nostrils, to preserve

His flesh, red nectar and ambrosia pour'd. 40

Along the ocean beach Achilles pass'd,  
And loudly shouting, call'd on all the chiefs;  
Then all who heretofore remain'd on board,  
The steersmen, who the vessels' rudders hold,  
The very stewards that serv'd the daily bread, 45  
All to th' assembly throng'd, when reappear'd  
Achilles, from the fight so long withdrawn.

Two noble chiefs, two ministers of Mars,  
Ulysses sage, and valiant Diomed,  
Appear'd, yet crippled by their grievous wounds, 50  
Their halting steps supporting with their spears,  
And on the foremost seats their places took.

Next follow'd Agamemnon, King of men,  
He also wounded; for Antenor's son,  
Coön, had stabb'd him in the stubborn fight. 55  
When all the Greeks were closely throng'd around,  
Up rose Achilles swift of foot, and said:

"Great son of Atreus, what hath been the gain  
To thee or me, since heart-consuming strife  
Hath fiercely rag'd between us, for a girl, 60  
Who would to Heav'n had died by Dian's shafts

That day when from Lyrnessus' captur'd town  
I bore her off? so had not many a Greek  
Bitten the bloody dust, by hostile hands  
Subdued, while I in anger stood aloof. 65

Great was the gain to Troy; but Greeks, methinks,  
Will long retain the mem'ry of our feud.  
Yet pass we that; and though our hearts be sore,  
Still let us school our angry spirits down.

My wrath I here abjure; it is not meet 70

It burn for ever unappeas'd; do thou  
Muster to battle straight the long-hair'd Greeks;  
That, to the Trojans once again oppos'd,  
I may make trial if beside the ships

They dare this night remain; but he, I ween, 75

Will gladly rest his limbs, who safe shall fly,  
My spear escaping, from the battle field."

He said: the well-greav'd Greeks rejoic'd to hear

His wrath abjur'd by Peleus' godlike son;

And from his seat, not standing in the midst, 80

Thus to th' assembly Agamemnon spoke:

"Friends, Grecian Heroes, Ministers of Mars,

When one stands up to speak, 'tis meet for all

To lend a patient ear, nor interrupt;  
For ev'n to practis'd speakers hard the task : 85  
But, in this vast assembly, who can speak  
That all may hear? the clearest voice must fail.  
To Peleus' son, Achilles, I my mind  
Will frankly open; ye among yourselves  
Impart the words I speak, that all may know. 90  
Oft hath this matter been by Greeks discuss'd,  
And I their frequent censure have incurr'd:  
Yet was not I the cause; but Jove, and Fate,  
And gloomy Erinnys, who combin'd to throw  
A strong delusion o'er my mind, that day 95  
I robb'd Achilles of his lawful prize.  
What could I do? a Goddess all o'er-rul'd,  
Daughter of Jove, dread Até, baleful pow'r,  
Misleading all; with lightest step she moves,  
Not on the earth, but o'er the heads of men, 100  
With blighting touch; and many hath caus'd to err.  
Ev'n Jove, the wisest deem'd of Gods and men,  
In errors she involv'd, when Juno's art  
By female stratagem the God deceiv'd,  
When in well-girdled Thebes Alcmena lay 105

In travail of the might of Hercules.

In boastful tone amid the Gods he spoke:

‘Hear all ye Gods, and all ye Goddesses,

The words I speak, the promptings of my soul.

This day Lucina shall to light bring forth 110

A child, the future Lord of all around,

Of mortal men, who trace to me their blood.’

Whom answer’d Juno thus, with deep deceit:

‘Thou dost but feign, nor wilt fulfil thy word:

Come now, Olympian, swear a solemn oath 115

That he shall be the Lord of all around,

Who on this day shall be of woman born,

Of mortal men, who trace to thee their blood.’

She said, and Jove, the snare unseeing, swore

A solemn oath; but found his error soon. 120

Down from Olympus’ height she sped in haste

To Argos of Achaia; for the wife

Of Sthenelus, the son of Perseus, there,

She knew, was sev’n months pregnant of a son;

Whom, though untimely born, she brought to light, 125

Staying meanwhile Alcmæna’s labour-pangs.

To Saturn’s son herself the tidings brought,

And thus address'd him: 'Jove, the lightning's Lord,  
I bring thee news; this day a mighty man,  
By thee ordain'd to be the Argives' King, 130  
Is born, Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus,  
The son of Perseus, issue of thy blood;  
Well worthy he to be the Argives' King.'  
She said: keen sorrow deeply pierc'd his soul;  
Then Até by the glossy locks he seiz'd 135  
In mighty wrath; and swore a solemn oath,  
That to Olympus and the starry Heav'n  
She never should return, who all misleads.  
His arm then whirling, from the starry Heav'n  
He flung her down, to vex th' affairs of men. 140  
Yet oft her fraud remember'd he with groans,  
When by Eurystheus' hard commands he saw  
Condemn'd to servile tasks his noble son.  
So, oft as Hector of the glancing helm  
Beside the ships the Greeks to slaughter gave, 145  
Back to my mind my former error came.  
I err'd, for Jove my judgment took away;  
But friendly reconciliation now I seek,  
And tender costly presents; then thyself



Uprouse thee, and excite the rest to arms. 150

While I prepare the gifts, whate'er of late\*

The sage Ulysses promis'd in thy tent:

Or, if thou wilt, though eager for the fray,

Remain thou here awhile, till from my ship

My followers bring the gifts; that thou mayst see 155

I make my off'rings with no niggard hand."

Whom answer'd thus Achilles swift of foot:

"Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,

The gifts thou deem'st befitting, 'tis for thee

To give, or to withhold; but now at once 160

Prepare we for the battle; 'tis not meet

On trivial pretexts here to waste our time,

Or idly loiter; much remains to do:

Again be seen Achilles in the van,

Scatt'ring with brazen spear the Trojan ranks; 165

And ye, forget not man with man to fight."

To whom in answer sage Ulysses thus:

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\* L. 151. *Xθ:ς*, yesterday. But either the word must have a more extended signification than is usually given to it, or Homer must here have fallen into an error; for two complete nights, and one day, that on which Patroclus met his death, had intervened since the visit of Ajax and Ulysses to the tent of Achilles. See also L. 215.

“ Brave as thou art, Achilles, godlike chief,  
Yet fasting lead not forth the sons of Greece  
To fight the Trojans; for no little time 170  
Will last the struggle, when the serried ranks  
Are once engag’d in conflict, and the Gods  
With equal courage either side inspire:  
But bid them, by the ships, of food and wine  
(Wherein are strength and courage) first partake; 175  
For none throughout the day till set of sun,  
Fasting from food, may bear the toils of war;  
His spirit may still be eager for the fray;  
Yet are his limbs by slow degrees weigh’d down,  
Himself by thirst and hunger worn, his knees 180  
Unable, as he moves, to bear his weight.  
But he who, first with food and wine refresh’d,  
All day maintains the combat with the foe,  
His spirit retains unbroken, and his limbs  
Unwearied, till both armies quit the field. 185  
Disperse then now the crowd, and bid prepare  
The morning meal; meantime to public view  
Let Agamemnon, King of men, display  
His costly gifts; that all the Greeks may see,

And that thy heart within thee melt with joy: 190

And there in full assembly let him swear

A solemn oath, that he hath ne'er approach'd

The fair Briseis' bed, nor held with her

Such intercourse as man with woman holds.

Be thou propitious, and accept his oath. 195

Then at a sumptuous banquet in his tent

Let him receive thee; that thine honour due

May nothing lack; and so, Atrides, thou

Shalt stand in sight of all men clear of blame;

For none can wonder that insulting speech 200

Should rouse the anger of a sceptred King."

To whom thus Agamemnon, King of men:

"Son of Laertes, I accept thy speech

With cordial welcome: all that thou hast said

Is well and wisely spoken; for the oath, 205

I am prepar'd, with willing mind, to swear;

Nor in the sight of Heav'n will be forsworn.

Let then Achilles here awhile remain,

Though eager for the fray; ye too remain,

Until the presents from my tent be brought, 210

And we our solemn compact ratify.

Then this command upon thyself I lay :  
That thou the noblest youths of all the Greeks  
Select, and bid them from my vessel bear  
The gifts, which to Achilles yesternight 215  
We promis'd, and withal the women bring;  
And let Talthybius through the host seek out  
A boar, for sacrifice to Jove and Sol."

Whom answer'd thus Achilles swift of foot :  
" Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men, 220  
These matters to some future time were best  
Deferr'd, some hour of respite from the fight,  
Of rage less fiercely burning in my breast;  
But slaughter'd now they lie, whom Priam's son,  
Hector, hath slain, by Jove to vict'ry led. 225  
Ye bid us take our food ; if I might rule,  
I would to battle lead the sons of Greece,  
Unfed, and fasting ; and at set of sun,  
Our shame aveng'd, an ample feast prepare ;  
Till then, nor food nor drink shall pass my lips, 230  
My comrade slain ; who pierc'd with mortal wounds,  
Turn'd tow'rd the doorway, lies within my tent,  
His mourning friends around ; while there he lies,

No thought have I for these or aught beside,  
Save carnage, blood, and groans of dying men." 235

To whom Ulysses, sage in council, thus :

" O son of Peleus, noblest of the Greeks,  
How far, Achilles, thou surpassest me  
In deeds of arms, I know ; but thou must yield  
To me in counsel, for my years are more, 240

And my experience greater far than thine :

Then to my words incline a patient ear.

Men soonest weary of battle, where the sword  
The bloodiest harvest reaps ; the lightest crop  
Of slaughter is where Jove inclines the scale, 245  
Dispenser, at his will, of human wars.

The Greeks by fasting cannot mourn their dead ;

For day by day successive numbers fall ;

Where were the respite then from ceaseless fast ?

Behoves us bury out of sight our dead, 250

Steeling our hearts, and weeping but a day ;

And we, the rest, whom cruel war hath spar'd,

Should first with food and wine recruit our strength ;

Then, girding on our arms, the livelong day

Maintain the war, unwearied ; then let none 255

Require a farther summons to the field;  
(And woe to him who loit'ring by the ships  
That summons hears;) but with united force  
Against the Trojans wake the furious war."

He said, and call'd on noble Nestor's sons, 260  
On Melanippus, and Meriones,  
Thoas, and Lycomedes, Creon's son,  
And Meges, Phyleus' son; with these he sought  
The mighty monarch Agamemnon's tent.  
Soon as the word was giv'n, the work was done; 265  
Sev'n tripods brought they out, the promis'd gifts;  
Twelve horses, twenty caldrons glitt'ring bright;  
Sev'n beauteous women, skill'd in household cares,  
With whom, the eighth, the fair Briseis came.  
Ulysses led the way, and with him brought 270  
Ten talents full of gold; th' attendant youths  
The other presents bore, and in the midst  
Display'd before th' assembly: then uprose  
The monarch Agamemnon; by his side,  
With voice of godlike pow'r, Talthylbius stood, 275  
Holding the victim: then Atrides drew  
The dagger, ever hanging at his side,

Close by the scabbard of his mighty sword,  
And from the victim's head the bristles shore.  
With hands uplifted then to Jove he pray'd; 280  
While all around the Greeks in silence stood,  
List'ning, decorous, to the monarch's words,  
As looking up to Heav'n he made his pray'r:

“Be witness, Jove, thou King of Gods, most high,  
And Sun, and Earth, and ye who vengeance wreak 285  
Beneath the earth on souls of men forsworn,  
Furies! that never, or to love unchaste  
Soliciting, or otherwise, my hand  
Hath fair Briseis touch'd; but in my tent  
Still pure and undefil'd hath she remain'd: 290  
And if in this I be forsworn, may Heav'n  
With all the plagues afflict me, due to those  
Who sin by perjur'd oaths against the Gods.”

Thus as he spoke, across the victim's throat  
He drew the pitiless blade; Talthybius then 295  
To Ocean's hoary depths the carcass threw,  
Food for the fishes; then Achilles rose,  
And thus before th' assembled Greeks he spoke:

“O Father Jove, how dost thou lead astray

Our human judgments! ne'er had Atreus' son 300  
My bosom fill'd with wrath, nor from my arms,  
To his own loss, against my will had torn  
The girl I lov'd, but that the will of Jove  
To death predestin'd many a valiant Greek.  
Now to the meal; anon the war renew." 305

This said, th' assembly he dismiss'd in haste,  
The crowd dispersing to their sev'ral ships;  
Upon the gifts the warlike Myrmidons  
Bestow'd their care, and bore them to the ships  
Of Peleus' godlike son; within the tent 310  
They laid them down, and there the women plac'd,  
While to the drove the followers led the steeds.  
Briseis, fair as golden Venus, saw  
Patroclus lying, pierc'd with mortal wounds,  
Within the tent; and with a bitter cry, 315  
She flung her down upon the corpse, and tore  
Her breast, her delicate neck, and beauteous cheeks;  
And, weeping, thus the lovely woman wail'd:

"Patroclus, dearly lov'd of this sad heart!  
When last I left this tent, I left thee full 320  
Of healthy life; returning now, I find



Only thy lifeless corpse, thou Prince of men!

So sorrow still, on sorrow heap'd, I bear.

The husband of my youth, to whom my sire

And honour'd mother gave me, I beheld 325

Slain with the sword before the city walls:

Three brothers, whom with me one mother bore,

My dearly-lov'd ones, all were doom'd to death:

Nor wouldst thou, when Achilles swift of foot

My husband slew, and royal Mynes' town 330

In ruin laid, allow my tears to flow;

But thou wouldst make me (such was still thy speech)

The wedded wife of Peleus' godlike son:

Thou wouldst to Phthia bear me in thy ship,

And there, thyself, amid the Myrmidons, 335

Wouldst give my marriage feast; then, unconsol'd,

I weep thy death, my ever-gentle friend!"

Weeping, she spoke; the women join'd her wail:

Patroclus' death the pretext for their tears,

But each in secret wept her private griefs. 340

Around Achilles throng'd the elder men,

Urging to eat; but he, with groans, refus'd:

"I pray you, would you show your love, dear friends,

Ask me not now with food or drink to appease  
Hunger or thirst; a load of bitter grief 345  
Weighs heavy on my soul; till set of sun  
Fasting will I remain, and still endure."

The other monarchs at his word withdrew :  
The two Atridæ, and Ulysses sage,  
And Nestor and Idomeneus remain'd, 350  
And aged Phoenix, to divert his grief;  
But comfort none, save in the bloody jaws  
Of battle would he take; by mem'ry stirr'd,  
He heav'd a deep-drawn sigh, as thus he spoke :

"How oft hast thou, ill-fated, dearest friend, 355  
Here in this tent with eager zeal prepar'd  
The tempting meal, whene'er the sons of Greece  
In haste would arm them for the bloody fray!  
Now liest thou there, while I, for love of thee,  
From food and drink, before me plac'd, refrain: 360  
For ne'er shall I again such sorrow know,  
Not though I heard of aged Peleus' death,  
Who now in Phthia mourns, with tender tears,  
His absent son; he on a foreign shore  
Is warring in that hateful Helen's cause: 365

No, nor of his, who now in Scyros' isle  
Is growing up, if yet indeed he live,  
Young Neoptolemus, my godlike son.  
My hope had been indeed, that here in Troy,  
Far from the plains of Argos, I alone 370  
Was doom'd to die; and that to Phthia thou,  
Return'd in safety, mightst my son convey  
From Scyros home, and show him all my wealth,  
My spoils, my slaves, my lofty, spacious house.  
For Peleus or to death, methinks, e'en now 375  
Hath yielded, or, not far from death remov'd,  
Lives on in sorrow, bow'd by gloomy age,  
Expecting day by day the messenger  
Who bears the mournful tidings of my death."  
Weeping, Achilles spoke; and with him wept 380  
The Elders; each to fond remembrance mov'd  
Of all that in his home himself had left.  
The son of Saturn, pitying, saw their grief,  
And Pallas thus with wingèd words address'd:  
"My child, dost thou a hero's cause forsake, 385  
Or does Achilles claim no more thy care,  
Who sits in sorrow by the high-prow'd ships,

Mourning his comrade slain ; nor tastes of food,  
Wherewith the other Greeks their strength recruit ?  
Then haste thee, and, with hunger lest he faint, 390  
Drop nectar and ambrosia on his breast."

His words fresh impulse gave to Pallas' zeal :  
Down, like the long-wing'd falcon, shrill of voice,  
Through the clear sky she swoop'd : the Greeks she found  
Arm'd for the fight ; Achilles she approach'd, 395  
And nectar and ambrosia on his breast  
Distill'd, lest hunger should his strength subdue ;  
Back to her mighty Father's ample house  
Returning, as from out the ships they pour'd.  
Thick as the snow-flakes that from Heav'n descend, 400  
Before the sky-born Boreas' chilling blast ;  
So thick, outpouring from the ships, the stream  
Of helmets polish'd bright, and bossy shields,  
And breastplates firmly brac'd, and ashen spears :  
Their brightness flash'd to Heav'n ; and laugh'd the Earth 405  
Beneath the brazen glare ; loud rang the tramp  
Of armèd men : Achilles in the midst,  
The godlike chief, in dazzling arms array'd.  
His teeth were gnashing audibly ; his eye

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Blaz'd with the light of fire ; but in his heart      410  
Was grief unbearable ; with furious wrath  
He burn'd against the Trojans, as he donn'd  
The heav'nly gifts, the work of Vulcan's hand.  
First on his legs the well-wrought greaves he fix'd,  
Fasten'd with silver clasps ; his breastplate next      415  
Around his chest ; and o'er his shoulders flung  
His silver-studded sword, with blade of brass ;  
Then took his vast and weighty shield, whence glean'd  
A light refulgent as the full-orb'd moon ;  
Or as to seamen o'er the wave is borne      420  
The watchfire's light, which, high among the hills,  
Some shepherd kindles in his lonely fold :  
As they, reluctant, by the stormy winds,  
Far from their friends are o'er the waters driv'n ;  
So from Achilles' shield, bright, richly wrought,      425  
The light was thrown. The weighty helm he rais'd,  
And plac'd it on his head ; the plum'd helm  
Shone like a star ; and wav'd the hairs of gold,  
Thick-set by Vulcan in the gleaming crest.  
Then all the arms Achilles prov'd, to know      430  
If well they fitted to his graceful limbs :

Like wings, they seem'd to lift him from the ground.  
Last, from its case he drew his father's spear,  
Long, pond'rous, tough; not one of all the Greeks,  
None, save Achilles' self, could poise that spear; 435  
The far-fam'd Pelian ash, which to his sire,  
On Pelion's summit fell'd, to be the bane  
Of mighty chiefs, the Centaur Chiron gave.  
With care Automedon and Alcimus  
The horses yok'd, with collars fair attach'd: 440  
Plac'd in their mouths the bits, and pass'd the reins  
Back to the well-built car: Automedon  
Sprang on the car, with shining lash in hand:  
Behind, Achilles came, array'd for war,  
In arms all glitt'ring as the gorgeous sun, 445  
And loudly to his father's steeds he call'd:  
"Xanthus and Balius, noble progeny  
Of swift Podarge, now in other sort  
Back to the Grecian ranks in safety bear,  
When he shall quit the field, your charioteer; 450  
Nor leave him, as ye left Patroclus, slain."

To whom in answer from beneath the yoke  
Xanthus, the noble horse, with glancing feet:

Bowing his head the while, till all his mane  
Down from the yoke-band streaming, reach'd the ground ; 455  
By Juno, white-arm'd Queen, with speech endued :

“ Yes, great Achilles, we this day again  
Will bear thee safely ; but thy day of doom  
Is nigh at hand ; nor we shall cause thy death,  
But Heav'n's high will, and Fate's imperious pow'r. 460  
By no default of ours, nor lack of speed,  
The Trojans stripp'd Patroclus of his arms :  
The mighty God, fair-hair'd Latona's son,  
Achiev'd his death, and Hector's vict'ry gain'd.  
Our speed of foot may vie with Zephyr's breeze, 465  
Deem'd swiftest of the winds ; but thou art doom'd  
To die, by force combin'd of God and man.”

He said ; his farther speech the Furies stay'd.  
To whom in wrath Achilles swift of foot :  
“ Xanthus, why thus predict my coming fate ? 470  
It ill beseems thee ! well I know myself  
That I am fated here in Troy to die,  
Far from my home and parents ; yet withal  
I cease not, till these Trojans from the field  
Before me fly.” He said, and to the front, 475  
His war-cry shouting, urg'd his fiery steeds.

## BOOK XX.

ROUND thee, Achilles, eager for the fray,  
    Stood thus accoutred, by their beakèd ships,  
The sons of Greece; the Trojan host, oppos'd,  
Stood on the sloping margin of the plain.  
Then Jove to Themis gave command to call                   5  
The Gods to council from the lofty height  
Of many-ridg'd Olympus; to the house  
Of Jove she summon'd them from ev'ry side.  
Thence of the Rivers, save Oceanus,  
Not one was absent; nor of Nymphs, who haunt           10  
Clear fount, or shady grove, or grassy mead.  
They, at the Cloud-compeller's house arriv'd,  
Within the polish'd corridor reclin'd,  
Which Vulcan's cunning hand for Jove had built.  
There were they gather'd in th' abode of Jove:           15  
Nor did th' Earth-shaking Neptune slight the call,  
But came from ocean's depths, and in the midst



He sat, and thus the will of Jove enquir'd :

“Why, Lord of lightning, hast thou summon'd here  
The Gods to council? dost thou aught devise                    20  
Touching the Greeks and Trojans? who e'en now  
Kindle anew, it seems, the blaze of war.”

To whom the Cloud-compeller, answ'ring, thus:  
“The purpose, Neptune, well thou know'st thyself  
For which I call'd ye; true, they needs must die,                    25  
But still they claim my care; yet here will I  
Upon Olympus' lofty ridge remain,  
And view, serene, the combat; you, the rest,  
Go, as you list, to Trojans or to Greeks,  
And at your pleasure either party aid.                    30  
For if we leave Achilles thus alone  
To fight against the Trojans, not an hour  
Will they before the son of Peleus stand.  
They dreaded him before; but now, I fear,  
Since rous'd to fury by his comrade's death,                    35  
He ev'n in fate's despite may storm the wall.”

Thus Saturn's son, and quenchless battle rous'd:  
The Gods, divided, hasten'd to the war:  
Juno and Pallas to the ships of Greece,

With them th' Earth-shaker, and the helpful God, 40  
Hermes, for cunning subtleties unmatch'd;  
And Vulcan too, exulting in his strength,  
Yet halting, and on feeble limbs sustain'd.  
Mars of the glancing helm took part with Troy,  
And golden Phœbus with his locks unshorn, 45  
Latona too, and Dian, Archer-Queen,  
Xanthus, and Venus, laughter-loving dame.  
While from the fight of men the Gods abstain'd,  
High rose the Grecian vaunts, as, long withdrawn,  
Achilles on the field again appear'd; 50  
And ev'ry Trojan's limbs with terror quak'd,  
Trembling, as Peleus' godlike son they saw,  
In arms all-glitt'ring, fierce as blood-stain'd Mars.  
But when th' Immortals mingled in the throng,  
Then furious wax'd the spirit-stirring strife; 55  
Then Pallas rais'd her war-cry, standing now  
Beside the deep-dug trench, without the wall,  
Now shouting loud along the sounding beach.  
On th' other side, as with the tempest's roar,  
Mars to the Trojans shouted loud; one while 60  
From Ilium's topmost height; anon again

From the fair hill, o'erhanging Simöis' stream.  
Thus, either side exciting to the fray,  
Th' immortal Gods unchain'd the angry war.  
Thunder'd on high the Sire of Gods and men 65  
With awful din; while Neptune shook beneath  
The boundless earth, and lofty mountain tops.  
The spring-abounding Ida quak'd and rock'd  
From her firm basis to her loftiest peak,  
And Troy's proud city, and the ships of Greece. 70  
Pluto, th' infernal monarch, heard alarm'd,  
And, springing from his throne, cried out in fear,  
Lest Neptune, breaking through the solid earth,  
To mortals and Immortals should lay bare  
His dark and drear abode, of Gods abhor'd. 75  
Such was the shock when Gods in battle met;  
For there to royal Neptune stood oppos'd  
Phœbus Apollo with his arrows keen;  
The blue-ey'd Pallas to the God of War;  
To Juno, Dian, heav'nly Archeress, 80  
Sister of Phœbus, golden-shafted Queen.  
Stout Hermes, helpful God, Latona fac'd;  
While Vulcan met the mighty rolling stream,

Xanthus by Gods, by men Scamander call'd.

Thus Gods encounter'd Gods: Achilles' soul 85

Meantime was burning 'mid the throng to meet

Hector, the son of Priam; with whose blood

He long'd to glut th' insatiate Lord of War.

Apollo then, the spirit-stirring God,

Æneas mov'd Achilles to confront, 90

And fill'd with courage high; and thus, the voice

Assuming of Lycaon, Priam's son,

Apollo, son of Jove, the chief address'd:

“Æneas, prince and councillor of Troy,

Where are the vaunts, which o'er the wine-cup late 95

Thou mad'st amid th' assembled chiefs of Troy,

That hand to hand thou wouldst Achilles meet?”

To whom Æneas thus in answer spoke:

“Why, son of Priam, urge me to contend,

Against my will, with Peleus' mighty son? 100

Not for the first time should I now engage

Achilles swift of foot: I met him once,

And fled before his spear, on Ida's hill,

When on our herds he fell; Lyrnessus then

He raz'd, and Pedasus; me Jove preserv'd, 105

With strength endowing, and with speed of foot.  
Else had I fall'n beneath Achilles' hand,  
By Pallas aided; who before him moves,  
Light of his life, and guides his brazen spear  
Trojans and Leleges alike to slay. 110  
'Tis not in mortal man with him to fight,  
Whom still some God attends, and guards from harm;  
And, ev'n unaided, to the mark his spear  
Unerring flies, uncheck'd until it pierce  
A warrior's breast; yet if the Gods the scale 115  
Impartial held, all brass-clad as he is,  
O'er me no easy triumph should he gain."

To whom the King Apollo, son of Jove:  
"Brave chief, do thou too to th' immortal Gods  
Address thy pray'r; men say that thou art sprung 120  
From Venus, child of Jove; his mother owns  
A humbler origin; one born to Jove,  
The other to the aged Ocean God.  
On then with dauntless spear, nor be dismay'd  
By his high tone and vaunting menaces." 125

His words with courage fill'd the hero's breast,  
And on he sprang, in dazzling arms array'd;

But not unmark'd of white-arm'd Juno pass'd,  
To meet Achilles, through the press of men,  
Who thus address'd the Gods, to council call'd: 130

“Neptune and Pallas both, bethink ye well  
What now should be our course; Æneas comes,  
In dazzling arms array'd, to meet in fight  
The son of Peleus; Phœbus sends him forth.  
Say, then, shall we, encount'ring, to retreat 135

Perforce constrain him? or shall one of us  
Beside Achilles stand, and give him strength  
That he may nothing lack; and know himself  
By all the mightiest of th' immortal Gods  
Belov'd, and those how pow'rless, by whose aid 140  
The Trojans yet maintain defensive war?

Therefore, to join the battle, came we all  
From high Olympus, that in this day's fight  
No ill befall him; though the time shall come  
For him to meet the doom, by fate decreed, 145  
When at his birth his thread of life was spun.

But if Achilles from a voice divine  
Receive not this assurance, he may well  
Be struck with fear, if haply to some God

He find himself oppos'd: 'tis hard for man 150

To meet, in presence visible, a God."

To whom Earth-shaking Neptune thus replied:

"Juno, thine anger carry not too far;

It ill beseems thee. Not with my consent

Shall we, the stronger far, provoke to arms 155

The other Gods; but rather, from the field

Retiring, let us from on high survey,

To mortals left, the turmoil of the war.

Should Mars or Phœbus then begin the fight,

Or stay Achilles, and his arm restrain, 160

Then in the contest we too may engage;

And soon, methinks, will they be fain to join,

Driv'n from the field, the Synod of the Gods,

Subdued perforce by our victorious hands."

The dark-hair'd monarch spoke; and led the way 165

To the high wall, by Trojans built of old,

With Pallas' aid, for godlike Hercules;

Within whose circle he might safety seek,

When from the beach the monster of the deep

Came, raging, to the plain; there Neptune sat, 170

And with him, th' other Gods, a veil of cloud

Impenetrable around their shoulders spread.  
On th' other side, upon the fair hill's brow,  
Phœbus with Mars the fort-destroyer sat.  
On either side they sat, each facing each 175  
With hostile counsels; yet reluctant both  
To take th' initiative of ruthless war;  
Till Jove, enthron'd on high, the signal gave.  
Then all the plain, with men and horses throng'd,  
The brazen gleam illumin'd; rang the earth 180  
Beneath their feet, as to the battle-shock  
They rush'd; but in the midst, both hosts between,  
Eager for fight, stood forth two warriors bold,  
Proudly pre-eminent; Anchises' son  
Æneas, and Achilles' godlike might. 185

Æneas first with threat'ning mien advanc'd,  
Nodding his pond'rous helm; before his breast  
His shield he bore, and pois'd his brazen spear.  
Him met Achilles from th' opposing ranks;  
Fierce as a rav'ning lion, whom to slay 190  
Pour forth the stalwart youths, th' united strength  
Of the rous'd village; he unheeding moves  
At first; but wounded by a jav'lin thrown



By some bold youth, he turns, with gaping jaws,  
And frothing fangs, collecting for the spring, 195  
His breast too narrow for his mighty heart;  
And with his tail he lashes both his flanks  
And sides, as though to rouse his utmost rage;  
Then on, in pride of strength, with glaring eyes  
He dashes, if some hunter he may slay, 200  
Or in the foremost rank himself be slain.  
So mov'd his dauntless spirit Peleus' son  
Æneas to confront; when near they came,  
Thus first Achilles, swift of foot, began:  
    "Æneas, why so far before the ranks 205  
Advanc'd? dost thou presume with me to fight?  
Perchance expecting that the throne of Troy  
And Priam's royal honours may be thine.  
Ev'n if thou slay me, deem not to obtain  
Such boon from Priam; valiant sons are his, 210  
And he not weak, but bears a constant mind.  
Or have the Trojans set apart for thee  
Some favour'd spot, the fairest of the land,  
Orchard or corn-field, shouldst thou work my death;  
Which thou shalt find, I trust, too hard a task? 215

Already hast thou fled before my spear;  
Hast thou forgotten how amid thy herds  
Alone I found thee, and with flying foot  
Pursued thee down the steep of Ida's hill?  
Nor didst thou dare to turn, or pause in flight. 220  
Thou to Lyrnessus fledd'st; Lyrnessus I,  
With Pallas' aid and Jove's, assail'd and took:  
Their women thence, their days of freedom lost,  
I bore away, my captives; thee from death  
Jove and the other Gods defended then; 225  
But will not now bestow, though such thy hope,  
Their succour; then I warn thee, while 'tis time,  
Ere ill betide thee, to the gen'ral throng  
That thou withdraw, nor stand to me oppos'd:  
After th' event may ev'n a fool be wise." 230

To whom in answer thus Æneas spoke:  
"Achilles, think not me, as though a fool,  
To daunt with lofty speech; I too could well  
With cutting words, and insult, answer thee.  
Each other's race and parents well we know 235  
From tales of ancient days; although by sight  
Nor mine to thee, nor thine to me are known.

To noble Peleus thou, 'tis said, wast born  
Of Thetis, fair-hair'd daughter of the sea;  
Of great Anchises, Heav'n-descended chief, 240  
I boast me sprung, to him by Venus borne.  
Of these shall one or other have this day  
To mourn their son; since not with empty words  
Shall thou and I from mortal combat part.  
But if thou farther wouldst enquire, and learn 245  
The race I spring from, not unknown to men,  
By Dardanus, of cloud-compelling Jove  
Begotten, was Dardania peopled first,  
Ere sacred Ilium, populous city of men,  
Was founded on the plain; as yet they dwelt 250  
On spring-abounding Ida's lowest spurs.  
To Dardanus was Erichthonius born,  
Great King, the wealthiest of the sons of men;  
For him were pastur'd in the marshy mead,  
Rejoicing with their foals, three thousand mares; 255  
Them Boreas, in the pasture where they fed,  
Beheld, enamour'd; and amid the herd  
In likeness of a coal-black steed appear'd;  
Twelve foals, by him conceiving, they produc'd.

These, o'er the teeming corn-fields as they flew, 260  
Skimm'd o'er the standing ears, nor broke the haulm;  
And, o'er wide Ocean's bosom as they flew,  
Skimm'd o'er the topmost spray of th' hoary sea.  
Again, to Erichthonius Tros was born,  
The King of Troy; three noble sons were his, 265  
Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymede;  
The fairest he of all the sons of men;  
Him, for his beauty, bore the Gods away,  
To minister as cup-bearer to Jove,  
And dwell amid th' Immortals: Ilus next 270  
Begot a noble son, Laomedon;  
Tithonus he, and Priam; Clytius,  
Lampus and Icetäon, plant of Mars;  
Capys, begotten of Assaracus,  
Begot Anchises, and Anchises me: 275  
To Priam godlike Hector owes his birth.  
Such is my race, and such the blood I boast;  
But Jove, at will, to mortals valour gives  
Or minishes; for he is Lord of all.  
Then cease we now, like babbling fools, to prate 280  
Here in the centre of the coming fight.

Terms of reproach we both might find, whose weight  
Would sink a galley of a hundred oars ;  
For glibly runs the tongue, and can at will  
Give utterance to discourse in ev'ry vein ; 285  
Wide is the range of language ; and such words  
As one may speak, another may return.  
What need that we should insults interchange ?  
Like women, who some paltry quarrel wage,  
Scolding and brawling in the public street, 290  
And in opprobrious terms their anger vent,  
Some true, some false ; for so their rage suggests.  
With words thou shalt not turn me from the field,  
Till we have met in arms ; then try we now  
Each other's prowess with our brazen spears." 295

He said, and hurl'd against the mighty shield  
His brazen spear ; loud rang the weapon's point :  
And at arm's length Achilles held the shield  
With his broad hand, in fear that through its folds  
Æneas' spear would easy passage find ; 300  
Blind fool ! forgetful that the glorious gifts  
Bestow'd by Gods, are not with ease o'ercome,  
Nor yield before th' assaults of mortal men.

So broke not through Æneas' sturdy spear,  
Stay'd by the golden plate, the gift of Heav'n; 305  
Yet through two plates it pass'd, but three remain'd,  
For five were in the shield by Vulcan wrought;  
Two were of brass, the inner two of tin,  
And one of gold, which stay'd the brazen spear.

Achilles threw in turn his pond'rous spear, 310  
And struck the circle of Æneas' shield  
Near the first rim, where thinnest lay the brass,  
And thinnest too th' o'erlying hide; right through  
The Pelian shaft was driv'n; wide gap'd the shield.

Æneas crouch'd, in fear, as o'er his head 315  
He held his shield; the eager weapon pass'd  
Through both the circles of his ample shield,  
And in the ground, behind him, quiv'ring, stood.

Escap'd the pond'rous weapon, sharpest pain  
Flashing across his eyes, in fear he stood, 320  
So close the spear had pass'd him; onward then,  
Drawing his trenchant blade, Achilles rush'd,  
With fearful shout; a rocky fragment then  
Æneas lifted up, a mighty mass,

Which scarce two men, as men are now, could bear, 325

But he, unaided, lifted it with ease.  
Then had Æneas, with the massive stone,  
Or on the helmet, or the shield, his death  
Averting, struck Achilles; and himself  
Had by the sword of Peleus' son been slain, 330  
Had not th' Earth-shaking God his peril seen,  
And to th' Immortals thus address'd his speech:  
"Oh, woe is me for great Æneas' sake,  
Who, by Achilles slain, must visit soon  
The viewless shades; insensate, who relied 335  
On Phœbus' words; yet nought shall he avail  
From death to save him. Yet oh why should he,  
Blameless himself, the guilt of others rue?  
Who still his grateful sacrifice hath paid  
To all the Gods in wide-spread Heav'n who dwell. 340  
Let us then interpose to guard his life;  
Lest, if Achilles slay him, Saturn's son  
Be mov'd to anger; for his destiny  
Would have him live; lest, heirless, from the earth  
Should perish quite the race of Dardanus; 345  
By Saturn's son the best-belov'd of all  
His sons, to him by mortal women born.

For Jove the race of Priam hath abhorr'd ;  
But o'er the Trojans shall Æneas reign,  
And his sons' sons, through ages yet unborn." 350

Whom answer'd thus the stag-ey'd Queen of Heav'n :  
" Neptune, do thou determine for thyself  
Æneas to withdraw, or leave to fall,  
Good as he is, beneath Achilles' sword ;  
But we before th' immortal Gods are bound, 355  
Both I and Pallas, by repeated oaths,  
Ne'er from his doom one Trojan life to save,  
Though to devouring flames a prey, all Troy  
Were blazing, kindled by the valiant Greeks."

Th' Earth-shaker heard ; and through the fight he pass'd, 360  
And through the throng of spears, until he came  
Where great Achilles and Æneas stood.  
Around the eyes of Peleus' son he spread  
A veil of mist ; then from Æneas' shield  
The brass-tipp'd spear withdrawing, laid it down 365  
Before Achilles' feet ; and lifting up  
Æneas, bore him high above the ground.  
O'er many a rank of warriors and of cars  
Æneas flew, supported by the God ;



Till to the field's extremest verge he came, 370  
Where stood the Caucons, arming for the war.  
There to Æneas, standing by his side,  
Th' Earth-shaker thus his wingèd words address'd :  
" Æneas, say what God has mov'd thee thus  
Against Achilles, reckless, to contend, 375  
Thy stronger far, and dearer to the Gods ?  
If e'er he cross thy path, do thou retire,  
Lest ev'n, despite of fate, thou find thy death.  
But when Achilles hath to fate succumb'd,  
Then, fearless, with the foremost join the fray : 380  
No other Greek shall bear away thy spoils."

Thus plainly warn'd, Æneas there he left.  
Then from Achilles' eyes he purg'd the film :  
Astonish'd, he with eyes wide open gaz'd,  
As thus he commun'd with his mighty heart : 385

" O Heav'n, what marvel do mine eyes behold ?  
My spear before me laid, and vanish'd he  
At whom I hurl'd it with intent to slay !  
Then is Æneas of th' immortal Gods  
In truth belov'd, though vain I deem'd his boast. 390  
A curse go with him ! yet methinks not soon

Will he again presume to prove my might,  
Who gladly now in flight escapes from death.  
Then, to the valiant Greeks my orders giv'n,  
Let me some other Trojan's mettle prove." 395

Then tow'rd the ranks he sprang, each sev'ral man  
Exhorting: "From the Trojans, valiant Greeks,  
No longer stand aloof; but man to man  
Confront the foe, and nobly dare the fight.  
'Twere hard for me, brave warrior though I be, 400  
To face such numbers, and to fight with all:  
Not Mars, nor Pallas, though immortal Gods,  
Could face, and vanquish, such a mighty mass.  
But what my single arm, and feet, and strength  
May profit, not a jot will I relax; 405  
Right through the ranks I mean to force my way;  
And small shall be that Trojan's cause for joy,  
Who comes within the compass of my spear."

Thus he, exhorting; Hector cheering on  
Meanwhile the Trojans, with assurance giv'n 410  
That he himself Achilles would confront.

"Ye valiant Trojans, fear not Peleus' son;  
I too in words could with the Gods contend,

Though not in arms; so much the stronger they.  
Not all his words Achilles shall make good; 415  
Fulfilling some, in others he shall fail,  
His course midway arrested. Him will I  
Encounter, though his hands were hands of fire,  
Of fire his hands, his strength as burnish'd steel."

Thus he, exhorting: with uplifted spears 420  
Advanc'd the Trojans; from the mingling hosts  
Loud rose the clamour; then at Hector's side  
Apollo stood, and thus address'd the chief:  
"Hector, forbear Achilles to defy;  
And 'mid the crowd withdraw thee from the fray; 425  
Lest with the spear he slay thee, thrown from far,  
Or with the sword in combat hand to hand."

He said; and troubled by the heav'nly voice,  
Hector amid the throng of men withdrew.

Then, girt with might, amid the Trojans sprang, 430  
With fearful shouts, Achilles; first he slew  
Otryntes' son, Iphition, valiant chief  
Of num'rous warriors; him a Naiad nymph,  
In Hyde's fertile vale, beneath the feet  
Of snow-clad Tmolus, to Otryntes bore; 435

At him, as on he rush'd, Achilles hurl'd,  
And through his forehead drove his glitt'ring spear:  
The head was cleft in twain; thund'ring he fell,  
And o'er him thus Achilles made his boast:

    "Son of Otryntes, lie thou there, of men                   440  
The most vain-glorious; here thou find'st thy death,  
Far from thy place of birth, beside the lake  
Gygæan; there hadst thou thine heritage  
Of old, beside the fish-abounding stream  
Of Hyllus, and by Hermus' eddying flood."                   445

    Thus he, exulting: o'er Iphition's eyes  
Were spread the shades of death; his mangled corpse  
Was crush'd beneath the Grecian chariot wheels,  
In the first shock. Demoleon next he smote,  
A helpful aid in war, Antenor's son,                   450  
Pierc'd through the temples, through the brass-bound helm;  
Nor check'd the brazen helm the spear, whose point  
Went crashing through the bone, that all the brain  
Was shatter'd; onward as he rush'd, he fell.  
Then through the neck Hippodamas he smote,                   455  
Flying before him, mounted on his car.  
Deep groan'd he, breathing out his soul, as groans

A bull, by sturdy youths to th' altar dragg'd  
Of Neptune, King divine of Helice ;  
Th' Earth-shaking God, well-pleas'd, the gift receives ; 460  
Ev'n with such groans his noble spirit fled.  
The godlike Polydore he next assail'd,  
The son of Priam ; him his aged sire  
Would fain have kept at home, of all his sons  
At once the youngest and the best-belov'd ; 465  
Among them all for speed of foot unmatch'd ;  
Whose youthful folly, in the foremost ranks  
His speed displaying, cost him now his life.  
Him, as he darted by, Achilles' spear  
Struck through the centre of the back, where met 470  
The golden clasps that held the glittering belt,  
And where the breastplate form'd a double guard :  
Right through his body pass'd the weapon's point ;  
Groaning, he fell upon his knees ; dark clouds  
O'erspread his eyes ; supporting with his hand 475  
His wounded bowels, on the ground he writh'd.  
When Hector saw his brother Polydore  
Writhing in death, a mist o'erspread his eyes ;  
Nor longer could he bear to stand aloof.

But sprang to meet Achilles, flashing fire, 480

His keen spear brandishing; at sight of him

Up leap'd Achilles, and exulting cried:

“Lo, here the man who most hath wrung my soul,

Who slew my lov'd companion; now, methinks,

Upon the pass of war not long shall we 485

Stand separate, nor each the other shun.”

Then, with stern glance, to godlike Hector thus:

“Draw near, and quickly meet thy doom of death.”

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,

Unterrified: “Achilles, think not me, 490

As though a fool and ignorant of war,

To daunt with lofty speech; I too could well

With cutting words and insult answer thee.

I know thee strong and valiant; and I know

Myself to thee inferior; but th' event 495

Is with the Gods; and I, if such their will,

The weaker, with my spear may reach thy life:

My point too hath, ere now, its sharpness prov'd.”

He said, and, poising, hurl'd his pond'rous spear,

Which from Achilles Pallas turn'd aside 500

With lightest breath; and back to Hector sent,

And laid before his feet; intent to slay,  
Onward Achilles rush'd, with fearful shout;  
But Phcebus Hector from the field convey'd,  
(As Gods can only,) veil'd in thickest cloud. 505  
Thrice Peleus' godlike son, with brazen spear,  
His onset made; thrice struck the misty cloud;  
But when, with pow'r as of a God, he made  
His fourth essay, in fury thus he cried:

“Yet once again, vile hound, hast thou escap'd; 510  
Thy doom was nigh, but thee thy God hath sav'd,  
Phcebus, to whom, amid the clash of spears,  
Well mayst thou pray! We yet shall meet again;  
When I shall end thee, if a guardian God  
I too may claim; meanwhile, from thee I turn, 515  
And others seek on whom my hap may light.”

He said, and drove through Dryops' neck his spear,  
And stretch'd him at his feet, and pass'd him by.  
Next with his spear he struck below the knee  
Philetor's son, Demuchus, stout and tall, 520  
And check'd his forward course; then rushing on  
Dealt with his mighty sword the mortal blow.  
The sons of Bias next, Laögonus

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And Dardanus, he hurl'd from off their car,  
One with the spear, and one by sword-stroke slain. 525  
Tros too he slew, Alastor's son, who came  
To meet him, and embrace his knees, and pray  
To spare his life, in pity of his youth :  
Little he knew how vain would be his pray'r ;  
For not of temper soft, nor mild of mood 530  
Was he, but sternly fierce ; and as he knelt  
And clasp'd his knees, and would his pray'r prefer,  
Achilles clove him with his mighty sword,  
Gash'd through the liver ; as from out the wound  
His liver dropp'd, the dark blood gushing forth 535  
His bosom fill'd, and darkness clos'd his eyes,  
As ebb'd his life away. Then through the ear  
Mulus he thrust ; at th' other ear came forth  
The brazen point. Echeclus next he met,  
Son of Agenor, and his hilted sword 540  
Full on the centre of his head let fall.  
The hot blood dy'd the blade ; the darkling shades  
Of death, and rig'rous fate, his eyes o'erspread.  
Next, where the tendons bind the elbow-joint,  
The brazen spear transfix'd Deucalion's arm ; 545



With death in prospect, and disabled arm  
He stood, till on his neck Achilles' sword  
Descending, shar'd, and flung afar, both head  
And helmet; from the spine's dissever'd joints  
The marrow flow'd, as stretch'd in dust he lay. 550  
The noble son of Peireus next he slew,  
Rigmus, who came from Thracia's fertile plains;  
Him through the waist he struck, the brazen spear  
Plung'd in his bowels; from the car he fell;  
And as Areithöus, his charioteer, 555  
His horses turn'd, Achilles through the neck  
His sharp spear thrusting, hurl'd him to the ground,  
The startled steeds in wild confusion thrown.  
As rage the fires amid the wooded glen  
Of some parch'd mountain's side, and fiercely burns 560  
The copse-wood dry, while eddying here and there  
The flames are whirl'd before the gusty wind;  
So fierce Achilles rag'd, on ev'ry side  
Pursuing, slaught'ring; reek'd the earth with blood.  
As when upon a well-roll'd threshing floor, 565  
Two sturdy-fronted steers, together yok'd,  
Tread the white barley out; beneath their feet

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Fast flies the grain out-trodden from the husk;  
So by Achilles driv'n, his flying steeds  
His chariot bore, o'er bodies of the slain 570  
And broken bucklers trampling; all beneath  
Was plash'd with blood the axle, and the rails  
Around the car, as from the horses' feet  
And from the felloes of the wheels were thrown  
The bloody gouts; and onward still he press'd, 575  
Panting for added triumphs, deeply dyed  
With gore and carnage his unconquer'd hands. 577

## BOOK XXI.

**B**UT when they came to eddying Xanthus' ford,

Fair-flowing stream, born of immortal Jove,  
Achilles cut in twain the flying host;

Part driving tow'rd the city, o'er the plain,

Where on the former day the routed Greeks, 5

When Hector rag'd victorious, fled amain.

On, terror-struck, they rush'd; but Juno spread,

To baffle their retreat, before their path,

Clouds and thick darkness: half the fugitives

In the deep river's silv'ry eddies plung'd: 10

With clamour loud they fell; the torrent roar'd;

The banks around re-echoed; here and there,

They, with the eddies wildly struggling, swam.

As when, pursued by fire, a hov'ring swarm

Of locusts riverward direct their flight, 15

And, as th' insatiate flames advance, they cow'r

Amid the waters; so a mingled mass

Of men and horses, by Achilles driv'n,  
The deeply-whirling stream of Xanthus chok'd.  
His spear amid the tamarisks on the bank 20  
The hero left; on savage deeds intent,  
Arm'd with his sword alone, a God in pow'r,  
He sprang amid the torrent; right and left  
He smote; then fearful rose the groans of men  
Slain with the sword; the stream ran red with blood. 25  
As fishes, flying from a dolphin, crowd  
The shoal recesses of some open bay,  
In fear, for whom he catches he devours;  
So crouch'd the Trojans in the mighty stream  
Beneath the banks; and when at length his hand 30  
Wearied of slaughter, from the stream, alive,  
He dragg'd twelve youths, whose forfeit lives should be  
The bloody fine for slain Patroclus paid.  
Helpless from fear, as fawns, he brought them forth;  
Their hands secur'd behind them with the belts 35  
Which o'er their shirts of twisted mail they wore,  
And bade his comrades lead them to the ships.  
Then on again he dash'd, athirst for blood;  
And first encounter'd, flying from the stream,

Lycaon, Priam's son; him once before 40  
He by a nightly onslaught had surpris'd,  
And from his father's vineyard captive borne:  
Where, as he cut, to form his chariot rail,  
A fig-tree's tender shoots, unlook'd-for ill  
O'ertook him in the form of Peleus' son. 45  
Thence in his ship to Lemnos' thriving isle  
He bore him, ransom'd there by Jason's son.  
His Imbrian host, Eëtion, set him free  
With lib'ral gifts, and to Arisba sent:  
Escaping thence, he reach'd his native home. 50  
Twelve days save one, rejoicing, with his friends  
He spent, return'd from Lemnos: fate, the twelfth,  
Again consign'd him to Achilles' hands,  
From him, reluctant, to receive his death.  
Him when Achilles, swift of foot, beheld, 55  
No spear in hand, of helm and shield bereft,  
All flung in haste away, as from the stream,  
Reeking with sweat, and faint with toil, he fled,  
He commun'd, wrathful, with his mighty heart:  
"Ye Gods, what marvel do mine eyes behold! 60  
Methinks the valiant Trojans slain by me

Ere long will from the realms of darkness rise ;  
Since, death escaping, but to slav'ry sold  
In Lemnos' isle, this fellow hath return'd,  
Despite the hoary sea's impediment, 65  
Which many a man against his will hath stay'd :  
Now shall he taste my spear, that I may see  
If thence too he return, or if the earth  
May keep him safe, which ev'n the strongest holds."

Thus, as he stood, he mus'd ; but all aghast 70  
Approach'd Lycaon ; and would fain have clasp'd  
The Hero's knees ; for longingly he sought  
Escape from bitter death and evil fate.  
Achilles rais'd his spear, in act to strike ;  
He, stooping, ran beneath, and clasp'd his knees ; 75  
Above his back the murd'rous weapon pass'd,  
And in the earth was fix'd : one suppliant hand  
Achilles' knees embrac'd ; the other held,  
With unrelaxing grasp, the pointed spear ;  
As he with wingèd words, imploring, spoke : 80  
"I clasp thy knees, Achilles ! look then down  
With pity on my woes ; and recognize,  
Illustrious chief, a suppliant's sacred claim :

For in thy tent I first broke bread, that day,  
When, in my father's fruitful vineyard seiz'd, 85  
I was thy captive, and to slav'ry sold,  
Far from my sire and friends, in Lemnos' isle.  
A hundred oxen were my ransom then ;  
At thrice so much I now would buy my life.  
This day is but the twelfth, since, sorely tried 90  
By lengthen'd suffering, back to Troy I came.  
Now to thy hands once more my cruel fate  
Consigns me ; surely by the wrath of Jove  
Pursued, who gives me to thy pow'r again.  
Me, doom'd to early death, my mother bore, 95  
Old Altes' daughter, fair Læothœ ;  
Altes, who rul'd the warlike Leleges,  
In lofty Pedasus, by Satnôis' stream.  
His child of Priam's many wives was one ;  
Two sons she bore, and both by thee must die. 100  
Already one, the godlike Polydore,  
Amid the foremost ranks thy spear hath slain ;  
And now my doom is near ; from thee to fly,  
Since evil fate hath plac'd me in thy hands,  
I may not hope ; yet thus much let me say, 105

And weigh it in thy mind, to spare my life :  
I come not of that womb which Hector bore,  
Who slew thy comrade, gentle, kind, and brave."

Thus Priam's noble son, imploring, spoke ;  
But stern the answer fell upon his ear : 110

"Thou fool ! no more to me of ransom prate !  
Before Patroclus met the doom of death,  
To spare the Trojans still my soul inclin'd ;  
And many captives, ta'en alive, I sold ;  
But from henceforth, before the walls of Troy, 115  
Not one of all the Trojans, whom the Gods  
May to my hands deliver, least of all  
A son of Priam, shall escape the death.

Thou too, my friend, must die : why vainly wail ?  
Dead is Patroclus too, thy better far. 120

Me too thou see'st, how stalwart, tall, and fair,  
Of noble sire, and Goddess-mother born :  
Yet must I yield to death and stubborn fate,  
Whene'er, at morn, or noon, or eve, the spear  
Or arrow from the bow may reach my life." 125

He said ; and sank Lycaon's limbs and heart ;  
He loos'd the spear, and sat, with both his hands



Uprais'd, imploring ; but Achilles drew,  
And on his neck beside the collar-bone  
Let fall his trenchant sword ; the two-edg'd blade 130  
Was buried deep ; prone on the earth he lay ;  
Forth gush'd the crimson blood, and dyed the ground.

Him, dragging by the feet, Achilles threw  
In the mid stream, and thus with vaunting speech :

“Lie there amid the fishes, who shall cleanse, 135  
But not with kindly thought, thy gory wounds :  
O'er thee, extended on thy bier, shall rise  
No mother's wail ; Scamander's eddying stream  
Shall to the sea's broad bosom roll thee down ;  
And, springing through the darkly rippling wave, 140  
Fishes shall rise, and banquet on thy flesh.  
On now the work of death ! till, flying ye,  
And slaught'ring I, we reach the city wall.  
Nor this fair-flowing, silver-eddying stream,  
Shall aught avail ye, though to him ye pay 145  
In sacrifice the blood of countless bulls,  
And living horses in his waters sink.  
Ye all shall perish, till Patroclus' death  
Be fully aveng'd, and slaughter of the Greeks,

Whom, in my absence, by the ships ye slew." 150

He said: the mighty River at his words

Indignant chaf'd, and ponder'd in his mind

How best to check Achilles' warlike toil,

And from destruction guard the Trojan host.

Meantime Achilles with his pond'rous spear 155

Asteropæus, son of Pelegon,

Assail'd with deadly purpose; Pelegon

To broadly-flowing Axius ow'd his birth,

The River-God commingling with the blood

Of Peribœa, daughter eldest born 160

Of ACESSAMENUS: on him he sprang;

He, from the river rising, stood oppos'd,

Two lances in his hand; his courage rous'd

By Xanthus, who, indignant, saw his stream

Polluted by the blood of slaughter'd youths, 165

By fierce Achilles' hand, unpitying, slain.

When near the warriors, each to other, came,

Achilles, swift of foot, took up the word:

"What man, and whence art thou, who dar'st to stand

Oppos'd to me? of most unhappy sires 170

The children they, who my encounter meet!"

To whom th' illustrious son of Pelegon:  
"Great son of Peleus, why enquire my race?  
From far Pæonia's fertile fields I come,  
The leader of the long-spear'd Pæon host. 175  
Ten days have pass'd since I to Ilium came.  
From widely-flowing Axius my descent,  
Axius, the purest stream on earth that flows.  
He Pelegon begot, the spear-renown'd;  
Of Pelegon I boast me sprung; and now 180  
Address thee, brave Achilles, to the fight."

Threat'ning he spoke: Achilles rais'd on high  
The Pelian spear; but, ambidexter, he  
From either hand at once a jav'lin launch'd.  
One struck, but pierc'd not through, the mighty shield, 185  
Stay'd by the golden plate, the gift of Heav'n:  
Achilles' right fore-arm the other graz'd:  
Forth gush'd the crimson blood; but, glancing by,  
And vainly longing for the taste of flesh,  
The point behind him in the earth was fix'd. 190  
Then at Asteropæus in his turn  
With deadly intent the son of Peleus threw  
His straight-directed spear; his mark he miss'd,

But struck the lofty bank, where, deep infix'd  
To half its length, the Pelian ash remain'd. 195  
Then from beside his thigh Achilles drew  
His trenchant blade, and, furious, onward rush'd ;  
While from the cliff Asteropæus strove  
In vain, with stalwart hand, to wrench the spear.  
Three times he shook it with impetuous force, 200  
Three times relax'd his grasp ; a fourth attempt  
He made to bend and break the sturdy shaft ;  
But him, preventing, Peleus' godlike son  
With deadly stroke across the belly smote,  
And gush'd his bowels forth ; upon the ground 205  
Gasping he lay, and darkness seal'd his eyes.  
Then on his breast Achilles sprang, and stripp'd  
His armour off, and thus with vaunting speech :  
" So lie thou there ! 'tis hard for thee to fight,  
Though river-born, against the progeny 210  
Of mighty Jove ; a widely-flowing stream  
Thou claim'st as author of thy parentage ;  
My high descent from Jove himself I boast.  
My father Peleus, son of Æacus,  
Reigns o'er the num'rous race of Myrmidons ; 215

The son of Jove himself was *Æacus*.

High o'er all rivers, that to th' ocean flow,

Is Jove exalted; and in like degree

Superior is his race in pow'r to theirs.

A mighty River hast thou here at hand, 220

If that might aught avail thee; but his pow'r

Is impotent to strive with Saturn's son.

With him, not *Achelöus*, King of streams,

Presumes to vie; nor ev'n the mighty strength

Of deeply-flowing, wide *Oceanus*; 225

From whom all rivers, all the boundless sea,

All fountains, all deep wells derive their source;

Yet him appals the lightning bolt of Jove,

And thunder, pealing from the vault of Heav'n."

He said, and from the cliff withdrew his spear. 230

Him left he lifeless there upon the sand

Extended; o'er him the dark waters wash'd,

And eels and fishes, thronging, gnaw'd his flesh.

Then 'mid the *Pæons'* plumèd host he rush'd,

Who fled along the eddying stream, when him, 235

Their bravest in the stubborn fight, they saw

Slain by the sword and arm of *Peleus'* son.

Thersilochus and Mydon then he slew,  
Mnesus and Thrasius and Astypylus,  
Ænius and Ophelestes; and yet more 240

Had been the slaughter by Achilles wrought,  
But from his eddying depths, in human form,  
With wrathful tone the mighty River spoke:

“In strength, Achilles, and in deeds of arms,  
All mortals thou surpassest; for the Gods 245

Themselves attend thee, and protect from harm;

If Saturn's son have giv'n thee utterly

The Trojans to destroy, yet, ere thou slay,

Far from my waters drive them o'er the plain;

For now my lovely stream is fill'd with dead; 250

Nor can I pour my current to the sea,

With floating corpses chok'd, whilst thou pursuest

The work of death, insatiate: stay thy hand!

With horror I behold thee, mighty chief!”

Whom answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot: 255

“Be it as thou wilt, Scamander, Heav'n-born stream;

Yet cease I not to slay until I drive

These vaunting Trojans to their walls, and prove

The force of Hector, if, in single fight,

I be by him, or he by me, subdued." 260

He said, and fiercely on the Trojans rush'd,  
A God in might! to Phœbus then his speech  
The deeply-eddyng River thus address'd:

"God of the silver bow, great son of Jove,  
Obey'st thou thus the will of Saturn's son, 265  
Who charg'd thee by the Trojans still to stand,  
And aid their cause, till ev'ning's late approach  
Should cast its shadows o'er the fertile earth?"

Thus as he spoke, from off the lofty bank  
Achilles springing in mid current plung'd; 270  
Then high the swelling stream, tumultuous, rose  
In all its angry flood; and with a roar  
As of a bellowing bull, cast forth to land  
The num'rous corpses by Achilles slain;  
And many living, in his cavern'd bed, 275  
Conceal'd behind the whirling waters sav'd.

Fierce, round Achilles, rose the boiling wave,  
And on his shield descending, drove him down;  
Nor might he keep his foothold; but he grasp'd  
A lofty elm, well-grown, which from the cliff 280  
Uprooted, all the bank had torn away,

And with its tangled branches check'd the flow  
Of the fair river, which with all its length  
It bridg'd across; then, springing from the deep,  
Swiftly he fled in terror o'er the plain. 285  
Nor ceas'd the mighty River, but pursued,  
With darkly-ruffling crest, intent to stay  
Achilles' course, and save the Trojan host.  
Far as a jav'lin's flight he rush'd, in speed  
Like the dark hunter eagle, strongest deem'd, 290  
And swiftest wing'd of all the feather'd race.  
So on he sped; loud rattled on his breast  
His brazen armour, as before the God,  
Cowering, he fled; the God behind him still  
With thund'ring sound pursued. As when a man 295  
From some dark-water'd spring through trenches leads,  
'Mid plants and gardens, th' irrigating stream,  
And, spade in hand, th' appointed channel clears:  
Down flows the stream anon, its pebbly bed  
Disturbing; fast it flows with bubbling sound, 300  
Down the steep slope, o'ertaking him who leads.  
Achilles so th' advancing wave o'ertook,  
Though great his speed; but man must yield to Gods.



Oft as Achilles, swift of foot, essay'd  
To turn and stand, and know if all the Gods, 305  
Who dwell in Heav'n, were leagued to daunt his soul;  
So oft the Heav'n-born River's mighty wave  
Above his shoulders dash'd; in deep distress  
He sprang on high; then rush'd the flood below,  
And bore him off his legs, and wore away 310  
The soil beneath his feet; then, groaning, thus,  
As up to Heav'n he look'd, Achilles cried:  
"O Father Jove, will none of all the Gods  
In pity save me from this angry flood?  
Content, thereafter, would I meet my fate. 315  
Of all the pow'rs of Heav'n, my mother most  
Hath wrong'd me, who hath buoy'd me up with hope  
Delusive, that, before the walls of Troy,  
I should by Phœbus' swift-wing'd arrows fall.  
Would that by Hector's hand 'twere mine to die, 320  
The bravest of their brave! a warrior so  
Were by a warrior slain! now am I doom'd  
Ignobly here to sink, the mighty flood  
O'erwhelming me, like some poor shepherd lad,  
Borne down in crossing by a wintry brook." 325

He said; and quickly, cloth'd in mortal form,  
Neptune and Pallas at his side appear'd;  
With cheering words they took him by the hand,  
And thus th' Earth-shaking God his speech began:

“Achilles, fear not thou, nor be dismay'd; 330  
Such pow'rful aid, by Jove's consent, we bring,  
Pallas and I, from Heav'n; 'tis not decreed  
That thou shouldst by the River be o'erwhelm'd;  
He shall retire ere long, and thou shalt see;  
And more, if thou wilt hear, we undertake 335  
That from the war thine arm shall not be stay'd,  
Till thou shalt drive beneath the walls of Troy  
The crowd of flying Trojans; thou thyself  
Shalt Hector slay, and safe regain the ships:  
Such high renown we give thee to achieve.” 340

They to the other Gods, this said, return'd;  
He, greatly strengthen'd by the voice divine,  
Press'd onwards to the plain; the plain he found  
All flooded o'er; and, floating, armour fair,  
And many a corpse of men in battle slain; 345  
Yet onward, lifting high his feet, he press'd  
Right tow'rd the stream; nor could the mighty stream

Check his advance, such vigour Pallas gave ;  
Nor did Scamander yet his fury stay,  
But fiercer rose his rage ; and rearing high 350  
His crested wave, to Simöis thus he cried :

“ Dear brother, aid me with united force  
This mortal's course to check ; he, unrestrain'd,  
Will royal Priam's city soon destroy,  
Nor will the Trojans his assault endure. 355

Haste to the rescue then, and from their source  
Fill all thy stream, and all thy channels swell ;  
Rouse thy big waves, and roll a torrent down  
Of logs and stones, to whelm this man of might,  
Who triumphs now, and bears him as a God. 360

Nought shall his strength or beauty then avail,  
Or gallant arms, beneath the waters sunk,  
Deep buried in the mud : himself will I  
In sand imbed, and o'er his corpse a pile  
Of shingly gravel heap ; nor shall the Greeks 365  
Be able to collect his bones, encas'd

By me so deep in slime. His monument  
They here may raise ; but when they celebrate  
His fun'ral rites, no mound will he require.”

He said; and on Achilles, from on high 370  
Came boiling, rushing down, with thund'ring roar,  
With foam and blood and corpses intermix'd.  
High rose the Heav'n-born River's darkling wave,  
And bore Achilles downward; then in fear  
Lest the broad waters of the eddying stream 375  
Should quite o'erwhelm him, Juno cried aloud,  
And Vulcan thus, her son, in haste address'd:

“Up, Vulcan; up, my son; for we had deem'd  
That eddying Xanthus stood to thee oppos'd:  
Haste thee to aid; thy fiery strength display; 380  
While from the sea I call the stormy blast  
Of Zephyr and brisk Notus, who shall drive  
The raging flames ahead, and burn alike  
The Trojans and their arms: do thou the while  
Burn down the trees on Xanthus' banks; himself 385  
Assail with fire, nor by his honey'd words  
Nor by his menaces be turn'd aside;  
Nor, till thou hear my voice, restrain thy pow'r;  
Then stay the raging flames' unwearied course.”

Thus Juno spoke; and Vulcan straight prepar'd 390  
The heav'nly fire; and first upon the plain

The flames he kindled, and the dead consum'd,  
Who lay, promiscuous, by Achilles slain :  
The plain was dried, and stay'd the wat'ry flood.  
As when the breath of Boreas quickly dries 395  
In Autumn-time a newly-water'd field,  
The tiller's heart rejoicing : so was dried  
The spacious plain ; then he, the dead consum'd,  
Against the river turn'd the fiery glare :  
Burnt were the willows, elms, and tamarisk shrubs, 400  
The lotus, and the reeds, and galingal,  
Which by the lovely river grew profuse.  
The eels and fishes, 'mid the eddying whirl,  
'Mid the clear wave were hurrying here and there,  
In dire distress from Vulcan's fiery breath : 405  
Scorch'd by the flames, the mighty River spoke :  
    "Vulcan, no God against thy pow'r can stand,  
Nor with thy fiery flames will I contend ;  
Restrain thy wrath ; though Peleus' godlike son  
Should from their city drive the Trojans straight, 410  
With rival parties what concern have I?"

All scorch'd he spoke ; his fair stream bubbling up,  
As when a caldron, on a blazing fire,

Fill'd with the melting fat of well-fed swine,  
Boils up within, and bubbles all around, 415  
With well-dried wood beneath, so bubbling up  
The waters of the lovely River boil'd:  
Nor onward would he flow, but check'd his course,  
By the hot blast o'er-borne, and fiery strength  
Of skilful Vulcan; and to Juno thus, 420  
Implying, he his wing'd words address'd:

“Juno, what cause impels thy son, my stream,  
O'er all the rest, to visit with his wrath?  
Ev'n less than others who the Trojans aid,  
Have I offended; yet at thy command 425  
Will I withdraw; but bid that he too cease;  
And this I swear, no Trojan more to save,  
Though to devouring flames a prey, all Troy  
Were blazing, kindled by the valiant Greeks.”

This when the white-arm'd Goddess Juno heard, 430  
To Vulcan straight she thus address'd her speech:  
“Vulcan, my glorious son, restrain thy hand:  
In mortal men's behalf, it is not meet  
To press thus hardly an Immortal God.”

She said, and Vulcan stay'd his fiery strength, 435

And, back returning, in his wonted bed  
Flow'd the fair River. Xanthus thus subdued,  
These two their warfare ceas'd, by Juno check'd,  
Despite her wrath; but 'mid the other Gods  
Arose contention fierce, and discord dire, 440  
Their warring passions rous'd on either side.  
With fearful crash they met: the broad Earth groan'd;  
Loud rang the Heav'n as with a trumpet's sound:  
Jove, on Olympus' height, the tumult heard,  
And in his heart he laugh'd a joyous laugh, 445  
To see the Gods in angry battle met.  
Not long they stood aloof, led on by Mars  
The buckler-breaker, who to Pallas first,  
Poising his spear, his bitter speech address'd:  
"What dost thou here, thou saucy jade, to war 450  
The Gods exciting, over-bold of mood,  
Led by thy haughty spirit? dost thou forget  
How thou the son of Tydeus, Diomed,  
Didst urge against me, and with visible spear  
Direct his aim, and aid to wound my flesh? 455  
For all I suffer'd then, thou now shalt pay."  
Thus as he spoke, he struck the tassell'd shield,

Awful to view, which not the lightning bolt  
Of Jove himself could pierce: the blood-stain'd Mars  
Against it thrust in vain his pond'rous spear. 460  
The Goddess stoop'd, and in her ample hand  
Took up a stone, that lay upon the plain,  
Dark, rugged, vast, which men of elder days  
Had set to mark the limits of their land.  
Full on the neck of Mars she hurl'd the mass, 465  
His limbs relaxing: o'er sev'n hundred feet  
Prostrate he lay, his hair defil'd with dust:  
Loud rang his armour; and with scornful smile  
Pallas address'd him thus with vaunting speech:

“Fool, hast thou yet to learn how mightier far 470  
My strength than thine, that me thou dar'st to meet?  
Bear thus the burthen of thy mother's curse,  
Who works thee harm, in wrath that thou the Greeks  
Deserting, aid'st the haughty Trojans' cause.”

She said, and turn'd away her piercing glance: 475  
Him, deeply groaning, scarce to life restor'd,  
Jove's daughter Venus taking by the hand,  
Led from the field; which when the white-arm'd Queen  
Beheld, in haste to Pallas thus she cried:



“O Heav’n, brave child of ægis-bearing Jove, 480  
Undaunted ! lo again this saucy jade  
Amid the press, the bane of mortals, Mars  
Leads from the field ; but haste thee in pursuit.”

Thus Juno : Pallas hasten’d in pursuit  
Well pleas’d ; and Venus with her pow’rful hand 485  
Assailing, struck upon the breast ; at once  
The Goddess’ courage and her limbs gave way.  
There on the ground the two together lay,  
While Pallas o’er them thus with vaunting speech :

“Would all were such, who aid the Trojan cause, 490  
As valiant and as stout as Venus proves,  
Who brings her aid to Mars, confronting me ;  
Then had our warlike labours long been o’er,  
And Ilium’s strong-built citadel o’erthrown.”

Thus Pallas spoke : the white-arm’d Goddess smil’d, 495  
And to Apollo thus th’ Earth-shaker spoke :

“Phœbus, why stand we idly thus aloof ?  
The war begun by others, ’tis not meet ;  
And shame it were, that to Olympus’ height  
And to the brazen-floor’d abode of Jove 500  
We two without a contest should return.

Thou then begin, as younger: 'twere not well  
For me, in age and practice more advanc'd.  
Feeble of soul, how senseless is thy heart!  
Hast thou forgotten all the cruel wrongs 505  
We two, alone of all th' Immortals, bore,  
When here, in Ilium, for a year, we serv'd,  
By Jove's command, the proud Laomedon,  
For promis'd hire; and he our tasks assign'd?  
His fortress, and a wall both broad and fair 510  
I built, the town's impregnable defence;  
While thou didst on his plodding herds attend,  
In many-crested Ida's woody glens.  
But when the joyous seasons, in their course,  
Had brought our labour's term, the haughty King 515  
Denied our guerdon, and with threats dismiss'd.  
Bound hand and foot, he threaten'd thee to send  
And sell to slav'ry in the distant isles,  
And with the sword cut off the ears of both.  
So in indignant sorrow we return'd, 520  
Robb'd of the hire he promis'd, but denied.  
For this thy favour dost thou show to Troy;  
And dost not rather join thy force to ours,

That down upon their knees the Trojans all  
Should perish, with their babes and matrons chaste." 525

Whom answer'd thus the far-destroying King :  
"Earth-shaking God, I should not gain with thee  
Th' esteem of wise, if I with thee should fight  
For mortal men; poor wretches, who like leaves  
Flourish awhile, and eat the fruits of earth, 530  
But, sapless, soon decay: from combat then  
Refrain we, and to others leave the strife."

He turn'd, thus saying: for he deem'd it shame  
His father's brother to assail in arms;  
But him his sister, Goddess of the chase, 535  
Rebuk'd, and thus with scornful speech address'd:

"Fliest thou, Apollo? and to Neptune leav'st  
The triumph and the fruitless victory?  
Why o'er thy shoulder hangs thine idle bow?  
Ne'er in our father's halls again, as erst 540  
Among th' Immortals, let me hear thee boast  
How thou with Neptune wouldst in arms contend."

Thus she; Apollo answer'd not a word ;.  
But Jove's imperial consort, fill'd with wrath,  
Assail'd with bitter words the Archer-Queen. 545

“How canst thou dare, thou saucy minx,\* to stand  
Oppos'd to me, too great for thine assault,  
Despise thy bow? though Jove hath giv'n thee pow'r  
O'er feeble women, whom thou wilt, to slay,  
Ev'n as a lion; better were't for thee 550  
To chase the mountain beasts and flying hinds,  
Than thy superiors thus to meet in arms.  
But since thou dar'st confront me, thou shalt know  
And feel how far my might surpasses thine.”

She said; and with the left hand both the wrists 555  
Of Dian grasping, with her ample right  
The bow and quiver from her shoulders tore;  
And with them, as she turn'd away her head,  
With scornful laughter buffeted her ears:  
The arrows keen were scatter'd on the ground: 560  
Weeping, the Goddess fled; as flies a dove

---

\* L. 546. The terms made use of in this line, and in 481, may appear somewhat coarse, as addressed by one Goddess to another: but I assure the English reader that in this passage especially I have greatly softened down the expression of the original; a literal translation of which, however forcible, would shock even the least fastidious critic. It must, indeed, be admitted that the mode in which “the white-arm'd Goddess” proceeds to execute her threat is hardly more dignified than the language, in which it is conveyed, is refined.

The hawk's pursuit, and in a hollow rock  
Finds refuge, doom'd not yet to fall a prey;  
So, weeping, Dian fled, and left her bow.

Then Hermes to Latona thus: "With thee 565  
I strive not; shame it were to meet in fight  
A consort of the cloud-compelling Jove.  
Freely amid th' Immortals make thy boast,  
That by thy prowess thou hast vanquish'd me."

Thus he: Latona gather'd up the bow, 570  
And fallen arrows, scatter'd here and there  
Amid the whirling dust; then, these regain'd,  
Following her daughter, from the field withdrew.  
Meanwhile to high Olympus fled the Maid,  
And to the brazen-floor'd abode of Jove. 575  
There, weeping, on her father's knees she sat,  
While quiver'd round her form th' ambrosial robe.  
The son of Saturn tow'rd's him drew his child,  
And thus, with gracious smile, enquiry made:  
"Which of the heav'nly pow'rs hath wrong'd thee thus, 580  
My child, as guilty of some open shame?"

To whom the bright-crown'd Goddess of the chase:  
"Thy wife, my father, white-arm'd Juno; she

Hath dealt thus rudely with me; she, from whom  
All jars and strife among the Gods proceed." 585

Such converse while they held, the gates of Troy  
Apollo enter'd, for the well-built wall  
Alarm'd, lest ev'n against the will of fate  
The Greeks that day should raze it to the ground.

The other Gods were to Olympus gone, 590

Triumphant these, and those in angry mood,  
And took their seats before the cloud-girt Sire.

But on the Trojans pressing, Peleus' son  
Horses and men alike, promiscuous, slew.

As in a city, which the Gods in wrath 595

Have fir'd, whose volleying smoke ascends to Heav'n,  
On all her people grievous toil is cast,  
On many, harm and loss; such toil, such loss

Achilles wrought amid the Trojan host.

Upon a lofty tow'r, the work of Gods, 600

The aged Priam stood, and thence beheld  
Achilles raging with resistless might;

The Trojans too he saw in fearful rout  
Before him driv'n, their courage quite subdued:

And, groaning, from the tow'r he hasten'd down, 605

And to the warders cried along the wall :

“Stand to the gates, and hold them open'd wide,  
That in the crowd of fugitives may pour,  
And refuge find ; for close upon their flight  
Achilles hangs ; disaster now is near. 610  
But while our friends, receiv'd within the walls,  
Find time to breathe again, replace in haste  
The closely-fitting portals ; for I fear  
That man of blood may ev'n the city storm.”

He said ; the gates they open'd, and drew back 615  
The solid bars ; the portals, op'ning wide,  
Let in the light ; but in the vacant space  
Apollo stood, the Trojan host to save.  
The flyers, parch'd with thirst and dust-begrim'd,  
Straight for the city and the lofty wall 620  
Made from the plain ; Achilles, spear in hand,  
Press'd hotly on the rearmost ; for his soul  
With rage was fill'd, and madd'ning lust of fame.  
And now the lofty-gated city of Troy  
The sons of Greece had won ; but Phœbus rous'd 625  
Agenor's spirit, a valiant youth and strong,  
Son of Antenor ; he his bosom fill'd

With dauntless courage, and beside him stood  
To turn aside the heavy hand of death,  
As, veil'd in cloud, against the oak he lean'd. 630  
He, when Achilles' awful form he knew,  
Yet firmly stood, though much perplex'd in mind,  
As thus he commun'd with his mighty heart:

“Oh woe is me! should I attempt to fly  
Before Achilles' might, where fly the rest 635  
Across the plain, disorder'd, he would soon  
O'ertake me, and in flight ignoble slay.  
Or should I leave the others to their fate,  
Scatter'd by Peleus' son; and from the wall  
And o'er the plain of Troy direct my flight, 640  
Far as the foot of Ida's hill, and there  
Lie hid in thickest covert; and at eve,  
Refresh'd by bathing in the cooling stream,  
And purg'd the sweat, retrace my steps to Troy?  
Yet why, my soul, admit such thoughts as these? 645  
For should he mark me flying from the town,  
And overtake me by his speed of foot,  
No hope were left me of escape from death,  
So far his strength exceeds the strength of man.



But how if boldly I await him here 650  
Before the wall? his flesh is not to wounds  
Impervious: but a single life is his,  
Nor is he more, they say, than mortal man,  
Though Jove assists him, and his triumph wills."

He said, and stood collected, to await 655  
Achilles' onset; and his manly heart,  
With courage fill'd, was eager for the fray.  
As when a panther from the thicket's depth  
Comes forth to meet the hunter, undismay'd,  
Nor turn'd to flight by baying of the hounds; 660  
Nor, wounded or by jav'lin or by sword,  
Or by the spear transfix'd, remits her rage,  
But fights, until she reach her foe, or die;  
Agenor so, Antenor's godlike son,  
Disdain'd to fly, ere prove Achilles' might. 665  
Before his breast his shield's broad orb he bore,  
And pois'd his spear, as thus he call'd aloud:

"Thy hope, renown'd Achilles, was this day  
The valiant Trojans' city to destroy;  
Unconscious of the toils, the woes, that yet 670  
Around her walls await ye! for within

Are warriors brave and num'rous, who will fight  
In her defence, for parents, children, wives.  
Thou too, Achilles, here shalt meet thy doom,  
All-pow'rful as thou art, and warrior bold." 675

He said, and threw with stalwart hand the spear;  
Achilles' leg he struck, below the knee,  
Nor miss'd his aim; and loudly rang the greaves  
Of new-wrought tin; but back the brazen point  
Rebounded, nor the heav'nly armour pierc'd. 680

In turn Achilles on Agenor sprang:  
But Phœbus robb'd him of his hop'd-for prize,  
Who, veil'd in thickest cloud, convey'd away  
Antenor's son, and from the battle bore  
To rest in peace; while he by guile withdrew 685

The son of Peleus from the flying crowd:  
For in Agenor's very likeness clad,  
Before him stood the far-destroying King:  
Then fled, Achilles hast'ning in pursuit.  
He o'er the fertile plain with flying foot 690

Pursu'd; beside Scamander's eddying stream  
Apollo turn'd, and still but little space  
Before him flying, subtly lur'd him on,

---

Each moment hoping to attain his prize.

Meantime the gen'ral crowd, in panic flight, 695

With eager haste the city's refuge sought,

And all the town with fugitives was fill'd.

Nor did they dare without the walls to stand

For mutual aid; nor halt to know what friends

Were safe, who left upon the battle-field; 700

But through the gates pour'd in the hurrying mass

Who to their active limbs their safety ow'd. 702

## BOOK XXII.

THE fugitives, who thus, like tim'rous fawns,  
Sought refuge in the city, dried their sweat,  
And drank, and quench'd their thirst, reclining safe  
On the fair battlements; but nearer drew,  
With slanted shields, the Greeks; yet Hector still      5  
In front of Ilium and the Scæan gate,  
Stay'd by his evil doom, remain'd without.  
Then Phœbus thus to Peleus' godlike son:  
"Achilles, why with active feet pursue,  
Thou mortal, me Immortal? know'st thou not      10  
My Godhead, that so hot thy fury burns?  
Or heed'st thou not that all the Trojan host  
Whom thou hast scar'd, while thou art here withdrawn,  
Within the walls a refuge safe have found?  
On me thy sword is vain! I know not death!"      15  
Enrag'd, Achilles, swift of foot, replied:  
"Deep is the injury, far-darting King,

Most hostile of the Gods, that at thy hand  
I bear, who here hast lur'd me from the walls,  
Which many a Trojan else had fail'd to reach,       20  
Ere by my hand they bit the bloody dust.  
Me of immortal honour thou hast robb'd,  
And them, thyself from vengeance safe, hast sav'd:  
Had I the pow'r, that vengeance thou shouldst feel."

Thus saying, and on mightiest deeds intent,       25  
He turn'd him city-ward, with fiery speed;  
As when a horse, contending for the prize,  
Whirls the swift car, and stretches o'er the plain,  
Ev'n so, with active limbs, Achilles rac'd.

Him first the aged Priam's eyes discern'd,       30  
Scouring the plain, in arms all dazzling bright,  
Like to th' autumnal star, whose brilliant ray  
Shines eminent amid the depth of night,  
Whom men the dog-star of Orion call;  
The brightest he, but sign to mortal man       35  
Of evil augury, and fiery heat:  
So shone the brass upon the warrior's breast.

The old man groan'd aloud, and lifting high  
His hands, he beat his head, and with loud voice

Call'd on his son, imploring; he, unmov'd, 40

Held post before the gates, awaiting there

Achilles' fierce encounter; him his sire,

With hands outstretch'd and piteous tone, address'd:

“Hector, my son, await not here alone

That warrior's charge, lest thou to fate succumb, 45

Beneath Pelides' arm, thy better far!

Accurs'd be he! would that th' immortal Gods

So favour'd him as I! then should his corpse

Soon to the vultures and the dogs be giv'n!

(So should my heart a load of anguish lose) 50

By whom I am of many sons bereav'd,

Many and brave, whom he has slain, or sold

To distant isles in slav'ry; and e'en now,

Within the city walls I look in vain

For two, Lycaon brave, and Polydore, 55

My gallant sons, by fair Laothœ:

If haply yet they live, with brass and gold

Their ransom shall be paid; good store of these

We can command; for with his daughter fair

A wealthy dow'ry aged Altes gave. 60

But to the viewless shades should they have gone,

Deep were their mother's sorrow and my own ;  
But of the gen'ral public, well I know  
Far lighter were the grief, than if they heard  
That thou hadst fall'n beneath Achilles' hand. 65  
Then enter now, my son, the city gates,  
And of the women and the men of Troy  
Be still the guardian; nor to Peleus' son,  
With thine own life, immortal glory give.  
Look too on me with pity; me, on whom, 70  
Ev'n on the threshold of mine age, hath Jove  
A bitter burthen cast, condemn'd to see  
My sons struck down, my daughters dragg'd away  
In servile bonds; our chambers' sanctity  
Invaded; and our babes by hostile hands 75  
Dash'd to the ground; and by ferocious Greeks  
Enslav'd the widows of my slaughter'd sons.  
On me at last the rav'ning dogs shall feed,  
When by some foeman's hand, by sword or lance,  
My soul shall from my body be divorc'd; 80  
Those very dogs which I myself have bred,  
Fed at my table, guardians of my gate,  
Shall lap my blood, and over-gorg'd shall lie

Ev'n on my threshold. That a youth should fall  
Victim to Mars, beneath a foeman's spear, 85

May well beseem his years; and if he fall  
With honour, though he die, yet glorious he!  
But when the hoary head and hoary beard,  
And naked corpse to rav'ning dogs are giv'n,  
No sadder sight can wretched mortals see." 90

The old man spoke, and from his head he tore  
The hoary hair; yet Hector firm remain'd.  
Then to the front his mother rush'd, in tears,  
Her bosom bare, with either hand her breast  
Sustaining, and with tears address'd him thus: 95

"Hector, my child, thy mother's breast revere;  
And on this bosom if thine infant woes  
Have e'er been hush'd, bear now in mind, dear child,  
The debt thou ow'st; and from within the walls  
Ward off this fearful man, nor in the field 100

Encounter; curs'd be he! should he prevail,  
And slay thee, not upon the fun'ral bed,  
My child, my own, the offspring of my womb,  
Shall I deplore thee, nor thy widow'd wife,  
But far away, beside the Grecian ships, 105



Thy corpse shall to the rav'ning dogs be giv'n."

Thus they, with tears and earnest pray'rs imploring,  
Address'd their son; yet Hector firm remain'd,  
Waiting th' approach of Peleus' godlike son.

As when a snake upon the mountain side, 110  
With deadly venom charg'd, beside his hole  
Awaits the traveller, and fill'd with rage,  
Coil'd round his hole, his baleful glances darts;  
So fill'd with dauntless courage Hector stood,  
Scorning retreat, his gleaming buckler propp'd 115  
Against the jutting tow'r; then, deeply mov'd,  
Thus with his warlike soul communion held:

"Oh woe is me! if I should enter now  
The city gates, I should the just reproach  
Encounter of Polydamas, who first 120  
His counsel gave within the walls to lead  
The Trojan forces, on that fatal night  
When great Achilles in the field appear'd.  
I heeded not his counsel; would I had!  
Now, since my folly hath the people slain, 125  
I well might blush to meet the Trojan men,  
And long-rob'd dames of Troy, lest some might say,

To me inferior far, 'This woful loss  
To Hector's blind self-confidence we owe.'  
Thus shall they say; for me, 'twere better far, 130  
Or from Achilles, slain in open fight,  
Back to return in triumph, or myself  
To perish nobly in my country's cause.  
What if my bossy shield I lay aside,  
And stubborn helmet, and my pond'rous spear 135  
Propping against the wall, go forth to meet  
Th' unmatch'd Achilles? What if I engage  
That Helen's self, and with her all the spoil,  
And all that Paris in his hollow ships  
Brought here to Troy, whence first this war arose, 140  
Should be restor'd; and to the Greeks be paid  
An ample tribute from the city's stores,  
Her secret treasures; by a solemn oath  
Binding the Trojans nothing to conceal,  
But fairly to the distribution bring 145  
Whate'er of wealth our much-lov'd city holds?  
But wherefore entertain such thoughts, my soul?  
Should I so meet him, what if he should show  
Nor pity nor remorse, but slay me there,

Defenceless as a woman, and unarm'd? 150

Not this the time, nor he the man, with whom

By forest oak or rock, like youth and maid,

To hold light talk, as youth and maid might hold.

Better to dare the fight, and know at once

To whom the vict'ry is decreed by Heav'n." 155

Thus, as he stood, he mus'd; but near approach'd

Achilles, terrible as plum'd Mars;

From his right shoulder brandishing aloft

The ashen spear of Peleus, while around

Flash'd his bright armour, dazzling as the glare 160

Of burning fire, or of the rising sun.

Fear at the sight on valiant Hector seiz'd;

Nor dar'd he there await th' attack, but left

The gates behind, and, terror-stricken, fled.

Forward, with eager step, Pelides rush'd. 165

As when a falcon, bird of swiftest flight,

From some high mountain-top, on tim'rous dove

Swoops fiercely down; she, from beneath, in fear,

Evades the stroke; he, dashing through the brake,

Shrill-shrieking, pounces on his destin'd prey; 170

So, wing'd with desp'rate hate, Achilles flew,

So Hector, flying from his keen pursuit,  
Beneath the walls his active sinews plied.  
They by the watch-tow'r, and beneath the wall  
Where stood the wind-beat fig-tree, rac'd amain 175  
Along the public road, until they reach'd  
The fairly-flowing fount whence issued forth,  
From double source, Scamander's eddying streams.  
One with hot current flows, and from beneath,  
As from a furnace, clouds of steam arise ; 180  
'Mid summer's heat the other rises cold  
As hail, or snow, or water crystalliz'd ;  
Beside the fountains stood the washing-troughs  
Of well-wrought stone, where erst the wives of Troy  
And daughters fair their choicest garments wash'd, 185  
In peaceful times, ere came the sons of Greece.  
There rac'd they, one in flight, and one pursuing ;  
Good he who fled, but better who pursu'd,  
With fiery speed ; for on that race was stak'd  
No common victim, no ignoble ox : 190  
The prize at stake was mighty Hector's life.  
As when the solid-footed horses fly  
Around the course, contending for the prize,

Tripod, or woman of her lord bereft ;  
So rac'd they thrice around the walls of Troy 195  
With active feet ; and all the Gods beheld.  
Then thus began the Sire of Gods and men :  
" A woful sight mine eyes behold ; a man  
I love in flight around the walls ! my heart  
For Hector grieves, who, now upon the crown 200  
Of deeply-furrow'd Ida, now again  
On Ilium's heights, with fat of choicest bulls  
Hath pil'd mine altar ; whom around the walls,  
With flying speed, Achilles now pursues.  
Give me your counsel, Gods, and say, from death 205  
If we shall rescue him, or must he die,  
Brave as he is, beneath Pelides' hand ?"

To whom the blue-ey'd Goddess, Pallas, thus :  
" O Father, lightning-flashing, cloud-girt King,  
What words are these ? wouldst thou a mortal man, 210  
Long doom'd by fate, again from death preserve ?  
Do as thou wilt, but not with our consent."

To whom the Cloud-compeller thus replied :  
" Be of good cheer, my child ! unwillingly  
I speak, yet loth thy wishes to oppose : 215

Have then thy will, and draw not back thy hand."

His words fresh impulse gave to Pallas' zeal,  
And from Olympus' heights in haste she sped.

Meanwhile on Hector, with untiring hate,  
The swift Achilles press'd: as when a hound, 220  
Through glen and tangled brake, pursues a fawn,  
Rous'd from its lair upon the mountain side;  
And if awhile it should evade pursuit,  
Low crouching in the copse, yet quests he back,  
Searching unwearied, till he find the trace; 225  
So Hector sought to baffle, but in vain,  
The keen pursuit of Peleus' active son.  
Oft as he sought the shelter of the gates  
Beneath the well-built tow'rs, if haply thence  
His comrades' weapons might some aid afford; 230  
So oft his foeman, with superior speed,  
Would cut him off, and turn him to the plain.  
He tow'rd the city still essay'd his flight;  
And as in dreams, when one pursues in vain,  
One seeks in vain to fly, the other seeks 235  
As vainly to pursue; so could not now  
Achilles reach, nor Hector quit, his foe.

Yet how should Hector now the doom of death  
Have 'scap'd, had not Apollo once again,  
And for the last time, to his rescue come, 240  
And giv'n him strength and suppleness of limb?

Then to the crowd Achilles with his head  
Made sign that none at Hector should presume  
To cast a spear, lest one might wound, and so  
The greater glory obtain, while he himself 245  
Must be contented with the second place.

But when the fourth time in their rapid course  
The founts were reach'd, th' Eternal Father hung  
His golden scales aloft, and plac'd in each  
The lots of doom, for great Achilles one, 250  
For Hector one, and held them by the midst:  
Down sank the scale, weighted with Hector's death,  
Down to the shades, and Phoebus left his side.

Then to Pelides came the blue-ey'd Maid,  
And stood beside him, and bespoke him thus: 255  
"Achilles, lov'd of Heav'n, I trust that now  
To thee and me great glory shall accrue  
In Hector's fall, insatiate of the fight.  
Escape he cannot now, though at the feet

Of ægis-bearing Jove, on his behalf, 260

With earnest pray'r Apollo prostrate fall.

But stay thou here and take thy breath, while I

Persuade him to return and dare the fight."

So Pallas spoke; and he with joy obeying,

Stood leaning on his brass-barb'd ashen spear. 265

The Goddess left him there, and went (the form

And voice assuming of Deiphobus)

In search of godlike Hector; him she found,

And standing near, with wingèd words address'd:

"Sorely, good brother, hast thou been bested 270

By fierce Achilles, who around the walls

Hath chas'd thee with swift foot; now stand we both

For mutual succour, and his onset wait."

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm:

"Deiphobus, of all my brothers, sons 275

Of Hecuba and Priam, thou hast been

Still dearest to my heart; and now the more

I honour thee who dar'st on my behalf,

Seeing my peril, from within the walls

To sally forth, while others skulk behind." 280

To whom the blue-ey'd Goddess thus replied:



“With many pray’rs, good brother, both our sire  
And honour’d mother, and our comrades all  
Successively implored me to remain;  
Such fear is fall’n on all; but in my soul 285  
On thine account too deep a grief I felt.  
Now, forward boldly! spare we not our spears;  
Make trial if Achilles to the ships  
From both of us our bloody spoils can bear,  
Or by thine arm himself may be subdued.” 290

Thus Pallas lur’d him on with treach’rous wile;  
But when the two were met, and close at hand,  
First spoke great Hector of the glancing helm:

“No more before thee, Peleus’ son, I fly:  
Thrice have I fled around the walls, nor dar’d 295  
Await thine onset; now my spirit is rous’d  
To stand before thee, to be slain, or slay.  
But let us first th’ immortal Gods invoke;  
The surest witnesses and guardians they  
Of compacts: at my hand no foul disgrace 300  
Shalt thou sustain, if Jove with victory  
Shall crown my firm endurance, and thy life  
To me be forfeit; of thine armour stripp’d

I promise thee, Achilles, to the Greeks  
Thy body to restore; do thou the like." 305

With fierce regard Achilles answer'd thus:  
"Hector, thou object of my deadly hate,  
Talk not to me of compacts; as 'tween men  
And lions no firm concord can exist,  
Nor wolves and lambs in harmony unite, 310  
But ceaseless enmity between them dwells:  
So not in friendly terms, nor compact firm,  
Can thou and I unite, till one of us  
Glut with his blood the mail-clad warrior Mars.  
Mind thee of all thy fence; behoves thee now 315  
To prove a spearman skill'd, and warrior brave.  
For thee escape is none; now, by my spear,  
Hath Pallas doom'd thy death; my comrades' blood,  
Which thou hast shed, shall all be now aveng'd."

He said, and poisoning, hurl'd his weighty spear; 320  
But Hector saw, and shunn'd the blow; he stoop'd,  
And o'er his shoulder flew the brass-tipp'd spear,  
And in the ground was fix'd; but Pallas drew  
The weapon forth, and to Achilles' hand,  
All unobserv'd of Hector, gave it back. 325

Then Hector thus to Peleus' matchless son :

“Thine aim has fail'd; nor truly has my fate,  
Immortal son of Peleus, been to thee  
From Heav'n reveal'd; such was indeed thy boast;  
But now it seems that flippant was thy speech, 330  
And cunningly devis'd, in hopes that I  
Might by thy vaunts be terrified, and so  
Forgetful of my fame and prowess prove.  
Not in my back will I receive thy spear,  
But through my breast, confronting thee, if Jove 335  
Have to thine arm indeed such triumph giv'n.  
Now, if thou canst, my spear in turn elude;  
May it be deeply buried in thy flesh!  
For lighter were to Troy the load of war,  
If thou, the greatest of her foes, wert slain.” 340

He said, and poising, hurl'd his pond'rous spear;  
Nor miss'd his aim; full in the midst he struck  
Pelides' shield; but glancing from the shield  
The weapon bounded off. Hector was griev'd,  
That thus his spear had bootless left his hand. 345  
He stood aghast; no second spear was nigh:  
And loudly on Deiphobus he call'd

A spear to bring; but he was far away.  
Then Hector knew that he was dup'd, and cried,  
"Oh Heav'ns! the Gods above have doom'd my death! 350  
I deem'd indeed that brave Deiphobus  
Was near at hand; but he within the walls  
Is safe, and I by Pallas am betray'd.  
Now is my death at hand, nor far away:  
Escape is none; since so hath Jove decreed, 355  
And Jove's far-darting son, who heretofore  
Have been my guards; my fate hath found me now.  
Yet not without a struggle let me die,  
Nor all inglorious; but let some great act,  
Which future days may hear of, mark my fall." 360

Thus as he spoke, his trenchant sword he drew,  
Pond'rous and vast, suspended at his side;  
Collected for the spring, and forward dash'd:  
As when an eagle, bird of loftiest flight,  
Through the dark clouds swoops downward on the plain, 365  
To seize some tender lamb, or cowering hare;  
So Hector rush'd, and wav'd his sharp-edg'd sword.  
Achilles' wrath was rous'd: with fury wild  
His soul was fill'd: before his breast he bore

His well-wrought shield ; and fiercely on his brow 370  
Nodded the four-plum'd helm, as on the breeze  
Floated the golden hairs, with which the crest  
By Vulcan's hand was thickly interlac'd ;  
And as amid the stars' unnumber'd host,  
When twilight yields to night, one star appears, 375  
Hesper, the brightest star that shines in Heav'n,  
Gleam'd the sharp-pointed lance, which in his right  
Achilles pois'd, on godlike Hector's doom  
Intent, and scanning eagerly to see  
Where from attack his body least was fenc'd. 380  
All else the glitt'ring armour guarded well,  
Which Hector from Patroclus' corpse had stripp'd ;  
One chink appear'd, just where the collar-bone  
The neck and shoulder parts, beside the throat,  
Where lies expos'd the swiftest road of death. 385  
There levell'd he, as Hector onward rush'd ;  
Right through the yielding neck the lance was driv'n,  
But sever'd not the windpipe, nor destroy'd  
His pow'r of speech ; prone in the dust he fell ;  
And o'er him, vaunting, thus Achilles spoke : 390  
" Hector, Patroclus stripping of his arms,

Thy hope was that thyself wast safe; and I,

Not present, brought no terror to thy soul:

Fool! in the hollow ships I yet remain'd,

I, his avenger, mightier far than he; 395

I, who am now thy conqueror. By the dogs

And vultures shall thy corpse be foully torn,

While him the Greeks with fun'ral rites shall grace."

Whom answer'd Hector of the glancing helm,

Prostrate and helpless: "By thy soul, thy knees, 400

Thy parents' heads, Achilles, I beseech,

"Let not my corpse by Grecian dogs be torn.

Accept the ample stores of brass and gold,

Which as my ransom by my honour'd sire

And mother shall be paid thee; but my corpse 405

Restore, that so the men and wives of Troy

May deck with honours due my fun'ral pyre."

To whom, with fierce aspect, Achilles thus:

"Knee me no knees, vile hound! nor prate to me

Of parents! such my hatred, that almost 410

I could persuade myself to tear and eat

Thy mangled flesh; such wrongs I have to avenge.

He lives not, who can save thee from the dogs;

Not though with ransom ten and twenty fold  
He here should stand, and yet should promise more;    415  
No, not though Priam's royal self should sue  
To be allow'd for gold to ransom thee;  
No, not ev'n so, thy mother shall obtain  
To lay thee out upon the couch, and mourn  
O'er thee, her offspring; but on all thy limbs    420  
Shall dogs and carrion vultures make their feast."

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,  
Dying: "I know thee well; nor did I hope  
To change thy purpose; iron is thy soul.  
But see that on thy head I bring not down    425  
The wrath of Heav'n, when by the Scæan gate  
The hand of Paris, with Apollo's aid,  
Brave warrior as thou art, shall strike thee down."

Ev'n as he spoke, his eyes were clos'd in death;  
And to the viewless shades his spirit fled,    430  
Mourning his fate, his youth and vigour lost.

To him, though dead, Achilles thus replied:  
"Die thou! my fate I then shall meet, whene'er  
Jove and th' immortal Gods shall so decree."

He said, and from the corpse his spear withdrew,    435

And laid aside; then stripp'd the armour off,  
With blood besmear'd; the Greeks around him throng'd,  
Gazing on Hector's noble form and face,  
And none approach'd that did not add a wound:  
And one to other look'd, and said, "Good faith, 440  
Hector is easier far to handle now,  
Than when erewhile he wrapp'd our ships in fire."  
Thus would they say, then stab the dead anew.

But when the son of Peleus, swift of foot,  
Had stripp'd the armour from the corpse, he rose, 445  
And, standing, thus th' assembled Greeks address'd:  
"O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,  
Since Heav'n hath granted us this man to slay,  
Whose single arm hath wrought us more of ill  
Than all the rest combin'd, advance we now 450  
Before the city in arms, and trial make  
What is the mind of Troy; if, Hector slain,  
They from the citadel intend retreat,  
Or still, despite their loss, their ground maintain.  
But wherefore entertain such thoughts, my soul? 455  
Beside the ships, unwept, unburied, lies  
Patroclus; whom I never can forget,



While number'd with the living, and my limbs  
Have pow'r to move; in Hades though the dead  
May be forgotten, yet ev'n there will I 460  
The mem'ry of my lov'd companion keep.  
Now to the ships return we, sons of Greece,  
Glad pæans singing! with us he shall go;  
Great glory is ours, the godlike Hector slain,  
The pride of Troy, and as a God rever'd." 465

He said, and foully Hector's corpse misus'd;  
Of either foot he pierc'd the tendon through,  
That from the ancle passes to the heel,  
And to his chariot bound with leathern thongs,  
Leaving the head to trail along the ground; 470  
Then mounted, with the captur'd arms, his car,  
And urg'd his horses; nothing loth, they flew.  
A cloud of dust the trailing body rais'd:  
Loose hung his glossy hair; and in the dust  
Was laid that noble head, so graceful once; 475  
Now to foul insult doom'd by Jove's decree,  
In his own country, at a foeman's hand.  
So lay the head of Hector; at the sight  
His aged mother tore her hair, and far

From off her head the glitt'ring veil she threw, 480  
And with loud cries her slaughter'd son bewail'd.  
Piteous, his father groan'd; and all around  
Was heard the voice of wailing and of woe.  
Such was the cry, as if the beetling height  
Of Ilium all were smould'ring in the fire. 485  
Scarce was the old man by the crowd restrain'd  
From issuing forth beyond the Dardan gates;  
Low in the dust he roll'd, imploring all,  
Entreating by his name each sev'ral man:  
"Forbear, my friends; though sorrowing, stay me not; 490  
Leave me to reach alone the Grecian ships,  
And there implore this man of violence,  
This haughty chief, if haply he my years  
May rev'rence, and have pity on my age.  
For he too has a father, like to me; 495  
Peleus, by whom he was begot, and bred,  
The bane of Troy; and, most of all, to me  
The cause of endless grief, who by his hand  
Have been of many stalwart sons bereft.  
Yet all, though griev'd for all, I less lament, 500  
Than one, whose loss will sink me to the grave,

Hector! oh would to Heav'n that in mine arms  
He could have died; with mourning then and tears  
We might have satisfied our grief, both she  
Who bore him, hapless mother, and myself." 505

Weeping, he spoke; and with him wept the crowd:  
Then, 'mid the women, Hecuba pour'd forth  
Her vehement grief: "My child, oh whither now,  
Heart-stricken, shall I go, of thee bereft,  
Of thee, who wast to me by night and day 510  
A glory and a boast; the strength of all  
The men of Troy, and women? as a God  
They worshipp'd thee: for, living, thou on all  
Great glory shedd'st; but fate hath found thee now."

Weeping, she spoke; but nought as yet was known 515  
To Hector's wife; to her no messenger  
Had brought the tidings, that without the walls  
Remain'd her husband; in her house withdrawn  
A web she wove, all purple, double woof,  
With varied flow'rs in rich embroidery, 520  
And to her neat-hair'd maids she gave command  
To place the largest caldrons on the fire,  
That with warm baths, returning from the fight,

Hector might be refresh'd ; unconscious she,  
That by Achilles' hand, with Pallas' aid, 525  
Far from the bath, was godlike Hector slain.  
The sounds of wailing reach'd her from the tow'r ;  
Totter'd her limbs, the distaff left her hand,  
And to her neat-hair'd maidens thus she spoke :  
" Haste, follow me, some two, that I may know 530  
What mean these sounds ; my honour'd mother's voice  
I hear ; and in my breast my beating heart  
Leaps to my mouth ; my limbs refuse to move ;  
Some evil, sure, on Priam's house impends.  
Be unfulfill'd my words ! yet much I fear 535  
Lest my brave Hector be cut off alone,  
By great Achilles, from the walls of Troy,  
Chas'd to the plain, the desp'rate courage quench'd,  
Which ever led him from the gen'ral ranks  
Far in advance, and bade him yield to none." 540

Then from the house she rush'd, like one distract,  
With beating heart ; and with her went her maids.  
But when the tow'r she reach'd, where stood the crowd,  
And mounted on the wall, and look'd around,  
And saw the body trailing in the dust, 545

Which the fleet steeds were dragging to the ships,  
A sudden darkness overspread her eyes ;  
Backward she fell, and gasp'd her spirit away.  
Far off were flung th' adornments of her head,  
The net, the fillet, and the woven bands ; 550  
The nuptial veil by golden Venus giv'n,  
That day when Hector of the glancing helm  
Led from Eëtion's house his wealthy bride.  
The sisters of her husband round her press'd,  
And held, as in the deadly swoon she lay. 555  
But when her breath and spirit return'd again,  
With sudden burst of anguish thus she cried :  
"Hector, oh woe is me ! to misery  
We both were born alike ; thou here in Troy  
In Priam's royal palace ; I in Thebes, 560  
By wooded Placos, in Eëtion's house,  
Who nurs'd my infancy ; unhappy he,  
Unhappier I ! would I had ne'er been born !  
Now thou beneath the depths of earth art gone,  
Gone to the viewless shades ; and me hast left 565  
A widow in thy house, in deepest woe ;  
Our child, an infant still, thy child and mine,

Ill-fated parents both! nor thou to him,  
Hector, shalt be a guard, nor he to thee:  
For though he 'scape this tearful war with Greece, 570  
Yet nought for him remains but ceaseless woe,  
And strangers on his heritage shall seize.  
No young companions own the orphan boy:  
With downcast eyes, and cheeks bedew'd with tears,  
His father's friends approaching, pinch'd with want, 575  
He hangs upon the skirt of one, of one  
He plucks the cloak; perchance in pity some  
May at their tables let him sip the cup,  
Moisten his lips, but scarce his palate touch;  
While youths, with both surviving parents bless'd, 580  
May drive him from their feast with blows and taunts,  
"Begone! thy father sits not at our board:"  
Then weeping, to his widow'd mother's arms  
He flies, that orphan boy, Astyanax,  
Who on his father's knees erewhile was fed 585  
On choicest marrow, and the fat of lambs;  
And, when in sleep his childish play was hush'd,  
Was lull'd to slumber in his nurse's arms  
On softest couch, by all delights surrounded.

---

But grief, his father lost, awaits him now, 590  
Astyanax, of Trojans so surnam'd,  
Since thou alone wast Troy's defence and guard.  
But now on thee, beside the beakèd ships,  
Far from thy parents, when the rav'ning dogs  
Have had their fill, the wriggling worms shall feed; 595  
On thee, all naked; while within thy house  
Lies store of raiment, rich and rare, the work  
Of women's hands; these will I burn with fire;  
Not for thy need—thou ne'er shalt wear them more,—  
But for thine honour in the sight of Troy." 600  
Weeping she spoke; the women join'd her wail.

## BOOK XXIII.

THUS they throughout the city made their moan ;

But when the Greeks had come where lay their ships  
By the broad Hellespont, their sev'ral ways  
They each pursued, dispersing ; yet not so  
Achilles let his Myrmidons disperse,

5

But thus his warlike comrades he address'd :

“ My faithful comrades, valiant Myrmidons,

Loose we not yet our horses from the cars ;

But for Patroclus mourn, approaching near,

With horse and car ; such tribute claim the dead ;

10

Then, free indulgence to our sorrows giv'n,

Loose we the steeds, and share the ev'ning meal.”

He said ; and they with mingled voices rais'd

The solemn dirge ; Achilles led the strain ;

Thrice round the dead they drove their sleek-skinn'd steeds,

15

Mourning, with hearts by Thetis grief-inspir'd ;

With tears the sands, with tears the warriors' arms,



Were wet; so mighty was the chief they mourn'd.  
Then on his comrade's breast Achilles laid  
His blood-stain'd hands, and thus began the wail:      20

    "All hail, Patroclus, though in Pluto's realm;  
All that I promis'd, lo! I now perform;  
That on the corpse of Hector, hither dragg'd,  
Our dogs should feed; and that twelve noble youths,  
The sons of Troy, before thy fun'ral pyre,      25  
My hand, in vengeance for thy death, should slay."

    He said, and foully Hector's corpse misus'd,  
Flung prostrate in the dust, beside the couch  
Where lay Menœtius' son. His comrades then  
Their glitt'ring armour doff'd, of polish'd brass,      30  
And loos'd their neighing steeds; then round the ship  
Of Peleus' son in countless numbers sat,  
While he th' abundant fun'ral feast dispens'd.  
There many a steer lay stretch'd beneath the knife.  
And many a sheep, and many a bleating goat,      35  
And many a white-tusk'd porker, rich in fat,  
There lay extended, singeing o'er the fire;  
And blood, in torrents, flow'd around the corpse.  
To Agamemnon then the Kings of Greece

The royal son of Peleus, swift of foot, 40  
Conducted; yet with him they scarce prevail'd;  
So fierce his anger for his comrade's death.  
But when to Agamemnon's tent they came,  
He to the clear-voic'd heralds gave command  
An ample tripod on the fire to place; 45  
If haply Peleus' son he might persuade  
To wash away the bloody stains of war:  
But sternly he, and with an oath refus'd.

“No, by great Jove I swear, of all the Gods  
Highest and mightiest, water shall not touch 50  
This head of mine, till on the fun'ral pyre  
I see the body of Patroclus laid,  
And build his tomb, and cut my votive hair;  
For while I live and move 'mid mortal men,  
No second grief like this can pierce my soul. 55  
Observe we now the mournful fun'ral feast;  
But thou, great Agamemnon, King of men,  
Send forth at early dawn, and to the camp  
Bring store of fuel, and all else prepare,  
That with provision meet the dead may pass 60  
Down to the realms of night; so shall the fire

From out our sight consume our mighty dead,  
And to their wonted tasks the troops return."

He said; they listen'd, and his words obey'd;  
Then busily the ev'ning meal prepar'd, 65  
And shar'd the social feast; nor lack'd there aught.  
The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,  
Each to their sev'ral tents the rest repair'd;  
But on the many-dashing ocean's shore  
Pelides lay, amid his Myrmidons, 70  
With bitter groans; in a clear space he lay,  
Where broke the waves, continuous, on the beach.  
There, circumfus'd around him, gentle sleep,  
Lulling the sorrows of his heart to rest,  
O'ercame his senses; for the hot pursuit 75  
Of Hector round the breezy heights of Troy  
His active limbs had wearied: as he slept,  
Sudden appear'd Patroclus' mournful shade,  
His very self; his height, and beauteous eyes,  
And voice; the very garb he wout to wear: 80  
Above his head it stood, and thus it spoke:

"Sleep'st thou, Achilles, mindless of thy friend,  
Neglecting, not the living, but the dead?

Hasten my fun'ral rites, that I may pass  
Through Hades' gloomy gates; ere those be done, 85  
The spirits and spectres of departed men  
Drive me far from them, nor allow to cross  
Th' abhorrèd river; but forlorn and sad  
I wander through the wide-spread realms of night.  
And give me now thy hand, whereon to weep: 90  
For never more, when laid upon the pyre,  
Shall I return from Hades; never more,  
Apart from all our comrades, shall we two,  
As friends, sweet counsel take; for me, stern Death,  
The common lot of man, has op'd his mouth; 95  
Thou too, Achilles, rival of the Gods,  
Art destin'd here beneath the walls of Troy  
To meet thy doom; yet one thing must I add,  
And make, if thou wilt grant it, one request.  
Let not my bones be laid apart from thine, 100  
Achilles, but together, as our youth  
Was spent together in thy father's house,  
Since first my sire Menœtius me a boy  
From Opus brought, a luckless homicide,  
Who of Amphidamas, by evil chance, 105

Had slain the son, disputing o'er the dice :  
Me noble Peleus in his house receiv'd,  
And kindly nurs'd, and thine attendant nam'd ;  
So in one urn be now our bones enclos'd,  
The golden vase, thy Goddess-mother's gift." 110

Whom answer'd thus Achilles, swift of foot :  
" Why art thou here, lov'd being? why on me  
These sev'ral charges lay? whate'er thou bidd'st  
Will I perform, and all thy mind fulfil ;  
But draw thou near; and in one short embrace, 115  
Let us, while yet we may, our grief indulge."

Thus as he spoke, he spread his longing arms,  
But nought he clasp'd; and with a wailing cry,  
Vanish'd, like smoke, the spirit beneath the earth.  
Up sprang Achilles, all amaz'd, and smote 120  
His hands together, and lamenting cried :

" O Heav'n, there are then, in the realms below,  
Spirits and spectres, unsubstantial all ;  
For through the night Patroclus' shade hath stood,  
Weeping and wailing, at my side, and told 125  
His bidding; th' image of himself it seem'd."

He said; his words the gen'ral grief arous'd:

To them, as round the piteous dead they mourn'd,  
Appear'd the rosy-finger'd morn; and straight,  
From all the camp, by Agamemnon sent, 130  
Went forth, in search of fuel, men and mules,  
Led by a valiant chief, Meriones,  
The follower of renown'd Idomeneus.  
Their felling axes in their hands they bore,  
And twisted ropes; their mules before them driv'n; 135  
Now up, now down, now sideways, now aslope,  
They journey'd on; but when they reach'd the foot  
Of spring-abounding Ida, they began  
With axes keen to hew the lofty oaks;  
They, loudly crashing, fell: the wood they clove, 140  
And bound it to the mules; these took their way  
Through the thick brushwood, hurrying to the plain.  
The axe-men too, so bade Meriones,  
The follower of renown'd Idomeneus,  
Were laden all with logs, which on the beach 145  
They laid in order, where a lofty mound,  
In mem'ry of Patroclus and himself,  
Achilles had design'd. When all the store  
Of wood was duly laid, the rest remain'd

In masses seated ; but Achilles bade 150

The warlike Myrmidons their armour don,

And harness each his horses to his car ;

They rose and donn'd their arms, and on the cars

Warriors and charioteers their places took :

First came the horse, and then a cloud of foot, 155

Unnumber'd ; in the midst Patroclus came,

Borne by his comrades ; all the corpse with hair

They cover'd o'er, which from their heads they shore.

Behind, Achilles held his head, and mourn'd

The noble friend whom to the tomb he bore. 160

Then on the spot by Peleus' son assign'd,

They laid him down, and pil'd the wood on high.

Then a fresh thought Achilles' mind conceiv'd :

Standing apart, the yellow locks he shore,

Which as an off'ring to Sperchius' stream, 165

He nurs'd in rich profusion ; sorrowing then

Look'd o'er the dark-blue sea, as thus he spoke :

“Sperchius, all in vain to thee his pray'r

My father Peleus made, and vow'd that I,

Return'd in safety to my native land, 170

To thee should dedicate my hair, and pay

A solemn hecatomb, with sacrifice  
Of fifty rams, unblemish'd, to the springs  
Where on thy consecrated soil is plac'd  
Thine incense-honour'd altar; so he vow'd; 175  
But thou the boon withhold'st; since I no more  
My native land may see, the hair he vow'd,  
To brave Patroclus thus I dedicate."

He said, and on his comrade's hand he laid  
The locks; his act the gen'ral grief arous'd; 180  
And now the setting sun had found them still  
Indulging in their grief; but Peleus' son  
Approaching, thus to Agamemnon spoke:

"Atrides, for to thee the people pay  
Readiest obedience, mourning too prolong'd 185  
May weary; thou then from the pyre the rest  
Disperse, and bid prepare the morning meal;  
Ours be the farther charge, to whom the dead  
Was chiefly dear; yet let the chiefs remain."

The monarch Agamemnon heard, and straight 190  
Dispers'd the crowd amid their sev'ral ships.  
Th' appointed band remain'd, and pil'd the wood.  
A hundred feet each way they built the pyre,



And on the summit, sorrowing, laid the dead.  
Then many a sheep and many a slow-pac'd ox      195  
They flay'd and dress'd around the fun'ral pyre;  
Of all the beasts Achilles took the fat,  
And cover'd o'er the dead from head to foot,  
And heap'd the slaughter'd carcasses around;  
Then jars of honey plac'd, and fragrant oils,      200  
Resting upon the couch; next, groaning loud,  
Four pow'rful horses on the pyre he threw;  
Then, of nine dogs that at their master's board  
Had fed, he slaughter'd two upon his pyre;  
Last, with the sword, by evil counsel sway'd,      205  
Twelve noble youths he slew, the sons of Troy.  
The fire's devouring might he then applied,  
And, groaning, on his lov'd companion call'd:

“All hail, Patroclus, though in Pluto's realm!  
All that I promis'd, lo! I now perform:      210  
On twelve brave sons of Trojan sires, with thee,  
The flames shall feed; but Hector, Priam's son,  
Not to the fire, but to the dogs I give.”

Such was Achilles' threat, but him the dogs  
Molested not; for Venus, night and day,      215

Daughter of Jove, the rav'ning dogs restrain'd ;  
And all the corpse o'erlaid with roseate oil,  
Ambrosial, that though dragg'd along the earth,  
The noble dead might not receive a wound.  
Apollo too a cloudy veil from Heav'n 220  
Spread o'er the plain, and cover'd all the space  
Where lay the dead, nor let the blazing sun  
The flesh upon his limbs and muscles parch.

Yet burnt not up Patroclus' fun'ral pyre ;  
Then a fresh thought Achilles' mind conceiv'd : 225  
Standing apart, on both the Winds he call'd,  
Boreas and Zephyrus, and added vows  
Of costly sacrifice ; and pouring forth  
Libations from a golden goblet, pray'd  
Their presence, that the wood might haste to burn, 230  
And with the fire consume the dead ; his pray'r  
Swift Iris heard, and bore it to the Winds.  
They in the hall of gusty Zephyrus  
Were gather'd round the feast ; in haste appearing,  
Swift Iris on the stony threshold stood. 235  
They saw, and rising all, besought her each  
To sit beside him ; she with their requests

Refus'd compliance, and address'd them thus :

“No seat for me ; for I o'er th' ocean stream  
From hence am bound to Æthiopia's shore,                   240  
To share the sacred feast, and hecatombs,  
Which there they offer to th' immortal Gods ;  
But, Boreas, thee, and loud-voic'd Zephyrus,  
With vows of sacrifice, Achilles calls  
To fan the fun'ral pyre, whereon is laid                   245  
Patroclus, mourn'd by all the host of Greece.”

She said, and vanish'd ; they, with rushing sound,  
Rose, and before them drove the hurrying clouds :  
Soon o'er the sea they swept ; the stirring breeze  
Ruffled the waves ; the fertile shores of Troy                   250  
They reach'd, and falling on the fun'ral pyre,  
Loud roar'd the crackling flames ; they all night long  
With current brisk together fann'd the fire.  
All night Achilles from a golden bowl  
Drew forth, and, in his hand a double cup,                   255  
The wine outpouring, moisten'd all the earth,  
Still calling on his lost Patroclus' shade.  
As mourns a father o'er a youthful son,  
Whose early death hath wrung his parents' hearts ;

So mourn'd Achilles o'er his friend's remains, 260

Prostrate beside the pyre, and groan'd aloud.

But when the star of Lucifer appear'd,

The harbinger of light, whom following close

Spreads o'er the sea the saffron-robèd morn,

Then pal'd the smould'ring fire, and sank the flame; 265

And o'er the Thracian sea, that groan'd and heav'd

Beneath their passage, home the Winds return'd;

And weary, from the pyre a space withdrawn,

Achilles lay, o'ercome by gentle sleep.

Anon, awaken'd by the tramp and din 270

Of crowds that follow'd Atreus' royal son,

He sat upright, and thus address'd his speech:

"Thou son of Atreus, and ye chiefs of Greece,

Far as the flames extended, quench we first

With ruddy wine the embers of the pyre; 275

And of Menœtius' son, Patroclus, next

With care distinguishing, collect the bones;

Nor are they hard to know; for in the midst

He lay, while round the edges of the pyre,

Horses and men commix'd, the rest were burnt. 280

Let these, between a double layer of fat

Enclos'd, and in a golden urn remain,  
Till I myself shall in the tomb be laid;  
And o'er them build a mound, not over-large,  
But of proportions meet; in days to come, 285  
Ye Greeks, who after me shall here remain,  
Complete the work, and build it broad and high."

Thus spoke Achilles; they his words obey'd:  
Far as the flames had reach'd, and thickly strown  
The embers lay, they quench'd with ruddy wine; 290  
Then tearfully their gentle comrade's bones  
Collected, and with double layers of fat  
Enclos'd, and in a golden urn encas'd;  
Then in the tent they laid them, overspread  
With veil of linen fair; then meting out 295  
Th' allotted space, the deep foundations laid  
Around the pyre, and o'er them heap'd the earth.  
Their task accomplish'd, all had now withdrawn;  
But Peleus' son the vast assembly stay'd,  
And bade them sit; then, prizes of the games, 300  
Tripods and caldrons from the tents he brought,  
And noble steeds, and mules, and sturdy steers,  
And women fair of form, and iron hoar.

First, for the contest of the flying cars  
The prizes he display'd: a woman fair, 305  
Well skill'd in household cares; a tripod vast,  
Two-handled, two and twenty measures round;  
These both were for the victor: for the next,  
A mare, unbroken, six years old, in foal  
Of a mule colt; the third, a caldron bright, 310  
Capacious of four measures, white and pure,  
By fire as yet untarnish'd; for the fourth,  
Of gold two talents; for the fifth, a vase  
With double cup, untouch'd by fire, he gave.  
Then, standing up, he thus address'd the Greeks: 315  
"Thou son of Atreus, and ye well-greav'd Greeks,  
Before ye are the prizes, which await  
The contest of the cars; but if, ye Greeks,  
For any other cause these games were held,  
I to my tent should bear the foremost prize; 320  
For well ye know how far my steeds excel,  
Steeds of immortal race, which Neptune gave  
To Peleus, he to me, his son, transferr'd.  
But from the present strife we stand aloof,  
My horses and myself; they now have lost 325

The daring courage and the gentle hand  
Of him who drove them, and with water pure  
Wash'd oft their manes, and bath'd with fragrant oil.  
For him they stand and mourn, with drooping heads  
Down to the ground, their hearts with sorrow fill'd; 330  
But ye in order range yourselves, who boast  
Your well-built chariots and your horses' speed."

He said: up sprang the eager charioteers;  
The first of all, Eumelus, King of men,  
Admetus' son, unmatched in horsemanship; 335  
Next, Tydeus' son, the valiant Diomed,  
With Trojan horses, from Æneas won,  
When by Apollo's aid himself escap'd;  
Then Heav'n-born Menelæus, Atreus' son,  
Two flying coursers harness'd to his car; 340  
His own, Podargus, had for yokefellow  
Æthe, a mare by Agamemnon lent:  
Her, Echepolus to Atrides gave,  
Anchises' son, that to the wars of Troy  
He might not be compell'd, but safe at home 345  
Enjoy his ease; for Jove had bless'd his store  
With ample wealth, in Sicyon's wide domain.

Her now he yok'd, impatient for the course.

The fourth, Antilochus, the gallant son

Of Nestor, mighty monarch, Neleus' son, 350

Harness'd his sleek-skin'd steeds; of Pylian race

Were they who bore his car; to him, his sire

Sage counsel pour'd in understanding ears:

“Antilochus, though young in years thou art,

Yet Jove and Neptune love thee, and have well 355

Instructed thee in horsemanship; of me

Thou need'st no counsel; skill'd around the goal

To whirl the chariot; but thou hast, of all,

The slowest horses: whence I augur ill.

But though their horses have the speed of thine, 360

In skill not one of them surpasses thee.

Then thou, dear boy, exert thine ev'ry art,

That so thou mayst not fail to gain a prize.

By skill, far more than strength, the woodman fells

The sturdy oak; by skill the steersman guides 365

His flying ship across the dark-blue sea,

Though shatter'd by the blast; 'twixt charioteer

And charioteer 'tis skill that draws the line.

One, vainly trusting to his coursers' speed,



Drives reckless here and there ; o'er all the course, 370

His horses, unrestrain'd, at random run.

Another, with inferior horses far,

But better skill'd, still fixing on the goal

His eye, turns closely round, nor overlooks

The moment when to draw the rein ; but holds 375

His steady course, and on the leader waits.

A mark I give thee now, thou canst not miss :

There stands a wither'd trunk, some six feet high,

Of oak, or pine, unrotted by the rain ;

On either side have two white stones been plac'd, 380

Where meet two roads ; and all around there lies

A smooth and level course ; here stood perchance

The tomb of one who died long years ago ;

Or former generations here have plac'd,

As now Achilles hath decreed, a goal. 385

There drive, as only not to graze the post ;

And leaning o'er the wicker body, leave

Close on the left the stones ; thine offside horse

Then urge with voice and whip, and slack his rein,

And let the nearside horse so closely graze, 390

As that thy nave may seem to touch, the goal :

But yet beware, lest, striking on the stone,  
Thy steeds thou injure, and thy chariot break,  
A source of triumph to thy rivals all,  
Of shame to thee; but thou sage caution use; 395  
For, following, if thou make the turn the first,  
Not one of all shall pass thee, or o'ertake;  
Not though Arion's self were in the car,  
Adrastus' flying steed, of heav'nly race,  
Nor those which here Laomedon possess'd." 400

    This said, and to his son his counsels giv'n,  
The aged Nestor to his seat withdrew.  
Fifth in the lists Meriones appear'd.  
They mounted on their cars, and cast their lots:  
Achilles shook the helmet; first leap'd forth 405  
The lot of Nestor's son, Antilochus;  
Next came the King Eumelus; after whom  
The valiant Meneläus, Atreus' son;  
The fourth, Meriones; and last of all,  
But ablest far, Tydides drew his place. 410  
They stood in line; Achilles pointed out,  
Far on the level plain, the distant goal;  
And there in charge the godlike Phoenix plac'd,

His father's ancient follower, to observe  
The course assign'd, and true report to make. 415  
Then all at once their whips they rais'd, and urg'd  
By rein, and hand, and voice, their eager steeds.  
They from the ships pursued their rapid course  
Athwart the distant plain; beneath their chests  
Rose like a cloud, or hurricane, the dust; 420  
Loose floated on the breeze their ample manes;  
The cars now skimm'd along the fertile ground,  
Now bounded high in air; the charioteers  
Stood up aloft, and ev'ry bosom beat  
With hope of vict'ry; each with eager shout 425  
Cheering his steeds, that scour'd the dusty plain.  
But when, the farthest limits of the course  
Attain'd, they turn'd beside the hoary sea,  
Strain'd to their utmost speed, were plainly seen  
The qualities of each; then in the front 430  
Appear'd Eumelus' flying mares, and next  
The Trojan horses of Tydides came:  
Nor these were far behind, but following close  
They seem'd in act to leap upon the car.  
Eumelus, on his neck and shoulders broad, 435

Felt their warm breath ; for o'er him, as they flew,  
Their heads were downward bent ; and now, perchance,  
Had he or pass'd, or made an even race,  
But that, incens'd with valiant Diomed,  
Apollo wrested from his hands the whip. 440  
Then tears of anger from his eyelids fell,  
As gaining more and more the mares he saw,  
While, urg'd no more, his horses slack'd their speed.  
But Pallas mark'd Apollo's treach'rous wile ;  
And hasting to the chief, restor'd his whip, 445  
And to his horses strength and courage gave.  
The Goddess then Admetus' son pursued,  
And snapp'd his chariot yoke ; the mares, releas'd,  
Swerv'd from the track ; the pole upon the ground  
Lay loosen'd from the car ; and he himself 450  
Beside the wheel was from the chariot hurl'd.  
From elbows, mouth, and nose, the skin was torn ;  
His forehead crush'd and batter'd in ; his eyes  
Were fill'd with tears, and lost his pow'r of speech.  
Tydides turn'd aside, and far ahead 455  
Of all the rest, pass'd on ; for Pallas gave  
His horses courage, and his triumph will'd.

Next him, the fair-hair'd Meneläus came,  
The son of Atreus; but Antilochus  
Thus to his father's horses call'd aloud: 460

“Forward, and stretch ye to your utmost speed;  
I ask you not with those of Diomed  
In vain to strive, whom Pallas hath endued  
With added swiftness, and his triumph will'd;  
But haste ye, and o’ertake Atrides’ car, 465  
Nor be by Æthe, by a mare, disgrac’d.  
Why, my brave horses, why be left behind?  
This too I warn ye, and will make it good:  
No more at Nestor’s hand shall ye receive  
Your provender, but with the sword be slain, 470  
If by your faults a lower prize be ours;  
Then rouse ye now, and put forth all your speed,  
And I will so contrive, as not to fail  
Of slipping past them in the narrow way.”

He said; the horses, of his voice in awe, 475  
Put forth their pow’rs awhile; before them soon  
Antilochus the narrow pass espied.  
It was a gully, where the winter’s rain  
Had lain collected, and had broken through

A length of road, and hollow'd out the ground : 480

There Meneläus held his cautious course,

Fearing collision; but Antilochus,

Drawing his steeds a little from the track,

Bore down upon him sideways: then in fear,

The son of Atreus to Antilochus 485

Shouted aloud, "Antilochus, thou driv'st

Like one insane; hold in awhile thy steeds;

Here is no space; where wider grows the road,

There thou mayst pass; but here, thou wilt but cause

Our cars to clash, and bring us both to harm." 490

He said; but madlier drove Antilochus,

Plying the goad, as though he heard him not.

Far as a discus' flight, by some stout youth,

That tests his vigour, from the shoulder hurl'd,

So far they ran together, side by side : 495

Then dropp'd Atrides' horses to the rear,

For he himself forbore to urge their speed,

Lest, meeting in the narrow pass, the cars

Should be o'erthrown, and they themselves, in haste

To gain the vict'ry, in the dust be roll'd. 500

Then thus, reproachful, to Antilochus:

“Antilochus, thou most perverse of men!  
Beshrew thy heart! we Greeks are much deceiv'd  
Who give thee fame for wisdom! yet ev'n now  
Thou shalt not gain, but on thine oath, the prize.” 505

He said, and to his horses call'd aloud:  
“Slack not your speed, nor, as defeated, mourn;  
Their legs and feet will sooner tire than yours,  
For both are past the vigour of their youth.”  
Thus he; the horses, of his voice in awe, 510  
Put forth their pow'rs, and soon the leaders near'd.

Meanwhile the chieftains, seated in the ring,  
Look'd for the cars, that scour'd the dusty plain.  
The first to see them was Idomeneus,  
The Cretan King; for he, without the ring, 515  
Was posted high aloft; and from afar  
He heard and knew the foremost horseman's voice;  
Well too he knew the gallant horse that led,  
All bay the rest, but on his front alone  
A star of white, full-orb'd as the moon: 520  
Then up he rose, and thus the Greeks address'd:  
“O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,  
Can ye too see, or I alone, the cars?”

A diff'rent chariot seems to me in front,  
A diff'rent charioteer; and they who first 525  
Were leading, must have met with some mischance.  
I saw them late, ere round the goal they turn'd,  
But see them now no more; though all around  
My eyes explore the wide-spread plain of 'Troy.  
Perchance the charioteer has dropp'd the reins, 530  
Or round the goal he could not hold the mares;  
Perchance has miss'd the turn, and on the plain  
Is lying now beside his broken car,  
While from the course his mettled steeds have flown.  
Stand up, and look yourselves; I cannot well 535  
Distinguish; but to me it seems a chief,  
Who reigns o'er Greeks, though of Ætolian race,  
The son of Tydeus, valiant Diomed."

Sharply Oileus' active son replied:  
"Idomeneus, why thus, before the time, 540  
So rashly speak? while the high-stepping steeds  
Are speeding yet across the distant plain.  
Thine eyes are not the youngest in the camp,  
Nor look they out the sharpest from thy head;  
But thou art ever hasty in thy speech, 545



And ill becomes thee this precipitance,  
Since others are there here, thy betters far.  
The same are leading now, that led at first,  
Eumelus' mares; 'tis he that holds the reins."

To whom in anger thus the Cretan chief: 550  
"Ajax, at wrangling good, in judgment naught,  
And for aught else, among the chiefs of Greece  
Of small account—so stubborn is thy soul;  
Wilt thou a tripod or a caldron stake,  
And Agamemnon, Atreus' son, appoint 555  
The umpire to decide whose steeds are first?  
So shalt thou gain thy knowledge at thy cost."

He said: up sprang Oileus' active son,  
In anger to reply; and farther yet  
Had gone the quarrel, but Achilles' self 560  
Stood up, and thus the rival chiefs address'd:

"Forbear, both Ajax and Idomeneus,  
This bitter interchange of wordy war;  
It is not seemly; and yourselves, I know,  
Another would condemn, who so should speak. 565  
But stay ye here, and seated in the ring,  
Their coming wait; they, hurrying to the goal,

Will soon be here; and then shall each man know  
Whose horses are the second, whose the first."

Thus he; but Tydeus' son drew near, his lash      570  
Still laid upon his horses' shoulder-points;  
As lightly they, high-stepping, scour'd the plain.  
Still on the charioteer the dust was flung;  
As close upon the flying-footed steeds  
Follow'd the car with gold and tin inlaid;      575  
And lightly, as they flew along, were left  
Impress'd the wheel-tracks on the sandy plain.  
There in the midst he stood, the sweat profuse  
Down-pouring from his horses' heads and chests;  
Down from the glitt'ring car he leap'd to earth,      580  
And lean'd his whip against the chariot yoke;  
Nor long delay'd the valiant Sthenelus,  
But eagerly sprang forth to claim the prize;  
Then to his brave companions gave in charge  
To lead away the woman, and to bear      585  
The tripod, while himself unyok'd the steeds.

Next came the horses of Antilochus,  
Who had by stratagem, and not by speed,  
O'er Meneläus triumph'd; yet ev'n so

Atrides' flying coursers press'd him hard ; 590  
For but so far as from the chariot-wheel  
A horse, when harness'd to a royal car ;  
Whose tail, back-streaming, with the utmost hairs  
Brushes the felloes ; close before the wheel,  
Small space between, he scours the wide-spread plain : 595  
So far was Meneläus in the rear  
Of Nestor's son ; at first, a discus' cast  
Between them lay ; but rapidly his ground  
He gain'd—so well the speed and courage serv'd  
Of Æthe, Agamemnon's beauteous mare ; 600  
And, but a little farther were the course,  
Had pass'd him by, nor left the race in doubt.  
Behind the noble son of Atreus came,  
A jav'lin's flight apart, Meriones,  
The faithful follower of Idomeneus : 605  
His were the slowest horses, and himself  
The least experienc'd in the rapid race.  
Dragging his broken car, came last of all,  
His horses driv'n in front, Admetus' son ;  
Achilles swift of foot with pity saw, 610  
And to the Greeks his wingèd words address'd :

“See where the best of all the last appears ;  
But let him take, as meet, the second prize ;  
The first belongs of right to Tydeus’ son.”

Thus he ; they all assented to his words ; 615  
And, by the gen’ral voice of Greece, the mare  
Had now been his ; but noble Nestor’s son,  
Antilochus, stood up, his right to claim,  
And to Achilles, Peleus’ son, replied :

“Achilles, thou wilt do me grievous wrong, 620  
If thou thy words accomplish ; for my prize  
Thou tak’st away, because mishap befell  
His car and horses, by no fault of his ;  
Yet had he to th’ Immortals made his pray’r,  
He surely had not thus been last of all. 625

But, pitying him, if so thy mind incline,  
Thy tents contain good store of gold, and brass,  
And sheep, and female slaves, and noble steeds ;  
For him, of these, hereafter mayst thou take  
A prize of higher value ; or ev’n now, 630  
And with th’ applause of all ; but for the mare,  
I will not give her up ; and let who will  
Stand forth, my own right hand shall guard my prize.”

He said; and smil'd Achilles swift of foot,  
Delighted; for he lov'd the noble youth, 635  
To whom his wingèd words he thus address'd:

“Antilochus, if such be thy request,  
That for Eumelus I should add a prize,  
This too I grant thee; and to him I give  
My breastplate, from Asteropæus won, 640  
Of brass, around whose edge is roll'd a stream  
Of shining tin; a gift of goodly price.”

He said, and bade Automedon, his friend  
And comrade, bring the breastplate from his tent;  
He went, and brought it; in Eumelus' hand 645  
He plac'd it; he with joy the gift receiv'd.  
Then Menelæus, sad at heart, arose,  
Burning with wrath against Antilochus;  
And while the herald in the monarch's hand  
His royal sceptre plac'd, and bade the Greeks 650  
Keep silence, thus the godlike hero spoke:

“Antilochus, till now reputed wise,  
What hast thou done? thou hast impugn'd my skill,  
And sham'd my horses, who hast brought thine own,  
Inferior far, before them to the goal. 655

But come, ye chiefs and councillors of Greece,  
Judge ye between us, fav'ring neither side:  
That none of all the brass-clad Greeks may say  
That Meneläus hath by false reports  
O'erborne Antilochus, and holds his prize: 660  
His horses fairly worsted, and himself  
Triumphant only by superior pow'r.  
Or come now, I myself will judgment give;  
Nor deem I any Greek will find to blame  
In my decision, for 'tis fair and just. 665  
Antilochus, come forward, noble chief;  
And standing, as 'tis meet, before the car -  
And horses, in thy hand the slender whip  
Wherewith thou drov'st, upon the horses lay  
Thy hand, and by Earth-shaking Neptune swear 670  
That not of malice, and by set design,  
Thou didst by fraud impede my chariot's course."

To whom Antilochus with prudent speech:  
"Have patience with me yet; for I, O King,  
O Meneläus, am thy junior far; 675  
My elder and superior thee I own.  
Thou know'st th' o'er-eager vehemence of youth,

How quick in temper, and in judgment weak.  
Set then thy heart at ease; the mare I won  
I freely give; and if aught else of mine 680  
Thou shouldst desire, would sooner give it all,  
Than all my life be low'r'd, illustrious King,  
In thine esteem, and sin against the Gods."

Thus saying, noble Nestor's son led forth,  
And plac'd in Meneläus' hands the mare : 685  
The monarch's soul was melted, like the dew  
Which glitters on the ears of growing corn,  
That bristle o'er the plain; ev'n so thy soul,  
O Meneläus, melted at his speech;  
To whom were thus address'd thy wingèd words : 690

"Antilochus, at once I lay aside  
My anger; thou art prudent, and not apt  
To be thus led astray; but now thy youth  
Thy judgment hath o'erpow'r'd; seek not henceforth  
By trick'ry o'er thine elders to prevail. 695  
To any other man of all the Greeks  
I scarce so much had yielded; but for that  
Thyself hast labour'd much, and much endur'd,  
Thou, thy good sire, and brother, in my cause;

I yield me to thy pray'rs; and give, to boot, 700  
The mare, though mine of right; that these may know  
I am not of a harsh, unyielding mood."

He said, and to Noëmon gave in charge,  
The faithful comrade of Antilochus,  
The mare; himself the glitt'ring caldron took. 705  
Of gold two talents, to the fourth assign'd,  
Fourth in the race, Meriones receiv'd;  
Still the fifth prize, a vase with double cup,  
Remain'd; Achilles this to Nestor gave,  
Before th' assembled Greeks, as thus he spoke: 710  
"Take this, old man, and for an heir-loom keep,  
In mem'ry of Patroclus' fun'ral games,  
Whom thou no more amid the Greeks shalt see.  
Freely I give it thee; for thou no more  
Canst box, or wrestle, or in sportive strife 715  
The jav'lin throw, or race with flying feet;  
For age with heavy hand hath bow'd thee down."

He said, and plac'd it in his hand; th' old man  
Receiv'd with joy the gift, and thus replied:

"All thou hast said, my son, is simple truth: 720  
No firmness now my limbs and feet retain,



Nor can my arms with freedom, as of old,  
Straight from the shoulder, right and left, strike out.  
Oh that such youth and vigour yet were mine,  
As when th' Epeians in Buprasium held 725  
The royal Amarynceus' fun'ral games,  
And when the monarch's sons his prizes gave!  
Then could not one of all th' Epeian race,  
Or Pyliaus, or Ætolians, vie with me.  
In boxing, Clytomedes, CEnops' son, 730  
I vanquish'd; then Anchæus, who stood up  
To wrestle with me, I with ease o'erthrew;  
Iphichus I outran, though fleet of foot;  
In hurling with the spear, with Phyleus strove,  
And Polydorus, and surpass'd them both. 735  
The sons of Actor in the chariot-race  
Alone o'ercame me; aided by the crowd  
Who envied my success, and saw, displeas'd,  
The richest prizes by a stranger gain'd.  
They were twin brothers; one who held the reins, 740  
Still drove, and drove; the other plied the whip.  
Such was I once; but now must younger men  
Engage in deeds like these; and I, the chief

Of heroes once, must bow to weary age.

But honour thou with fitting fun'ral games 745

Thy comrade; I accept, well-pleas'd, thy gift,

My heart rejoicing that thou still retain'st

Of me a kindly mem'ry, nor o'erlook'st

The place of honour, which among the Greeks

Belongs to me of right; for this, the Gods 750

Reward thee with a worthy recompense!"

He said; Achilles listen'd to the praise

Of Neleus' son; then join'd the gen'ral throng.

Next, he set forth the prizes, to reward

The labours of the sturdy pugilists; 755

A hardy mule he tether'd in the ring,

Unbroken, six years old, most hard to tame;

And for the vanquish'd man, a double cup;

Then rose, and to the Greeks proclaim'd aloud:

"Thou son of Atreus, and ye well-greav'd Greeks, 760

For these we bid two champions brave stand forth,

And in the boxer's manly toil contend;

And he, whose stern endurance Phœbus crowns

With vict'ry, recogniz'd by all the Greeks,

He to his tent shall lead the hardy mule; 765

The loser shall the double cup receive."

He said; up sprang Epeius, tall and stout,  
A boxer skill'd, the son of Panopeus,  
Who laid his hand upon the mule, and said:

"Stand forth, if any care the cup to win; 770  
The mule, methinks, no Greek can bear away  
From me, who glory in the champion's name.  
Is't not enough, that in the battle-field  
I claim no special praise? 'tis not for man  
In all things to excel; but this I say, 775  
And will make good my words, who meets me here,  
I mean to pound his flesh, and smash his bones.  
See that his seconds be at hand, and prompt  
To bear him from the ring, by me subdued."

He said; they all in silence heard his speech: 780  
Only Euryalus, a godlike chief,  
Son of Mecistheus, Talaïon's son,  
Stood forth opposing; he had once in Thebes  
Join'd in the fun'ral games of Œdipus,  
And there had vanquish'd all of Cadmian race. 785  
On him attended valiant Diomed,  
With cheering words, and wishes of success.

Around his waist he fasten'd first the belt,  
Then gave the well-cut gauntlets for his hands,  
Of wild bull's hide. When both were thus equipp'd, 790  
Into the centre of the ring they stepp'd:  
There, face to face, with sinewy arms uprais'd,  
They stood awhile, then clos'd; strong hand with hand  
Mingling, in rapid interchange of blows.  
Dire was the clatter of their jaws; the sweat 795  
Pour'd forth, profuse, from ev'ry limb; then rush'd  
Epeius on, and full upon the cheek,  
Half turn'd aside, let fall a stagg'ring blow;  
Nor stood Euryalus; but, legs and feet  
Knock'd from beneath him, prone to earth he fell; 800  
And as a fish, that flounders on the sand,  
Thrown by rude Boreas on the weedy beach,  
Till cover'd o'er by the returning wave;  
So flounder'd he beneath that stunning blow.  
But brave Epeius took him by the hand, 805  
And rais'd him up; his comrades crowded round  
And bore him from the field, with dragging steps,  
Spitting forth clotted gore, his heavy head  
Rolling from side to side; within his tent

They laid him down, unconscious ; to the ring 810  
Then back returning, bore away the cup.

Achilles next before the Greeks display'd  
The prizes of the hardy wrestlers' skill :  
The victor's prize, a tripod vast, fire-proof,  
And at twelve oxen by the Greeks apprais'd ; 815  
And for the vanquish'd man, a female slave  
Pric'd at four oxen, skill'd in household work.  
Then rose, and loudly to the Greeks proclaim'd,  
"Stand forth, whoe'er this contest will essay."

He said ; and straight uprose the giant form 820  
Of Ajax Telamon : with him uprose  
Ulysses, skill'd in ev'ry crafty wile.  
Girt with the belt, within the ring they stood,  
And each, with stalwart grasp, laid hold on each ;  
As stand two rafters of a lofty house, 825  
Each propping each, by skilful architect  
Design'd the tempest's fury to withstand.  
Creak'd their backbones beneath the tug and strain  
Of those strong arms ; their sweat pour'd down like rain ;  
And bloody weals of livid purple hue 830  
Their sides and shoulders streak'd, as sternly they

For vict'ry and the well-wrought tripod strove.  
Nor could Ulysses Ajax overthrow,  
Nor Ajax bring Ulysses to the ground,  
So stubbornly he stood; but when the Greeks 835  
Were weary of the long-protracted strife,  
Thus to Ulysses mighty Ajax spoke:  
"Ulysses sage, Laertes' godlike son,  
Or lift thou me, or I will thee uplift:  
The issue of our struggle rests with Jove." 840

He said, and rais'd Ulysses from the ground;  
Nor he his ancient craft remember'd not,  
But lock'd his leg around, and striking sharp  
Upon the hollow of the knee, the joint  
Gave way; the giant Ajax backwards fell, 845  
Ulysses on his breast; the people saw,  
And marvell'd. Then in turn Ulysses strove  
Ajax to lift; a little way he mov'd,  
But fail'd to lift him fairly from the ground;  
Yet crook'd his knee, that both together fell, 850  
And side by side, defil'd with dust, they lay.

And now a third encounter had they tried  
But rose Achilles, and the combat stay'd:

“Forbear, nor waste your strength in farther strife;  
Ye both are victors; both then bear away 855  
An equal meed of honour; and withdraw,  
That other Greeks may other contests wage.”  
Thus spoke Achilles; they his words obey’d,  
And brushing off the dust, their garments donn’d.

The prizes of the runners, swift of foot, 860  
Achilles next set forth; a silver bowl,  
Six measures its content, for workmanship  
Unmatch’d on earth, of Sidon’s costliest art  
The product rare; thence o’er the misty sea  
Brought by Phœnicians, who, in port arriv’d, 865  
Gave it to Thoas: by Euneüs last,  
The son of Jason, to Patroclus paid,  
In ransom of Lycaon, Priam’s son;  
Which now Achilles, on his friend’s behalf,  
Assign’d as his reward, whoe’er should prove 870  
The lightest foot, and speediest in the race.  
A steer, well fatten’d, was the second prize,  
And half a talent, for the third, of gold.  
He rose, and to the Greeks proclaim’d aloud,  
“Stand forth, whoe’er this contest will essay.” 875

He said : uprose Oileus' active son ;  
Uprose Ulysses, skill'd in ev'ry wile,  
And noble Nestor's son, Antilochus,  
Who all the youth in speed of foot surpass'd.  
They stood in line : Achilles pointed out 880  
The limits of the course ; as from the goal  
They stretch'd them to the race, Oileus' son  
First shot ahead ; Ulysses following close ;  
Nor farther than the shuttle from the breast  
Of some fair woman, when her outstretch'd arm 885  
Has thrown the woof athwart the warp, and back  
Withdraws it tow'rd her breast ; so close behind  
Ulysses press'd on Ajax, and his feet  
Trod in his steps, ere settled yet the dust.  
His breath was on his shoulders, as the plain 890  
He lightly skimm'd ; the Greeks with eager shouts  
Still cheering, as he strain'd to win the prize.  
But as they near'd the goal, Ulysses thus  
To blue-ey'd Pallas made his mental pray'r :  
" Now hear me, Goddess, and my feet befriend." 895  
Thus as he pray'd, his pray'r the Goddess heard,  
And all his limbs with active vigour fill'd ;



And, as they stretch'd their hands to seize the prize,  
Tripp'd up by Pallas, Ajax slipp'd and fell,  
Amid the offal of the lowing kine 900  
Which o'er Patroclus Peleus' son had slain.

His mouth and nostrils were with offal fill'd.  
First in the race, Ulysses bore away  
The silver bowl; the steer to Ajax fell;  
And as upon the horn he laid his hand, 905  
Sputt'ring the offal out, he call'd aloud:

"Lo, how the Goddess has my steps bewray'd,  
Who guards Ulysses with a mother's care."  
Thus as he spoke, loud laugh'd the merry Greeks.  
Antilochus the sole remaining prize 910  
Receiv'd, and, laughing, thus the Greeks address'd:

"I tell you, friends, but what yourselves do know,  
How of the elder men th' immortal Gods  
Take special care; for Ajax' years not much  
Exceed mine own; but here we see a man, 915  
One of a former age, and race of men;  
A hale old man we call him; but for speed  
Not one can match him, save Achilles' self."

Thus he, with praise implied of Peleus' son;

To whom in answer thus Achilles spoke: 920

“Antilochus, not unobserv'd of me

Nor unrewarded shall thy praise remain:

To thy half talent add this second half.”

Thus saying, in his hand he plac'd the gold;

Antilochus with joy the gift receiv'd. 925

Next, in the ring the son of Peleus laid

A pond'rous spear, a helmet, and a shield,

By brave Patroclus from Sarpedon won;

Then rose, and loudly to the Greeks proclaim'd:

“For these we call upon two champions brave 930

To don their arms, their sharp-edg'd weapons grasp,

And public trial of their prowess make;

And he who first his rival's flesh shall reach,

And, through his armour piercing, first draw blood,

He shall this silver-studded sword receive, 935

My trophy from Asteropæus won,

Well-wrought, of Thracian metal; but the arms

In common property they both shall hold,

And in my tent a noble banquet share.”

He said; uprose great Ajax Telamon, 940

And Tydeus' son, the valiant Diomed.

First, from the crowd apart, they donn'd their arms;  
Then, eager for the fight, with haughty stare  
Stood in the midst; the Greeks admiring gaz'd.  
When, each approaching other, near they came, 945  
Thrice rush'd they on, and thrice in combat clos'd.  
Then through the buckler round of Diomed  
Great Ajax drove his spear; nor reach'd the point  
Tydides' body, by the breastplate stay'd:  
While, aim'd above the mighty shield's defence, 950  
His glitt'ring weapon flash'd at Ajax' throat.  
For Ajax fearing, shouted then the Greeks  
To cease the fight, and share alike the prize;  
But from Achilles' hand the mighty sword,  
With belt and scabbard, Diomed receiv'd. 955

Next in the ring the son of Peleus plac'd  
A pond'rous mass of iron, as a quoit  
Once wielded by Eëtion's giant strength,  
But to the ships with other trophies borne,  
When by Achilles' hand Eëtion fell. 960  
Then rose, and loudly to the Greeks proclaim'd:  
"Stand forth, whoe'er this contest will essay.  
This prize who wins, though widely may extend

His fertile fields, for five revolving years  
It will his wants supply ; nor to the town 965  
For lack of iron, with this mass in store,  
Need he his shepherd or his ploughman send."

He said ; and valiant Polypoetes rose,  
Epeius, and Leonteus' godlike strength,  
And mighty Ajax, son of Telamon. 970

In turns they took their stand ; Epeius first  
Uprais'd the pond'rous mass, and through the air  
Hurl'd it, amid the laughter of the Greeks.  
Next came Leonteus, scion true of Mars ;  
The third was Ajax ; from whose stalwart hand 975  
Beyond the farthest mark the missile flew.

But when the valiant Polypoetes took  
The quoit in hand, far as a herdsman throws  
His staff, that, whirling, flies among the herd ;  
So far beyond the ring's extremest bound 980  
He threw the pond'rous mass ; loud were the shouts ;  
And noble Polypoetes' comrades rose,  
And to the ships the monarch's gift convey'd.

The archers' prizes next, of iron hoar,  
Ten sturdy axes, double-edg'd, he plac'd, 985

And single hatchets ten; then far away  
Rear'd on the sand a dark-prow'd vessel's mast,  
On which, with slender string, a tim'rous dove  
Was fasten'd by the foot, the archers' mark;  
That who should strike the dove, should to his tent 990  
The axes bear away; but who the string  
Should sever, but should fail to strike the bird,  
As less in skill, the hatchets should receive.

Thus spoke Achilles; straight uprose the might  
Of royal Teucer, and Meriones, 995  
The faithful follower of Idomeneus.  
They in a brass-bound helmet shook the lots.  
The first was Teucer's; with impetuous force  
He shot; but vow'd not to the Archer-King  
Of firstling lambs a solemn hecatomb. 1000  
The dove he struck not, for the Archer-God  
Withheld his aid; but close beside her foot  
The arrow sever'd the retaining string.  
The bird releas'd, soar'd heav'nward; while the string  
Dropp'd, from the mast suspended, tow'rd the earth, 1005  
And loudly shouted their applause the Greeks.  
Then snatch'd Meriones in haste the bow

From Teucer's hand; his own already held  
His arrow, pointed straight; he drew the string,  
And to the far-destroying King he vow'd 1010  
Of firstling lambs a solemn hecatomb.  
Aloft amid the clouds he mark'd the dove,  
And struck her, as she soar'd, beneath the wing:  
Right through the arrow pass'd; and to the earth  
Returning, fell beside Meriones. 1015  
The bird upon the dark-prow'd vessel's mast  
Lighted awhile; anon, with drooping head,  
And pinions flutt'ring vain, afar she fell,  
Lifeless; th' admiring crowd with wonder gaz'd.  
Meriones the axes bore away, 1020  
While Teucer to the ships the hatchets bore.  
Last, in the ring the son of Peleus laid  
A pond'rous spear, and caldron, burnish'd bright,  
Pric'd at an ox's worth, untouch'd by fire,  
For those who with the jav'lin would contend. 1025  
Uprose then Agamemnon, King of men,  
The son of Atreus, and Meriones,  
The faithful follower of Idomeneus;  
But Peleus' godlike son address'd them thus:

“How far, Atrides, thou excell'st us all, 1030  
And with the jav'lin what thy pow'r and skill  
Pre-eminent, we know; take thou this prize,  
And bear it to thy ships; and let us give  
To brave Meriones the brazen spear;  
If so it please thee, such were my advice.” 1035

He said; and Agamemnon, King of men,  
Assenting, gave to brave Meriones  
The brazen spear; while in Talthybius' care,  
His herald, plac'd the King his noble prize. 1039

## BOOK XXIV.

THE games were ended, and the multitude  
Amid the ships their sev'ral ways dispers'd :

Some to their supper, some to gentle sleep  
Yielding, delighted ; but Achilles still  
Mourn'd o'er his lov'd companion ; not on him 5

Lighted all-conqu'ring sleep, but to and fro  
Restless he toss'd, and on Patroclus thought,  
His vigour and his courage ; all the deeds  
They two together had achiev'd ; the toils,  
The perils they had undergone, amid 10

The strife of warriors, and the angry waves.  
Stirr'd by such mem'ries, bitter tears he shed ;

Now turning on his side, and now again  
Upon his back ; then prone upon his face ;  
Then starting to his feet, along the shore 15

All objectless, despairing, would he roam ;  
Nor did the morn, above the sea appearing,



Unmark'd of him arise ; his flying steeds  
He then would harness, and, behind the car  
The corpse of Hector trailing in the dust, 20  
Thrice make the circuit of Patroclus' tomb ;  
Then would he turn within his tent to rest,  
Leaving the prostrate corpse with dust defil'd ;  
But from unseemly marks the valiant dead  
Apollo guarded, who with pity view'd 25  
The hero, though in death ; and round him threw  
His golden ægis ; nor, though dragg'd along,  
Allow'd his body to receive a wound.

Thus foully did Achilles in his rage  
Misuse the mighty dead ; the blessed Gods 30  
With pitying grief beheld the sight, and urg'd  
That Hermes should by stealth the corpse remove.  
The counsel pleas'd the rest ; but Juno still,  
And Neptune, and the blue-ey'd Maid, retain'd  
The hatred, unappeas'd, with which of old 35  
Troy and her King and people they pursued ;  
Since Paris to the rival Goddesses,  
Who to his sheepfold came, gave deep offence,  
Preferring her who brought him in return

The fatal boon of too successful love. 40

But when the twelfth revolving day was come.

Apollo thus th' assembled Gods address'd :

“ Shame on ye, Gods, ungrateful ! have ye not,

At Hector's hand, of bulls and choicest goats

Receiv'd your off'rings meet ? and fear ye now 45

Ev'n his dead corpse to save, and grant his wife,

His mother, and his child, his aged sire

And people, to behold him, and to raise

His fun'ral pile, and with due rites entomb ?

But fell Achilles all your aid commands ; 50

Of mind unrighteous, and inflexible

His stubborn heart ; his thoughts are all of blood ;

Ev'n as a lion, whom his mighty strength

And dauntless courage lead to leap the fold,

And 'mid the trembling flocks to seize his prey ; 55

Ev'n so Achilles hath discarded ruth,

And conscience, arbiter of good and ill.

A man may lose his best-lov'd friend, a son,

Or his own mother's son, a brother dear :

He mourns and weeps, but time his grief allays, 60

For fate to man a patient mind hath giv'n :

But godlike Hector's body, after death,  
Achilles, unrelenting, foully drags,  
Lash'd to his car, around his comrade's tomb.  
This is not to his praise; though brave he be, 65  
Yet thus our anger he may justly rouse,  
Who in his rage insults the senseless clay."

To whom, indignant, white-arm'd Juno thus:  
"Some show of reason were there in thy speech,  
God of the silver bow, could Hector boast 70  
Of equal dignity with Peleus' son.  
A mortal one, and nurs'd at woman's breast;  
The other, of a Goddess born, whom I  
Nurtur'd and rear'd, and to a mortal gave  
In marriage; gave to Peleus, best belov'd 75  
By all th' Immortals, of the race of man.  
Ye, Gods, attended all the marriage rites;  
Thou too, companion base, false friend, wast there,  
And, playing on thy lyre, didst share the feast."

To whom the Cloud-compeller answer'd thus: 80  
"Juno, restrain thy wrath; they shall not both  
Attain like honour; yet was Hector once,  
Of all the mortals that in Ilium dwell,

Dearest to all the Gods, and chief to me ;  
For never did he fail his gifts to bring, 85  
And with burnt-off'rings and libations due  
My altars crown; such worship I receiv'd.  
Yet shall bold Hector's body, not without  
The knowledge of Achilles, be remov'd;  
For day and night his Goddess-mother keeps 90  
Her constant watch beside him. Then, some God  
Bid Thetis hither to my presence haste;  
And I with prudent words will counsel her,  
That so Achilles may at Priam's hand  
Large ransom take, and set brave Hector free." 95

He said; and promptly on his errand sprang  
The storm-swift Iris; in the dark-blue sea  
She plung'd, midway 'twixt Imbros' rugged shore  
And Samos' isle; the parting waters plash'd,  
As down to ocean's lowest depths she dropp'd, 100  
Like to a plummet, which the fisherman  
Lets fall, encas'd in wild bull's horn, to bear  
Destruction to the sea's voracious tribes.  
There found she Thetis in a hollow cave,  
Around her rang'd the Ocean Goddesses: 105

She, in the midst, was weeping o'er the fate  
Her matchless son awaiting, doom'd to die  
Far from his home, on fertile plains of Troy.  
Swift-footed Iris at her side appear'd,  
And thus address'd her: "Hasten, Thetis; Jove, 110  
Lord of immortal counsel, summons thee."  
To whom the silver-footed Goddess thus:  
"What would with me the mighty King of Heav'n?  
Press'd as I am with grief, I am asham'd  
To mingle with the Gods; yet will I go: 115  
Nor shall he speak in vain, whate'er his words."  
Thus as she spoke, her veil the Goddess took,  
All black, than which none deeper could be found;  
She rose to go; the storm-swift Iris led  
The way before her; ocean's parted waves 120  
Around their path receded; to the beach  
Ascending, upwards straight to Heav'n they sprang.  
Th' all-seeing son of Saturn there they found,  
And rang'd around him all th' immortal Gods.  
Pallas made way; and by the throne of Jove 125  
Sat Thetis, Juno proff'ring to her hand  
A goblet fair of gold, and adding words

Of welcome; she the cup receiv'd, and drank.  
Then thus began the sire of Gods and men:  
"Thou, 'Thetis, sorrowing to Olympus com'st, 130  
Borne down by ceaseless grief; I know it well;  
Yet hear the cause for which I summon'd thee.  
About Achilles, thy victorious son,  
And valiant Hector's body, for nine days  
Hath contest been in Heav'n; and some have urg'd 135  
That Hermes should by stealth the corpse remove.  
This to Achilles' praise I mean to turn,  
And thus thy rev'rence and thy love retain.  
Then haste thee to the camp, and to thy son  
My message bear; tell him that all the Gods 140  
Are fill'd with wrath; and I above the rest  
Am angry, that beside the beak'd ships,  
He, mad with rage, the corpse of Hector keeps:  
So may he fear me, and the dead restore.  
Iris meantime to Priam I will send, 145  
And bid him seek the Grecian ships, and there  
Obtain his son's release; and with him bring  
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart."  
He said; the silver-footed Queen obey'd;

Down from Olympus' heights in haste she sped, 150  
And sought her son; him found she in his tent,  
Groaning with anguish, while his comrades round,  
Plying their tasks, the morning meal prepar'd.  
For them a goodly sheep, full-fleec'd, was slain.  
Close by his side his Goddess-mother stood, 155  
And gently touch'd him with her hand, and said,  
"How long, my son, wilt thou thy soul consume  
With grief and mourning, mindful nor of food  
Nor sleep? nor dost thou wisely, to abstain  
From woman's love; for short thy time on earth: 160  
Death and imperious fate are close at hand.  
Hear then my words; a messenger from Jove  
To thee I come, to tell thee that the Gods  
Are fill'd with wrath, and he above the rest  
Is angry, that beside the beak'd ships 165  
Thou, mad with rage, the corpse of Hector keep'st.  
Then ransom take, and liberate the dead."

To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied:  
"So be it; ransom let him bring, and bear  
His dead away, if such the will of Jove." 170

Thus, in the concourse of the ships, they two,

Mother and son, their lengthen'd converse held.

Then Saturn's son to Iris gave command:

"Haste thee, swift Iris, from th' abodes of Heav'n,  
To Troy, to royal Priam bear my words; 175

And bid him seek the Grecian ships, and there  
Obtain his son's release; and with him take  
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart.

Alone, no Trojan with him, must he go;  
Yet may a herald on his steps attend. 180

Some aged man, his smoothly-rolling car  
And mules to drive; and to the city back  
To bring his dead, whom great Achilles slew.

Nor let the fear of death disturb his mind:  
Hermes shall with him, as his escort, go, 185

And to Achilles' presence safely bring.

Arriv'd within the tent, nor he himself  
Will slay him, but from others will protect.

Not ignorant is he, nor void of sense,  
Nor disobedient to the Gods' behest; 190

But will with pitying eyes his suppliant view."

He said; and on his errand sped in haste  
The storm-swift Iris; when to Priam's house



She came, the sounds of wailing met her ear.  
Within the court, around their father, sat 195  
His sons, their raiment all bedew'd with tears;  
And in the midst, close cover'd with his robe,  
Their sire, his head and neck with dirt defil'd,  
Which, wallowing on the earth, himself had heap'd,  
With his own hands, upon his hoary head. 200  
Throughout the house his daughters loudly wail'd  
In mem'ry of the many and the brave  
Who lay in death, by Grecian warriors slain.  
Beside him stood the messenger of Jove,  
And whisper'd, while his limbs with terror shook: 205  
"Fear nothing, Priam, son of Dardanus,  
Nor let thy mind be troubled; not for ill,  
But here on kindly errand am I sent:  
To thee I come, a messenger from Jove,  
Who from on high looks down on thee with eyes 210  
Of pitying love; he bids thee ransom home  
The godlike Hector's corpse; and with thee take  
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart.  
Alone, no Trojan with thee, must thou go;  
Yet may a herald on thy steps attend, 215

Some aged man, thy smoothly-rolling car  
And mules to drive, and to the city back  
To bring thy dead, whom great Achilles slew.  
Nor let the fear of death disturb thy mind :  
Hermes shall with thee, as thine escort, go, 220  
And to Achilles' presence safely bring.  
Arriv'd within the tent, nor he himself  
Will slay thee, but from others will protect :  
Not ignorant is he, nor void of sense,  
Nor disobedient to the Gods' behest, 225  
But will with pitying eyes his suppliant view."

Swift-footed Iris said, and vanish'd straight :  
He to his sons commandment gave, the mules  
To yoke beneath the smoothly-rolling car,  
And on the axle fix the wicker seat. 230  
Himself the lofty cedar-chamber sought,  
Fragrant, high-roof'd, with countless treasures stor'd ;  
And call'd to Hecuba his wife, and said,  
" Good wife, a messenger from Jove hath come,  
Who bids me seek the Grecian ships, and there 235  
Obtain my son's release ; and with me take  
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart.

Say then, what think'st thou? for my mind inclines  
To seek the ships within the Grecian camp."

So he; but Hecuba lamenting cried, 240  
"Alas, alas! where are thy senses gone?  
And where the wisdom, once of high repute  
'Mid strangers, and 'mid those o'er whom thou reign'st?  
How canst thou think alone to seek the ships,  
Ent'ring his presence, who thy sons has slain, 245  
Many and brave? an iron heart is thine!  
Of that bloodthirsty and perfidious man,  
If thou within the sight and reach shalt come,  
No pity will he feel, no rev'rence show:  
Rather remain we here apart and mourn; 250  
For him, when at his birth his thread of life  
Was spun by fate, 'twas destin'd that afar  
From home and parents, he should glut the maw  
Of rav'ning dogs, by that stern warrior's tent,  
Whose inmost heart I would I could devour: 255  
Such for my son were adequate revenge,  
Whom not in ignominious flight he slew;  
But standing, thoughtless of escape or flight,  
For Trojan men and Troy's deep-bosom'd dames.

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire : 260  
“ Seek not to hinder me ; nor be thyself  
A bird of evil omen in my house ;  
For thou shalt not persuade me. If indeed  
This message had been brought by mortal man,  
Prophet, or seer, or sacrificing priest, 265  
I should have deem'd it false, and laugh'd to scorn  
The idle tale ; but now (for I myself  
Both saw and heard the Goddess) I must go ;  
Nor unfulfill'd shall be the words I speak :  
And if indeed it be my fate to die 270  
Beside the vessels of the brass-clad Greeks,  
I am content ! by fierce Achilles' hand  
Let me be slain, so once more in my arms  
I hold my boy, and give my sorrow vent.”  
Then raising up the coffer's polish'd lid, 275  
He chose twelve gorgeous shawls, twelve single cloaks,  
As many rugs, as many splendid robes,  
As many tunics ; then of gold he took  
Ten talents full ; two tripods, burnish'd bright,  
Four caldrons ; then a cup of beauty rare, 280  
A rich possession, which the men of Thrace

Had giv'n, when there he went ambassador;  
Ev'n this he spar'd not, such his keen desire  
His son to ransom. From the corridor  
With angry words he drove the Trojans all: 285

“Out with ye, worthless rascals, vagabonds!  
Have ye no griefs at home, that here ye come  
To pester me? or is it not enough  
That Jove with deep affliction visits me,  
Slaying my bravest son? ye to your cost 290  
Shall know his loss: since now that he is gone,  
The Greeks shall find you easier far to slay.  
But may my eyes be clos'd in death, ere see  
The city sack'd, and utterly destroy'd.”

He said, and with his staff drove out the crowd; 295  
Before the old man's anger fled they all;  
Then to his sons in threat'ning tone he cried;  
To Paris, Helenus, and Agathon,  
Pammon, Antiphonus, Polites brave,  
Deiphobus, and bold Hippothōus, 300  
And godlike Dius; all these nine with threats  
And angry taunts the aged sire assail'd:  
“Haste, worthless sons, my scandal and my shame!

Would that ye all beside the Grecian ships  
In Hector's stead had died! Oh woe is me, 305  
Who have begotten sons, in all the land  
The best and bravest; now remains not one;  
Mestor, and Troilus, dauntless charioteer,  
And Hector, who a God 'mid men appear'd,  
Nor like a mortal's offspring, but a God's: 310  
All these hath Mars cut off; and left me none.  
None but the vile and refuse; liars all,  
Vain skipping coxcombs, in the dance alone,  
And in nought else renown'd; base plunderers,  
From their own countrymen, of lambs and kids. 315  
When, laggards, will ye harness me the car  
Equipp'd with all things needed for the way?"

He said; they quail'd beneath their father's wrath.  
And brought the smoothly-running mule-wain out,  
Well-fram'd, new-built; and fix'd the wicker seat; 320  
Then from the peg the mule-yoke down they took,  
Of boxwood wrought, with boss and rings complete;  
And with the yoke, the yoke-band brought they forth,  
Nine cubits long; and to the polish'd pole  
At the far end attach'd; the breast-rings then 325

Fix'd to the pole-piece ; and on either side  
Thrice round the knob the leathern thong they wound,  
And bound it fast, and inward turn'd the tongue.  
Then the rich ransom, from the chambers brought,  
Of Hector's head, upon the wain they pil'd ; 330  
And yok'd the strong-hoof'd mules, to harness train'd,  
The Mysians' splendid present to the King :  
To Priam's car they harness'd then the steeds,  
Which he himself at polish'd manger fed.  
Deep thoughts revolving, in the lofty halls 335  
Were met the herald and the aged King,  
When Hecuba with troubled mind drew near ;  
In her right hand a golden cup she bore  
Of luscious wine, that ere they took their way  
They to the Gods might due libations pour ; 340  
Before the car she stood, and thus she spoke :  
"Take, and to father Jove thine off'ring pour,  
And pray that he may bring thee safely home  
From all thy foes ; since sore against my will  
Thou needs wilt venture to the ships of Greece. 345  
Then to Idæan Jove, the cloud-girt son  
Of Saturn, who th' expanse of Troy surveys,

Prefer thy pray'r, beseeching him to send,  
On thy right hand, a wingèd messenger,  
The bird he loves the best, of strongest flight;      350  
That thou thyself mayst see and know the sign,  
And, firm in faith, approach the ships of Greece.  
But should th' all-seeing Jove the sign withhold,  
Then not with my consent shouldst thou attempt,  
Whate'er thy wish, to reach the Grecian ships."      355

To whom, in answer, godlike Priam thus :  
" O woman, I refuse not to obey  
Thy counsel ; good it is to raise the hands  
In pray'r to Heav'n, and Jove's protection seek."  
The old man said ; and bade th' attendant pour      360  
Pure water on his hands ; with ewer she,  
And basin, stood beside him : from his wife,  
The due ablutions made, he took the cup ;  
Then pour'd the wine, and looking up to Heav'n  
He rais'd his voice, and thus he pray'd aloud :      365  
" O father Jove, who rul'st on Ida's height,  
Most great, most glorious ! grant that I may find  
Some pity in Achilles' heart ; and send,  
On my right hand, a wingèd messenger,



The bird thou lov'st the best, of strongest flight, 370

That I myself may see and know the sign,

And, firm in faith, approach the ships of Greece."

Thus as he pray'd, the Lord of counsel heard ;

And sent forthwith an eagle, feather'd king,

Dark bird of chase, and Dusky thence surnam'd : 375

Wide as the portals, well secur'd with bolts,

That guard some wealthy monarch's lofty hall,

On either side his ample pinions spread.

On the right hand appear'd he, far above

The city soaring ; they the fav'ring sign 380

With joy beheld, and ev'ry heart was cheer'd.

Mounting his car in haste, the aged King

Drove through the court, and through the echoing porch ;

The mules in front, by sage Idæus driv'n,

That drew the four-wheel'd wain ; behind them came 385

The horses, down the city's steep descent

Urg'd by th' old man to speed ; the crowd of friends

That follow'd mourn'd for him, as doom'd to death.

Descended from the city to the plain,

His sons and sons-in-law to Ilium took 390

Their homeward way ; advancing o'er the plain

They two escap'd not Jove's all-seeing eye;

Pitying he saw the aged sire; and thus

At once to Hermes spoke, his much-lov'd son:

"Hermes, for thou in social converse lov'st 395

To mix with men, and hear'st whome'er thou wilt;

Haste thee, and Priam to the Grecian ships

So lead, that none of all the Greeks may see

Ere to Achilles' presence he attain."

He said; nor disobey'd the heav'nly Guide; 400

His golden sandals on his feet he bound,

Ambrosial work; which bore him o'er the waves,

Swift as the wind, and o'er the wide-spread earth;

Then took his rod, wherewith he seals at will

The eyes of men, and wakes again from sleep. 405

This in his hand he bore, and sprang for flight.

Soon the wide Hellespont he reach'd, and Troy,

And pass'd in likeness of a princely youth,

In op'ning manhood, fairest term of life.

The twain had pass'd by Ilus' lofty tomb, 410

And halted there the horses and the mules

Beside the margin of the stream to drink;

For darkness now was creeping o'er the earth:

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When through the gloom the herald Hermes saw  
Approaching near, to Priam thus he cried : 415  
“ O son of Dardanus, bethink thee well ;  
Of prudent counsel great is now our need.  
A man I see, and fear he means us ill.  
Say, with the horses shall we fly at once,  
Or clasp his knees, and for his mercy sue ?” 420  
The old man heard, his mind confus'd with dread ;  
So grievously he fear'd, that every hair  
Upon his bended limbs did stand on end ;  
He stood astounded ; but the Guardian-God  
Approach'd and took him by the hand, and said : 425  
“ Where, father, goest thou thus with horse and mule  
In the still night, when men are sunk in sleep ?  
And fear'st thou not the slaughter-breathing Greeks,  
Thine unrelenting foes, and they so near ?  
If any one of them should see thee now, 430  
So richly laden in the gloom of night,  
How wouldst thou feel ? thou art not young thyself,  
And this old man, thy comrade, would avail  
But little to protect thee from assault.  
I will not harm thee, nay will shield from harm, 435

For like my father's is, methinks, thy face."

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire :

"'Tis as thou say'st, fair son ; yet hath some God

Extended o'er me his protecting hand,

Who sends me such a guide, so opportune. 440

Bless'd are thy parents in a son so grac'd

In face and presence, and of mind so wise."

To whom in answer thus the Guardian-God :

"O father, well and wisely dost thou speak ;

But tell me this, and truly : dost thou bear 445

These wealthy treasures to some foreign land,

That they for thee in safety may be stor'd ?

Or have ye all resolv'd to fly from Troy

In fear, your bravest slain, thy gallant son,

Who never from the Greeks' encounter flinch'd ?" 450

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire :

"Who art thou, noble Sir, and what thy race,

That speak'st thus fairly of my hapless son ?"

To whom in answer thus the Guardian-God :

"Try me, old man ; of godlike Hector ask ; 455

For often in the glory-giving fight

These eyes have seen him ; chief, when to the ships

The Greeks he drove, and with the sword destroy'd.

We gaz'd in wonder; from the fight restrain'd

By Peleus' son, with Agamemnon wroth. 460

His follower I; one ship convey'd us both;

One of the Myrmidons I am; my sire

Polyctor, rich, but aged, ev'n as thou.

Six sons he hath, besides myself, the sev'nth;

And I by lot was drafted for the war. 465

I from the ships am to the plain come forth;

For with the dawn of day the keen-ey'd Greeks

Will round the city marshal their array.

They chafe in idleness; the chiefs in vain

Strive to restrain their ardour for the fight." 470

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:

"If of Achilles, Peleus' son, thou art

Indeed a follower, tell me all the truth;

Lies yet my son beside the Grecian ships,

Or hath Achilles torn him limb from limb, 475

And to his dogs the mangled carcase giv'n?"

To whom in answer thus the Guardian-God:

"On him, old man, nor dogs nor birds have fed,

But by the ship of Peleus' son he lies

Within the tent; twelve days he there hath lain, 480  
Nor hath corruption touch'd his flesh, nor worms,  
That wont to prey on men in battle slain.  
The corpse, indeed, with each returning morn,  
Around his comrade's tomb Achilles drags,  
Yet leaves it still uninjur'd; thou thyself 485  
Mightst see how fresh, as dew-besprent, he lies.  
From blood-stains cleans'd, and clos'd his many wounds,  
For many a lance was buried in his corpse.  
So, ev'n in death, the blessed Gods above,  
Who lov'd him well, protect thy noble son." 490

He said; th' old man rejoicing heard his words,  
And answer'd, "See, my son, how good it is  
To give th' immortal Gods their tribute due;  
For never did my son, while yet he liv'd,  
Neglect the Gods who on Olympus dwell; 495  
And thence have they remember'd him in death.  
Accept, I pray, this goblet rich-emboss'd;  
Be thou my guard, and, under Heav'n, my guide,  
Until I reach the tent of Peleus' son."

To whom in answer thus the Guardian-God: 500  
"Old father, me thy younger wouldst thou tempt,

In vain; who bidd'st me at thy hands accept  
Thy proffer'd presents, to Achilles' wrong.  
I dread his anger; and should hold it shame  
To plunder him, through fear of future ill. 505  
But, as thy guide, I could conduct thee safe,  
As far as Argos, journeying by thy side,  
On ship-board or on foot; nor by the fault  
Of thy conductor shouldst thou meet with harm."

Thus spoke the heav'nly Guide, and on the car 510  
Mounting in haste, he took the whip and reins,  
And with fresh vigour mules and horses fill'd.  
When to the ship-tow'rs and the trench they came,  
The guard had late been busied with their meal;  
And with deep sleep the heav'nly Guide o'erspread 515  
The eyes of all; then open'd wide the gates,  
And push'd aside the bolts, and led within  
Both Priam, and the treasure-laden wain.  
But when they reach'd Achilles' lofty tent,  
(Which for their King the Myrmidons had built 520  
Of fir-trees fell'd, and overlaid the roof  
With rushes mown from off the neighb'ring mead;  
And all around a spacious court enclos'd

With cross-set palisades; a single bar  
Of fir the gateway guarded, which to shut 525  
Three men, of all the others, scarce suffic'd,  
And three to open; but Achilles' hand  
Unaided shut with ease the massive bar)  
Then for the old man Hermes op'd the gate.  
And brought within the court the gifts design'd 530  
For Peleus' godlike son; then from the car  
Sprang to the ground, and thus to Priam spoke:  
"Old man, a God hath hither been thy guide;  
Hermes I am, and sent to thee from Jove,  
Father of all, to bring thee safely here. 535  
I now return, nor to Achilles' eyes  
Will I appear; beseems it not a God  
To greet a mortal in the sight of all.  
But go thou in, and clasp Achilles' knees,  
And supplicate him for his father's sake, 540  
His fair-hair'd mother's, and his child's, that so  
Thy words may stir an answer in his heart."

Thus saying, Hermes to Olympus' heights  
Return'd; and Priam from his chariot sprang,  
And left Idæus there, in charge to keep



The horses and the mules, while he himself  
Enter'd the dwelling straight, where wont to sit  
Achilles, lov'd of Heav'n. The chief he found  
Within, his followers seated all apart;  
Two only in his presence minister'd, 550  
The brave Automedon, and Alcimus,  
A warrior bold; scarce ended the repast  
Of food and wine; the table still was set.  
Great Priam enter'd, unperceiv'd of all;  
And standing by Achilles, with his arms 555  
Embrac'd his knees, and kiss'd those fearful hands,  
Blood-stain'd, which many of his sons had slain.  
As when a man, by cruel fate pursued,  
In his own land hath shed another's blood,  
And flying, seeks beneath some wealthy house 560  
A foreign refuge; wond'ring, all behold:  
On godlike Priam so with wonder gaz'd  
Achilles; wonder seiz'd th' attendants all,  
And one to other look'd; then Priam thus  
To Peleus' son his suppliant speech address'd: 565  
"Think, great Achilles, rival of the Gods,  
Upon thy father, ev'n as I myself

Upon the threshold of unjoyous age :  
And haply he, from them that dwell around  
May suffer wrong, with no protector near 570  
To give him aid ; yet he, rejoicing, knows  
That thou still liv'st ; and day by day may hope  
To see his son returning safe from Troy ;  
While I, all hapless, that have many sons,  
The best and bravest through the breadth of Troy, 575  
Begotten, deem that none are left me now.  
Fifty there were, when came the sons of Greece ;  
Nineteen the offspring of a single womb ;  
The rest, the women of my household bore.  
Of these have many by relentless Mars 580  
Been laid in dust ; but he, my only one,  
The city's and his brethren's sole defence,  
He, bravely fighting in his country's cause,  
Hector, but lately by thy hand hath fall'n :  
On his behalf I venture to approach 585  
The Grecian ships ; for his release to thee  
To make my pray'r, and priceless ransom pay.  
Then thou, Achilles, reverence the Gods ;  
And, for thy father's sake, look pitying down

On me, more needing pity ; since I bear 590  
Such grief as never man on earth hath borne,  
Who stoop to kiss the hand that slew my son."

Thus as he spoke, within Achilles' breast  
Fond mem'ry of his father rose ; he touch'd  
The old man's hand, and gently put him by ; 595  
Then wept they both, by various mem'ries stirr'd :  
One, prostrate at Achilles' feet, bewail'd  
His warrior son ; Achilles for his sire,  
And for Patroclus wept, his comrade dear ;  
And through the house their weeping loud was heard. 600  
But when Achilles had indulg'd his grief,  
And eas'd the yearning of his heart and limbs,  
He rose, and with his hand the aged sire  
He rais'd, and thus with gentle words address'd :

"Alas, what sorrows, poor old man, are thine ! 605  
How couldst thou venture to the Grecian ships  
Alone, and to the presence of the man  
Whose hand hath slain so many of thy sons,  
Many and brave ? an iron heart is thine !  
But sit thou on this seat ; and in our hearts, 610  
Though fill'd with grief, let us that grief suppress ;

For woful lamentation nought avails.  
Such is the thread the Gods for mortals spin.  
To live in woe, while they from cares are free.  
Two coffers lie beside the door of Jove, 615  
With gifts for man: one good, the other ill;  
To whom from each the Lord of lightning gives.  
Him sometimes evil, sometimes good befalls;  
To whom the ill alone, him foul disgrace  
And grinding mis'ry o'er the earth pursue: 620  
By God and man alike despis'd he roams.  
Thus from his birth the Gods to Peleus gave  
Excellent gifts; with wealth and substance bless'd  
Above his fellows; o'er the Myrmidons  
He rul'd with sov'reign sway; and Heav'n bestow'd 625  
On him, a mortal, an immortal bride.  
Yet this of ill was mingled in his lot,  
That in his house no rising race he saw  
Of future Kings; one only son he had,  
One doom'd to early death; nor is it mine 630  
To tend my father's age; but far from home  
Thee and thy sons in Troy I vex with war.  
Much have we heard too of thy former wealth;

Above what Lesbos northward, Macar's seat,  
Contains, and Upper Phrygia, and the shores 635  
Of boundless Hellespont, 'tis said that thou  
In wealth and number of thy sons wast bless'd.  
But since on thee this curse the Gods have brought,  
Still round thy city war and slaughter rage.  
Bear up, nor thus with grief incessant mourn; 640  
Vain is thy sorrow for thy gallant son;  
'Thou canst not raise him, and mayst suffer more."

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:  
"Tell me not yet, illustrious chief, to sit,  
While Hector lies, uncar'd for, in the tent; 645  
But let me quickly go, that with mine eyes  
I may behold my son; and thou accept  
The ample treasures which we tender thee:  
Mayst thou enjoy them, and in safety reach  
Thy native land, since thou hast spar'd my life, 650  
And bidd'st me still behold the light of Heav'n."

To whom Achilles thus with stern regard:  
"Old man, incense me not; I mean myself  
To give thee back thy son; for here of late  
Despatch'd by Jove, my Goddess-mother came, 655

The daughter of the aged Ocean-God:  
And thee too, Priam, well I know, some God  
(I cannot err) hath guided to our ships.  
No mortal, though in vent'rous youth, would dare  
Our camp to enter; nor could hope to pass 660  
Unnotic'd by the watch, nor easily  
Remove the pond'rous bar that guards our doors.  
But stir not up my anger in my grief;  
Lest, suppliant though thou be, within my tent  
I brook thee not, and Jove's command transgress." 665  
He said; the old man trembled, and obey'd;  
Then to the door-way, with a lion's spring.  
Achilles rush'd; not unaccompanied;  
With him Automedon and Alcimus,  
His two attendants, of his followers all, 670  
Next to the lost Patroclus, best-esteem'd;  
They from the yoke the mules and horses loos'd;  
Then led the herald of the old man in,  
And bade him sit; and from the polish'd wain  
The costly ransom took of Hector's head. 675  
Two robes they left, and one well-woven vest,  
To clothe the corpse, and send with honour home.

Then to the female slaves he gave command  
To wash the body, and anoint with oil,  
Apart, that Priam might not see his son; 680  
Lest his griev'd heart its passion unrestrain'd  
Should utter, and Achilles, rous'd to wrath,  
His suppliant slay, and Jove's command transgress.  
When they had wash'd the body, and with oil  
Anointed, and around it wrapp'd the robe 685  
And vest, Achilles lifted up the dead  
With his own hands, and laid him on the couch;  
Which to the polish'd wain his followers rais'd.  
Then groaning, on his friend by name he call'd:  
"Forgive, Patroclus! be not wroth with me, 690  
If in the realm of darkness thou shouldst hear  
That godlike Hector to his father's arms,  
For no mean ransom, I restore; whereof  
A fitting share for thee I set aside."

This said, Achilles to the tent return'd; 695  
On the carv'd couch, from whence he rose, he sat  
Beside the wall; and thus to Priam spoke  
"Old man, thy son, according to thy pray'r,  
Is giv'n thee back; upon the couch he lies;

Thyself shalt see him at the dawn of day. 700

Meanwhile the ev'ning meal demands our care.

Not fair hair'd Niobe abstain'd from food

When in the house her children lay in death,

Six beauteous daughters and six stalwart sons.

The youths, Apollo with his silver bow, 705

The maids, the Archer-Queen, Diana, slew,

With anger fill'd that Niobe presum'd

Herself with fair Latona to compare,

Her many children with her rival's two;

So by the two were all the many slain. 710

Nine days in death they lay; and none was there

To pay their fun'ral rites; for Saturn's son

Had giv'n to all the people hearts of stone.

At length th' immortal Gods entomb'd the dead.

Nor yet did Niobe, when now her grief 715

Had worn itself in tears, from food refrain.

And now in Sipylus, amid the rocks,

And lonely mountains, where the Goddess nymphs

That love to dance by Achelöus' stream,

'Tis said, were cradled, she, though turn'd to stone, 720

Broods o'er the wrongs inflicted by the Gods.



So we too, godlike sire, the meal may share;  
And later, thou thy noble son mayst mourn,  
To Troy restor'd—well worthy he thy tears.”

This said, he slaughter'd straight a white-fleec'd sheep; 725  
His comrades then the carcase flay'd and dress'd:  
The meat prepar'd, and fasten'd to the spits;  
Roasted with care, and from the fire withdrew.  
The bread Automedon from baskets fair  
Apportion'd out; the meat Achilles shar'd. 730  
They on the viands set before them fell.

The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied,  
In wonder Priam on Achilles gaz'd,  
His form and stature; as a God he seem'd;  
And he too look'd on Priam, and admir'd 735  
His venerable face, and gracious speech.

With mutual pleasure each on other gaz'd,  
Till godlike Priam first address'd his host:

“Dismiss me now, illustrious chief, to rest;  
And lie we down, in gentle slumbers wrapp'd; 740  
For never have mine eyes been clos'd in sleep,  
Since by thy hand my gallant son was slain:  
But groaning still, I brood upon my woes,

And in my court with dust my head defile.

Now have I tasted bread, now ruddy wine 745

Hath o'er my palate pass'd; but not till now."

Thus he; his comrades and th' attendant maids

Achilles order'd in the corridor

Two mattresses to place, with blankets fair

Of purple wool o'erlaid; and on the top 750

Rugs and soft sheets for upper cov'ring spread.

They from the chamber, torch in hand, withdrew,

And with obedient haste two beds prepar'd.

Then thus Achilles spoke in jesting tone:

"Thou needs must sleep without, my good old friend; 755

Lest any leader of the Greeks should come,

As is their custom, to confer with me;

Of them whoe'er should find thee here by night

Forthwith to Agamemnon would report,

And Hector might not be so soon restor'd. 760

But tell me truly this; how many days

For godlike Hector's fun'ral rites ye need;

That for so long a time I may myself

Refrain from combat, and the people stay."

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire: 765

“If by thy leave we may indeed perform  
His fun’ral rites, to thee, Achilles, great  
Will be our gratitude, if this thou grant.  
Thou know’st how close the town is hemm’d around;  
And from the mountain, distant as it is, 770  
The Trojans well may fear to draw the wood.  
Nine days to public mourning would we give;  
The tenth, to fun’ral rites and fun’ral feast;  
Then on th’ eleventh would we raise his mound;  
The twelfth, renew the war, if needs we must.” 775

To whom Achilles swift of foot replied:  
“So shall it be, old Priam; I engage  
To stay the battle for the time requir’d.”

Thus speaking, with his hand the old man’s wrist  
He grasp’d, in token that he need not fear. 780  
Then in the corridor lay down to rest  
Old Priam and the herald, Elders sage;  
While in his tent’s recess Achilles slept,  
The fair Brisëis resting by his side.

In night-long slumbers lay the other Gods, 785  
And helmèd chiefs, by gentle sleep subdued;  
But on the eyes of Hermes, Guardian-God,

No slumber fell, deep pond'ring in his mind  
How from the ships in safety to conduct  
The royal Priam, and the guard elude. 790  
Above the sleeper's head he stood, and cried:  
"Old man, small heed thou tak'st of coming ill,  
Who, when Achilles gives thee leave to go,  
Sleep'st undisturb'd, surrounded by thy foes.  
Thy son hath been restor'd, and thou hast paid 795  
A gen'rous price; but to redeem thy life,  
If Agamemnon and the other Greeks  
Should know that thou art here, full thrice as much  
Thy sons, who yet are left, would have to pay."  
He said; the old man trembled, and arous'd 800  
The herald; while the horses and the mules  
Were yok'd by Hermes, who with silent speed  
Drove through th' encampment, unobserv'd of all.  
But when they came to eddying Xanthus' ford,  
Fair-flowing stream, born of immortal Jove, 805  
To high Olympus Hermes took his flight,  
As morn, in saffron robe, o'er all the earth  
Was light diffusing; they with fun'ral wail  
Drove cityward the horses; following came

The mules that drew the litter of the dead. 810

The plain they travers'd o'er, observ'd of none,

Or man or woman, till Cassandra, fair

As golden Venus, from the topmost height

Of Pergamus, her father in his car

Upstanding saw, the herald at his side. 815

Him too she saw, who on the litter lay ;

Then lifted up her voice, and cried aloud

To all the city, "Hither, Trojans, come,

Both men and women, Hector see restor'd ;

If, while he liv'd, returning from the fight, 820

Ye met him e'er rejoicing, who indeed

Was all the city's chiefest joy and pride."

She said ; nor man nor woman then was left

Within the city ; o'er the minds of all

Grief pass'd, resistless ; to the gates in throngs 825

They press'd, to crowd round him who brought the dead.

The first to clasp the body were his wife

And honour'd mother ; eagerly they sprang

On the smooth-rolling wain, to touch the head

Of Hector ; round them, weeping, stood the crowd. 830

Weeping, till sunset, all the live-long day

Had they before the gates for Hector mourn'd;  
Had not old Priam from the car address'd  
The crowd: "Make way, that so the mules may pass;  
When to my house I shall have brought my dead, 835  
Ye there may vent your sorrow as ye will."

Thus as he spoke, obedient to his word  
They stood aside, and for the car made way:  
But when to Priam's lordly house they came,  
They laid him on a rich-wrought couch, and call'd 840  
The minstrels in, who by the hero's bed  
Should lead the melancholy chorus; they  
Pour'd forth the music of the mournful dirge,  
While women's voices join'd in loud lament.  
White-arm'd Andromache the wail began, 845  
The head of Hector clasping in her hands:  
"My husband, thou art gone in pride of youth,  
And in thine house hast left me desolate;  
Thy child an infant still, thy child and mine,  
Unhappy parents both! nor dare I hope 850  
That he may reach the ripeness of his youth;  
For ere that day shall Troy in ruin fall,  
Since thou art gone, her guardian! thou whose arm

Defended her, her wives, and helpless babes !  
They now shall shortly o'er the sea be borne, 855  
And with them I shall go ; thou too, my child,  
Must follow me, to servile labour doom'd,  
The suff'ring victim of a tyrant Lord ;  
Unless perchance some angry Greek may seize  
And dash thee from the tow'r—a woful death ! 860  
Whose brother, or whose father, or whose son  
By Hector hath been slain ; for many a Greek  
By Hector's hand hath bit the bloody dust ;  
Not light in battle was thy father's hand !  
Therefore for him the gen'ral city mourns ; 865  
Thou to thy parents bitter grief hast caus'd,  
Hector ! but bitt'rest grief of all hast left  
To me ! for not to me was giv'n to clasp  
The hand extended from thy dying bed,  
Nor words of wisdom catch, which night and day, 870  
With tears, I might have treasur'd in my heart."

Weeping she spoke—the women join'd the wail.

Then Hecuba took up the loud lament :

"Hector, of all my children dearest thou !

Dear to th' Immortals too in life wast thou, 875

And they in death have borne thee still in mind;  
For other of my sons, his captives made,  
Across the wat'ry waste, to Samos' isle  
Or Imbros, or th' inhospitable shore  
Of Lemnos, hath Achilles, swift of foot, 880  
To slav'ry sold; thee, when his sharp-edg'd spear  
Had robb'd thee of thy life, he dragg'd indeed  
Around Patroclus' tomb, his comrade dear,  
Whom thou hadst slain; yet so he rais'd not up  
His dead to life again; now liest thou here, 885  
All fresh and fair, as dew-besprent; like one  
Whom bright Apollo, with his arrows keen,  
God of the silver bow, hath newly slain."

Weeping, she spoke; and rous'd the gen'ral grief.  
Then Helen, third, the mournful strain renew'd: 890  
"Hector, of all my brethren dearest thou!  
True, godlike Paris claims me as his wife,  
Who bore me hither—would I then had died!  
But twenty years have pass'd since here I came,  
And left my native land; yet ne'er from thee 895  
I heard one scornful, one degrading word;  
And when from others I have borne reproach,



Thy brothers, sisters, or thy brothers' wives,  
Or mother, (for thy sire was ever kind  
Ev'n as a father) thou hast check'd them still 900  
With tender feeling, and with gentle words.  
For thee I weep, and for myself no less ;  
For, through the breadth of Troy, none love me now,  
None kindly look on me, but all abhor."

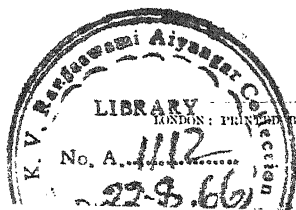
Weeping she spoke, and with her wept the crowd. 905  
At length the aged Priam gave command :  
"Haste now, ye Trojans, to the city bring  
Good store of fuel; fear no treach'rous wile ;  
For when he sent me from the dark-ribb'd ships,  
Achilles promis'd that from hostile arms 910  
Till the twelfth morn we should no harm sustain."

He said; and they the oxen and the mules  
Yok'd to the wains, and from the city throng'd :  
Nine days they labour'd, and brought back to Tróy  
Good store of wood ; but when the tenth day's light 915  
Upon the earth appear'd, weeping, they bore  
Brave Hector out; and on the fun'ral pile  
Laying the glorious dead, applied the torch.

While yet the rosy-finger'd morn was young

Round noble Hector's pyre the people press'd:  
When all were gather'd round, and closely throng'd,  
First on the burning mass, as far as spread  
The range of fire, they pour'd the ruddy wine,  
And quench'd the flames: his brethren then and friend  
Weeping, the hot tears flowing down their cheeks,  
Collected from the pile the whiten'd bones;  
These in a golden casket they enclos'd.  
And o'er it spread soft shawls of purple dye;  
Then in a grave they laid it, and in haste  
With stone in pond'rous masses cover'd o'er;  
And rais'd a mound, and watch'd on ev'ry side,  
From sudden inroad of the Greeks to guard.  
The mound erected, back they turn'd; and all  
Assembled duly, shar'd the solemn feast  
In Priam's palace, Heav'n-descended King.  
Such were the rites to glorious Hector paid.

THE END.

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